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The Poets and the Poetry of the Nineteenth Century

The Poets and the Poetry of the Nineteenth Century.

Robert Bridges

and

Contemporary Poets

Edited by

ALFRED H. MILES

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In the prefatory note of the first edition of this work (1891) the Editor invited criticism with a view to the improvement of future editions. Several critics responded to this appeal, and their valuable suggestions have been considered in preparing this re-issue. In some cases the text has been revised and the selection varied; in others, additions have been made to complete the representation. The biographical and bibliographical matter has been brought up to date.—A.H.M.

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PREFATORY.

THIS volume completes the scheme of the "Poets and the Poetry of the Century," from George Crabbe to Laurence Binyon, dealing with the lives and works of both the primary and secondary poets of the period, excepting such as have been grouped for treatment in separate volumes as "Women," "Humorous," and "Sacred Poets" respectively: volumes which follow this issue in the order named.

The volume differs from that of the first edition, in that the women poets formerly included have been transferred to the two volumes now devoted exclusively to women poets; while additions have been made of notices and selections of the works of Mr. William Watson, Mr. Newman Howard, Mr. H. J. Newbolt, Mr. T. Herbert Warren, Mr. F. B. Money-Coutts, Mr. Stephen Phillips, and Mr. Laurence Binyon. By the kindness of Mr. Robert Bridges, examples of his later work have been added to the selection appearing in the former edition; and in the cases of Mr. John Davidson and Mr. W. B. Yeats a new selection has been given.

The Editor's thanks are renewed to Mr. Robert Bridges for a free hand in selecting from his poems and plays, as well as for his interesting notice of the life and work of the late Gerard Hopkins and the selection of verse which, accompanying it, found publicity for the first time in an earlier edition of this work.

His thanks are also in a special measure due to Mr. Andrew Lang, to Mr. Edmund Gosse, the late Cosmo Monkhouse and Richard Garnett; also to C. Baxter, Esq., of Edinburgh, as representing the late Robert Louis Stevenson; Mr. A. P. Watt, of London, as representing Mr. Rudyard Kipling; the Rev. A. W. N. Deacon, as representing the literary interests of the late Arthur O'Shaughnessy; Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, the literary executor of the late Philip Bourke Marston, and Mr. Coulson Kernahan, his friend and critic; also to Mr. J. H. Ingram, as critic and biographer of the late Oliver Madox Brown. For the rest, the Editor can only here generally thank the numerous poets and critics whose work enriches his pages.

The demands made by such a work as this upon the generosity of publishers are very numerous; and the Editor would be wanting in all title to the generous treatment he has received were he not ready to make the fullest possible acknowledgment of his indebtedness. His thanks are due to Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. for generous courtesy many times experienced during the progress of this work and in connection with the present volume for permission to quote from the poems of Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Edmund Gosse, and Dr. Todhunter, published by them; to Messrs. Longmans & Co., the publishers of Mr. Lang's "Grass of Parnassus"; Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses," "Underwoods," and "Ballads"; to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., the publishers of Professor Dowden's poems; "The Renewal of Youth," and other poems by Mr. Frederic Myers; "The Judgment of Prometheus," and other poems by Mr. Ernest Myers; "Poems, Ballads, and Bucolics," by Rev. H. D. Rawnsley; "The March of

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Long-Ships," by Mr. J. H. Newbolt; and Mr. Methuen, publisher of "The Death of Adam," by Mr. Laurence Binyon.

In closing this long list of acknowledgments, the Editor hopes that he may not have inadvertently omitted any that should have been included, and apologises for any trespass he may have unwittingly made. A general index of authors will be found at the end of Vol. XII. (Sacred Poets, Vol. II.)

A. H. M.

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Robert Bridges
and
Contemporary Poets

John Todhunter.

1839.

Mr. John Todhunter was born in Dublin on the 30th of December, 1839. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he studied medicine as well as at Paris and Vienna, graduating as M.D. in 1866. He was Professor of English Literature at Alexandra College, Dublin, from 1870 to 1874.

His published works include "The Theory of the Beautiful," a Saturday lecture delivered in Trinity College, Dublin (1872), "Laurella and Other Poems" (1876), "Alcestis" (drama, 1878), "A Study of Shelley" (1880), "Forest Songs" (1881), "The True Tragedy of Rienzi" (drama, 1881), "Helena in Troas" (drama, 1886), "The Banshee and Other Poems" (1888), "A Sicilian Idyll" (drama, 1890), "The Poison Flower" (drama, 1891).

As will be seen by this list, Mr. Todhunter has written much in both lyric and dramatic form. Of his lyric work "Forest Songs" (1881) and "The Banshee and Other Poems" (1888) afford us excellent examples, and show us the poet as a singer who can impart strength even to trifles, and who can wield force with precision and delicacy. The "Forest Songs" are well named, and recall the forest with many of its characteristics and associations, and no little of its atmosphere. Of these the unrhymed lyrics are sufficiently numerous to consti-

tute a characteristic feature of the poet's work, and it is not too much to say that they are eminently successful. Of rhymed lyrics there are many which unite strength and grace, little snatches of song that sing to us at every turn as we pass up and down the volume. The following song to the wind is one of these :—

"Bring from the craggy haunts of birch and pine,
Thou wild wind, bring
Keen forest odours from that realm of thine,
Upon thy wing!

"O wind, O mighty, melancholy wind,
Blow through me, blow!
Thou blowest forgotten things into my mind,
From long ago."

The following lyric, "To the Robin," from the later volume may also be quoted here :—

"Art thou there, thou dauntless singer,
Robin, art thou there?
Though the Autumn with his wind-flaws
Makes the branches bare.

"Dauntless there shall Winter find thee,
Even as now thou art,
Pouring songs in such a rapture
From as great a heart."

With the dramas, the last three of which have been produced upon the stage, it is not possible for us to deal at any length. "Helena in Troas" contains many fine passages; but quotation, within possible limits, would be mutilation, and it must be read as a whole to be appreciated. Mr. Todhunter's complete command of himself, as well as of the vehicle of verse, enables him, whether in rhymed or blank verse, to rise with his theme as occasion may require. In "Helena in Troas" he shows equal mastery of the voluptuously passionate and the classically severe.

ALFRED H. MILES.

1881.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

I.—A SONG OF DAWN.

I CALLED grey Night to speak my doom,
Wandering in tears,
Peopling the wilderness of gloom
With shadowy fears.

I met glad Morn upon the hills
Walking in light,
And all that cloud of threatening ills
Fled at her sight.

II.—THE BLACK KNIGHT.

A BEATEN and a baffled man,
My life drags lamely day by day,
Too young to die, too old to plan,
In failure grey.

The knights ride east, the knights ride west,
For ladyes' tokens blithe of cheer,
Each bound upon some gallant quest;
While I rust here.

III.—A LOVE SONG.

AS drooping fern for dewdrops,
For flowers the bee,
Wave-weary birds for woodlands,
Long I for thee.

As rivers seek the ocean,
Tired things their nest,
As storm-worn ships their haven
Seek I thy breast.

IV.—LONELY FLOWERS.

LONELY in the light of morning,
In the Forest's gladed stillness,
Exiled from the flowery meadows,
Trembling stand three delicate harebells.

Pale, forsaken of your kindred,
Wherefore, like estrays of azure
Lured by forest-pools from heaven,
Lurk ye here, ye tremulous harebells?

In the footsteps of the morning,
Lonely wandering in the wildwood,
I alone have seen the vision
Of your solitary beauty;

And I know not why ye haunt me
Like familiar things, yet strangely,
With dim, ghostlike sense of strangeness,
Mystify this shadowy woodland.

In the footsteps of the morning,
Through forgotten fields of dreamland
Wandering, have my lonely footsteps
Stirred, long since, this virgin stillness?

Do these dew-dimmed branches know me?
Or these crags and shadowy places?
What embalmed enchantment breathe I,
That enraptures and affrights me?

Witchlike, sphynxlike, dumb for ever,
Hang their heads, those desolate harebells;
Some mysterious past concealing,
Some mysterious fate foreboding.

V.—SNAKE-CHARM.

INTO this dusky bower
Of sylvan quiet,
Where roses and rank vines
Only run riot,
Whence comest thou, dark Shape, at this sweet hour,
Into this lonely bower?

"I am the spectral form
Of hopes forgotten,
Birth-strangled babes of joy
Left to grow rotten,
Corpses of unborn deeds, devoured still warm
By sloth's corrupting swarm."

Welcome, thou dismal guest,
Sit down beside me,
Lie by me all night long,
Sting me and chide me.
At dawn I'll gather fruits to lull thy rest,
Thou serpent of the breast!

VI.—THE MODERN GETHSEMANE.

NO, I'm no god, alas! Christ or Prometheus—
What boots my anguish? The blood of my passion
Works no redemption. Ah! wearied with sorrow,
Pale and reproachful, ye poor and opprest ones,
With sullen eyes will ye wither my roses,
Passing me moaning?

Call you these roses? Nay, here be great blood-drops
Blown into flowers—see! If this be a garden,
Name it Gethsemane. Still, ye opprest ones,
With weary eyes will ye pass by my roses?

Is it my fault that my blood brings no healing?
Think ye my anguish the less, being little,
Dull, unheroic; my mountain of passion
This poor, small garden? What look ye to me for?

Come ye for grapes filled with wine of redemption,
Holy, newbirthful, the blood eucharistic
Of a great Lamb slain? Nay, I'm but a small one—
Sad as your eyes as ye pass by my roses.

Yet, even for me, 'mid the clouds of some dawning,
Pale, like the ghost of Life's babe, tranquil, terrible,
I may see standing the angel of agony,
With new, strange chalice—shall I not drink it?

Ah! what avails it? The blood of my passion,
What can it purchase? When, six long hours hanging,
Loud, with rent heart, I would cry, "It is finished!"
Were the world saved? I, alas! am no Saviour.

I would hang twelve, though, for my little world's sake,
I would hang twelve, would my Father in Heaven
Heal but Love's wound, and I felt through the death-
swoon
There at my cross-foot the Magdalen standing,
Kissing the blood from my feet, loving, weeping,
Beautiful, with long hair.

THE BANSHEE AND OTHER POEMS.

1888.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

I.—THE BANSHEE.

GREEN, in the wizard arms
Of the foam-bearded Atlantic,
An isle of old enchantment,
A melancholy isle,
Enchanted and dreaming lies:
And there, by Shannon's flowing,
In the moonlight, spectre-thin,
The spectre Erin sits.

An aged desolation,
She sits by old Shannon's flowing,
A mother of many children,
Of children exiled and dead,
In her home, with bent head, homeless,
Clasping her knees she sits,
Keening, keening!

And at her keene the fairy-grass
Trembles on dun and barrow;
Around the foot of her ancient crosses
The grave-grass shakes and the nettle swing
In haunted glens the meadow-sweet
Flings to the night wind
Her mystic mournful perfume;
The sad spearmint by holy wells
Breathes melancholy balm.

Sometimes she lifts her head,
With blue eyes tearless,
And gazes athwart the reek of night
Upon things long past,
Upon things to come.

And sometimes, when the moon
Brings tempest upon the deep,
And roused Atlantic thunders from his caverns in the west,
The wolfhound at her feet
Springs up with a mighty bay,
And chords of mystery sound from the wild harp at her side,
Strung from the heart of poets;
And she flies on the wings of tempest
Around her shuddering isle,
With grey hair streaming:
A meteor of evil omen,
The spectre of hope forlorn,
Keening, keening!

She keenes, and the strings of her wild harp shiver
On the gusts of night:
O'er the four waters she keenes—over Moyle she keenes,
O'er the Sea of Milith, and the Strait of Strongbow,
And the Ocean of Columbus.

And the Fianna hear, and the ghost of her cloudy hovering heroes;
And the swan, Fianoula, wails o'er the waters of Inisfail,
Chanting her song of destiny,
The rune of the weaving Fates.

And the nations hear in the void and quaking time
of night,
Sad unto dawning, dirges,
Solemn dirges,
And snatches of bardic song;
Their souls quake in the void and quaking time of night,
And they dream of the weird of kings,
And tyrannies moulting, sick
In the dreadful wind of change.

Wail no more, lonely one, mother of exiles wail no
more,
Banshee of the world—no more!
Thy sorrows are the world's, thou art no more alone;
Thy wrongs, the world's.

II.—TO HOPE.

O GENTLE Hope, whose shy sweet eyes
Are dearer than the soft blue skies
Of Spring to the o'erwintered earth,
Or to the woods forlorn the first dim violet's birth!
Where shall I find thee?
Wilt thou for ever, in thy wistful flight
After to-morrow's light,
Leave me behind thee?

Turn, and from yon far dawnlit shore
Come pacing through the wild uproar
Of the stern sea of wildering waves,
Where trade our mortal barks o'er their unresting
graves:
Walk thou their terror!
The vexed surge, within whose briny pits
The floating sea-fowl sits,
Shall smile, thy mirror.

SONNETS.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

I.—RAIN.

THE kindled clouds loom bright as burning smoke
O'er the vast conflagration of the sky,
Rain in their folds, and inland heavily
Roll o'er the sodden fallows, all a-soak
Under the glowing sunset. Since I woke,
Till now with skirts updrawn sullenly fly
The hosts of gloom, has rain, rain rushing by
Battered the woodlands with his watery stroke.
In baffled rage, tempestuous melancholy,
Throbs my oppress'd heart, as of one afar
From some last field of death and victory;
Who waits to hear his comrades' onset-volley,
Swordless and sick. What means this ghostly war?
What cause, what cloudy banner summons me?

II.—A DREAM OF EGYPT.

"Where's my Serpent of old Nile?"

NIGHT sends forth many an eagle-wingèd dream
To soar through regions never known by day;
And I by one of these was rapt away,
To where the sun-burnt Nile with opulent stream
Makes teem the desert sand. My pomp supreme
Enriched the noon; I spurned earth's common clay;
For I was Antony, and by me lay
That Snake whose sting was bliss. Nations did seem
But camels for the burden of our joy;
Kings were our slaves; our wishes glowed in the air
And grew fruition; night grew day day night,
Lest the high bacchanal of our loves should cloy;
We reined the tiger, Life, with flower-crowned hair,
Abashlessly abandoned to delight.

Henry Clarence Kendall.

1841—1882.

AUSTRALIAN by birth and inspiration, Henry Clarence Kendall holds the foremost place among the poets of his native land. No other Australian has approached him in his mastery of rhythm, the copiousness of his diction, and the startling faithfulness of his descriptions of the characteristics of Australian scenery. His power of reproducing the very atmosphere of the Australian wilds is seen in his "Death in the Bush" and the "Glen of Arrawatta"—two poems written in competition for a prize offered for the best poem produced in the colonies. "Orion" Horne acted as adjudicator, and in awarding the palm to these two poems, added a finely generous eulogy to his judgment. These poems are perhaps the only ones to which the poet has imparted a dramatic interest, his genius being essentially lyrical. It has been said by a discerning critic that there are few poems in the English language in which a sorrowful story is told with more poetical beauty and simplicity, and greater harmony of scenic effect and dramatic incident. These poems are so essentially Australian they could have been written nowhere but in Australia, and by no hand but Kendall's. They are charged with the stifling heat of the wild forest; they depict the mysterious half-known regions where

nature is waterless and whelmed in silent heat; where the trail of the cruel starving black is the only record of human life; where gaunt and fire-bitten trees are the monitors of desolation; where the pathless bush terrifies the daring explorer with spectral fears, and unmans him by the very impressiveness of its dumbness. Reading such poems as these, the bush, with all its vague terrors, grows up strongly, clearly, phantom-like before us, and we realise the fears, the struggles, and the horrors of those who have confronted the "fiery drouth and burning sameness of the forest":—

"And, therefore, through the fiercer summer months,
While all the swamps were rotten, while the flats
Were baked and broken; where the clayey rifts
Yawned wide, half-choked with drifted herbage past,
Spontaneous flames would burst from thence and race
Across the prairies all day long.
At night
The winds were up, and then with fourfold speed
A harsh gigantic growth of smoke and fire
Would roar along the bottoms in the wake
Of fainting flocks of parrots, wallaroos,
And 'wildered wild things, scattering right and left
For safety, vague throughout the general gloom."

Throughout Kendall's poems are to be found many illustrations of his remarkable power of making his words echo the sense of his descriptions. Take as an illustration the first stanza of "Fainting by the Way," a Psalm of Life, which unfortunately does not appear in the poet's collected works:—

"Swarthy wastelands, wide and woodless, glittering miles
and miles away,
Where the south wind seldom wanders, and the winters
will not stay,

Lurid wastelands, pent in silence, thick with hot and thirsty sighs,
Where the scanty thorn leaves twinkle with their haggard, hopeless eyes;
Furnaced wastelands, hunched with hillocks like to stony billows rolled,
Where the naked flats lie swirling, like a sea of darkened gold;
Burning wastelands, glancing upward with a weird and vacant stare,
Where the languid heavens quiver on red depths of stirless air."

A faithful photograph of an Australian scene. His poems abound in felicitous phrases full of local colour, and revealing national characteristics, such as "the breathless brazen sky," "runnels babbling of a plenteous fall," "the crimson days and dull dead nights of thirst," "a sultry summer rimmed with thunder-clouds and red with forest fires"; or, as in "Dungog," a poem hidden in a back number of the *Sydney Morning Herald*:—

"There, through the fretful autumn days
Beneath a cloudy sun,
Comes, rolling down rain-rutted ways,
The wind, Euroclydon,
While rattles over riven rocks
The thunder harsh and dry;
And blustering gum and brooling box
Are threshing at the sky!"

Henry Clarence Kendall was born on the 18th of April, 1841, at Armstrong's Forest, about eight miles from the little harbour of Ulladulla. His father, Basil Kendall, was a man of considerable natural ability and exalted thought, but of a weak, aimless character that left its baleful stamp upon the life and aspirations of his son, to whom, however, he

was deeply attached, and with whom he spent many hours of instructive companionship. But the boy lost his father ere he was twelve years of age. Some few years passed over his head in unguided growth, when his uncle—a whaling captain—took him for a cruise amongst the South Sea Islands, in his vessel, the *Waterwitch*. Of this cruise in after years he wrote: "A man leaving a bustling, noisy, crowded centre of civilisation, and sailing to the South Sea Islands, is not always prepared for the novel world he is introduced to. After weeks of association with a large, primitive wilderness of sea, he finds himself amongst paradises, where the features of nature remain as they were in the morning of the world." In the course of this cruise the whaler visited the island of Tanna in the New Hebrides, and the poet describes the island as being the most beautiful of the South Sea Islands. A battle took place between two rival factions of the island, and the youthful poet recorded in verse, under the title of the "Ballad of Tanna," the feelings with which the event inspired him. After cruising about for two years he returned to Sydney, and was entered in the office of James Lionel Michael, a literary solicitor, who exercised a powerful influence for good upon the shy and solitary boy. He did not remain long a student of the statutes. Sir John Robertson obtained for him a position in the Survey Department of New South Wales, and Sir Henry Parkes promoted him to the Colonial Secretary's office. When Kendall was twenty years of age, he published a small volume, entitled "Poems and Songs," a copy of which crossed the seas, and received a kindly welcome from

the *Athenæum*. In an encouraging notice from the pen of Gerald Massey, the young poet was declared to have "received from Nature some of that strong poetic faculty and power which no amount of learning can bestow," while the peculiar mark of his genius was described as "a wild, dark, Müller-like power of landscape painting." This favourable notice, while it encouraged the poet, did not materially assist the sale of his little volume.

Six years after the publication of his first volume Kendall wedded Charlotte, the daughter of Dr. Rutter, of Sydney. She proved a loving comforter to the wayward genius, and a helpmeet for the troubled soul. He had now become dissatisfied with official life, and having won the poetical prize, to which I have already referred, he decided to leave Sydney, and seek a wider field in the more enterprising southern capital. The step was an unfortunate one, and sad stories are told of the "dark time" through which he passed in the gay, money-making metropolis of Melbourne.

In 1869, he published his "Leaves from Australian Forests." It was very favourably reviewed by the Australian press, but had no sale. The failure of his volume, his inability to settle to the hack work of a journalist to provide the necessities of existence, greatly discouraged him, and he fell from melancholy to despair, at one time contemplating suicide as the only escape from his troubles. At length the earnest solicitations of his friends prevailed with him, and he returned to Sydney. Shortly after this he removed to Gosford, on Brisbane Water, where he was cared for and watched over with kindliness and gentleness

by Mr. Charles Fagan, J.P. Here he remained many months, and wrote some of his saddest and most melodious verse. He then entered the employ of Messrs. Fagan, at Camden Haven, as a clerk in their timber business. Here he spent some happy years, and did some good work, resulting in the publication of a volume, entitled "Songs of the Mountains," which appeared in 1880. It is a splendid addition to Australian literature. In 1881, Sir Henry Parkes again befriended the poet by creating the office of Inspector of State Forests, and conferring the position upon him. Kendall laboured hard in his new office, but his weakened constitution was unable to successfully buffet the climatic rigours to which it was subjected, and he became so broken in health that he was compelled to enter St. Vincent's Hospital, Sydney, as a private patient, ministered to by his devoted wife. There being no hope of his recovery he was removed to the house of his friend Mr. Fagan, where he died on the 1st August, 1882. He was buried by the seaside in the picturesque Waverley cemetery. In November 1886, the Governor of New South Wales unveiled a monument to his memory, which was erected by the people of New South Wales.

In the words of Shelley, which are graven on the poet's monument, let me conclude this brief sketch of his life :—

> "Awake him not! Surely he takes his fill,
> Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill."

J. Howlett-Ross.

LEAVES FROM AUSTRALIAN FORESTS.

1869.

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL.

I.—PREFATORY SONNETS.

I.

I PURPOSED once to take my pen and write,
Not songs, like some, tormented and awry
With passion, but a cunning harmony
Of words and music caught from glen and height,
And lucid colours born of woodland light,
And shining places where the sea-streams lie;
But this was when the heat of youth glowed white,
And since I've put the faded purpose by.
I have no faultless fruits to offer you
Who read this book; but certain syllables
Herein are borrowed from unfooted dells
And secret hollows dear to noontide dew;
And these at least, though far between and few,
May catch the sense like subtle forest spells.

II.

So take these kindly, even though there be
Some notes that unto other lyres belong,
Stray echoes from the elder sons of song,
And think how from its neighbouring native sea
The pensive shell doth borrow melody.
I would not do the lordly masters wrong
By filching fair words from the shining throng
Whose music haunts me as the wind a tree!
Lo, when a stranger, in soft Syrian glooms
Shot through with sunset, treads the cedar dells,
And hears the breezy ring of elfin bells
Far down by where the white-haired cataract booms,
He, faint with sweetness caught from forest smells
Bears thence, unwitting, plunder of perfumes.

II.—SEPTEMBER IN AUSTRALIA.

GREY winter hath gone like a wearisome guest,
And, behold, for repayment,
September comes in with the wind of the west,
And the spring in her raiment!
The ways of the frost have been filled of the flowers,
While the forest discovers
Wild wings, with the halo of hyaline hours,
And the music of lovers.

September, the maid with the swift, silver feet,
She glides, and she graces
The valleys of coolness, the slopes of the heat,
With her blossomy traces.
Sweet month, with a mouth that is made of a rose,
She lightens and lingers
In spots where the harp of the evening glows,
Attuned by her fingers.

The stream from its home in the hollow hill slips
In a darling old fashion;
And the day goeth down with a song on its lips
Whose key-note is passion.
Far out in the fierce, bitter front of the sea
I stand, and remember
Dead things that were brothers and sisters of thee,
Resplendent September.

The west, when it blows at the fall of the noon,
And beats on the beaches,
Is filled with a tender and tremulous tune
That touches and teaches;
The stories of Youth, of the burden of Time,
And the death of devotion,
Come back with the wind, and are themes of the rhyme
In the waves of the ocean.

We, having a secret to others unknown
In the cool mountain mosses,
May whisper together, September, alone
Of our loves and our losses.
One word for her beauty, and one for the grace
She gave to the hours;
And then we may kiss her, and suffer her face
To sleep with the flowers.

High places that knew of the gold and the white
On the forehead of morning,
Now darken and quake, and the steps of the Night
Are heavy with warning!
Her voice in the distance is lofty and loud,
Through its echoing gorges;
She hath hidden her eyes in a mantle of cloud,
And her feet in the surges!

On the top of the hills, on the turreted cones—
Chief temples of thunder—
The gale, like a ghost in the middle watch moans,
Gliding over and under.
The sea, flying white through the rack and the rain,
Leapeth wild to the forelands;
And the plover, whose cry is like passion with pain,
Complains in the moorlands.

Oh, season of changes, of shadow and shine,
September the splendid!
My song hath no music to mingle with thine,
And its burden is ended;
But thou, being born of the winds and the sun,
By mountain, by river,
May lighten and listen, and loiter and run,
With thy voices for ever.

III.—AT EUROMA.

THEY built his mound in the rough red ground
By the dip of a desert dell,
Where all things sweet are killed by the heat,
And scattered o'er flat and fell.
In a burning zone they left him alone,
Past the uttermost western plain;
And the nightfall dim heard his funeral hymn
In the voices of wind and rain.

The songs austere of the forests drear,
And the echoes of clift and cave,
When the dark is keen where the storm hath been,
Fleet over the far away grave.
And through the days when the torrid rays
Strike down in a coppery gloom,
Some spirit grieves in the perished leaves
Whose theme is that desolate tomb.

No human foot or paw of brute
Halts now where the stranger sleeps;
But cloud and star his fellows are,
And the rain that sobs and weeps.
The dingo yells by the far iron fells,
The plover is loud in the range,
But they never come near the slumberer here,
Whose rest is a rest without change.

Ah! in his life had he mother or wife
To wait for his steps on the floor?
Did beauty wax dim while watching for him
Who passed through the threshold no more?
Doth it trouble his head? He is one with the dead
He lies by the alien streams;
And sweeter than sleep is death that is deep
And unvexed by the lordship of dreams.

SONGS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

1880.

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL.

I.—FROM COORANBEAN.

YEARS fifty, and seven to boot, have smitten the children of men
Since sound of a voice or a foot came out of the head of that glen.
The brand of black devil is there—an evil wind moaneth around—
There is doom, there is death in the air; a curse groweth up from the ground!
No noise of the axe or the saw in that hollow unholy is heard,
No fall of the hoof or the paw—no whirr of the wing of the bird;
But a gray mother down by the sea, as wan as the foam of the strait,
Has counted the beads on her knee, these forty-nine winters and eight.
Whenever the elder is asked—a white-headed man of the woods—
Of the terrible mystery masked where the dark everlastingly broods,
Be sure he will turn to the bay, with his back to the glen in the range,
And glide like a phantom away, with a countenance pallid with change.
From the line of dead timber that lies supine at the foot of the glade,
The fierce-featured eagle-hawk flies—afraid as a dove is afraid;
But black in that wilderness dread are a fall and the forks of a ford—
Ah! pray and uncover your head, and lean like a child on the Lord.

A sinister fog at the wane—at the change of the noon
cometh forth,
Like an ominous ghost in the train of a bitter, black
storm of the North!
At the head of the gully unknown, it hangs like a
spirit of bale,
And the noise of a shriek and a groan strikes up in
the gusts of the gale.
In the throat of a feculent pit is the beard of a bloody-
red sedge;
And a foam like the foam of a fit sweats out of the
lips of the ledge.
But down in the water of death, in the livid, dead
pool at the base—
*Bow low, with inaudible breath: beseech with the hands
to the face!*

A furlong of fetid, black fen, with gilded green
patches of pond,
Lies dumb by the horns of the glen—at the gates of
the horror beyond;
And those who have looked on it, tell of the terrible
growths that are there—
The flowerage fostered by Hell—the blossoms that
startle and scare;
If ever a wandering bird should light on Gehennas
like this,
Be sure that a cry will be heard, and the sound of
the flat adder's hiss.
But hard by the jaws of the bend is a ghastly Thing
matted with moss—
*Ah, Lord! be a father, a friend, for the sake of the
Christ on the cross.*

Black Tom, with the sinews of five—that never a hangman could hang—
In the days of the shackle and gyve, broke loose from the guards of the gang.
Thereafter, for seasons a score, this devil prowled under the ban:
A mate of red talon and paw—a wolf in the shape of a man.
But, ringed by ineffable fire, in a thunder and wind of the North,
The sword of Omnipotent ire—the bolt of high heaven went forth!
But, wan as the sorrowful foam, a gray mother waits by the sea
For the boys that have never come home these fifty-four winters and three.

From the folds of the forested hills there are ravelled and roundabout tracks,
Because of the terror that fills the strong-handed men of the axe!
Of the workers away in the range, there is none that will wait for the night,
When the storm-stricken moon is in change, and the sinister fog is in sight.
And later and deep in the dark, when the bitter wind whistles about,
There is never a howl or a bark from the dog in the kennel without,
But the white fathers fasten the door, and often and often they start
At a sound, like a foot on the floor, and a touch like a hand on the heart.

II.—ORARA.

A Tributary of the Clarence River.

THE strong sob of the chafing stream,
That seaward fights its way
Down crags of glitter, dells of gleam,
Is in the hills to-day.

But far and faint a grey-winged form
Hangs where the wild lights wane—
The phantom of a bygone storm,
A ghost of wind and rain.

The soft white feet of afternoon
Are on the shining meads;
The breeze is as a pleasant tune
Amongst the happy reeds.

The fierce, disastrous, flying fire,
That made the great caves ring,
And scarred the slope, and broke the spire,
Is a forgotten thing.

The air is full of mellow sounds;
The wet hill-heads are bright;
And, down the fall of fragrant grounds,
The deep ways flame with light.

A rose-red space of stream I see,
Past banks of tender fern;
A radiant brook, unknown to me,
Beyond its upper turn.

The singing silver life I hear,
Whose home is in the green,
Far-folded woods of fountains clear,
Where I have never been.

Ah, brook above the upper band,
I often long to stand,
Where you in soft, cool shades descend
From the untrodden land.

Ah, folded woods, that hide the grace
Of moss and torrents strong,
I often wish to know the face
Of that which sings your song!

But I may linger long, and look,
Till night is over all;
My eyes will never see the brook,
Or strange, sweet waterfall.

The world is round me with its heat,
And toil, and cares that tire;
I cannot with my feeble feet
Climb after my desire.

But, on the lap of lands unseen,
Within a secret zone,
There shine diviner gold and green
Than man has ever known.

And where the silver waters sing,
Down hushed and holy dells,
The flower of a celestial spring—
A tenfold splendour dwells.

Yea, in my dream of fall and brook
By far sweet forests furled,
I see that light for which I look
In vain through all the world.

The glory of a larger sky,
On slopes of hills sublime,
That speak with God and Morning, high
Above the ways of Time!

Ah! haply, in this sphere of change,
Where shadows spoil the beam,
It would not do to climb the range,
And test my radiant Dream.

The slightest glimpse of yonder place,
Untrodden and alone,
Might wholly kill that nameless grace,
The charm of the Unknown.

And therefore, though I look and long,
Perhaps the lot is bright,
Which keeps the river of the song
A beauty out of sight.

III.—"AFTER MANY YEARS."

THE song that once I dreamed about,
The tender, touching thing,
As radiant as the rose without—
The love of wind and wing;
The perfect verses to the tune
Of woodland music set,
As beautiful as afternoon,
Remain unwritten yet.

It is too late to write them now—
The ancient fire is cold;
No ardent lights illume the brow,
As in the days of old.
I cannot dream the dream again;
But, when the happy birds
Are singing in the sunny rain
I think I hear its words.

I think I hear the echo still
Of long forgotten tones,
When evening winds are on the hill,
And sunset fires the cones.
But only in the hours supreme,
With songs of land and sea,
The lyrics of the leaf and stream
This echo comes to me.

No longer doth the earth reveal
Her gracious green and gold;
I sit where youth was once, and feel
That I am growing old.
The lustre from the face of things
Is wearing all away;
Like one who halts with tired wings,
I rest and muse to-day.

There is a river in the range
I love to think about;
Perhaps the searching feet of change
Have never found it out.
Ah! oftentimes I used to look
Upon its banks, and long
To steal the beauty of that brook
And put it in a song.

I wonder if the slopes of moss,
In dreams so dear to me—
The falls of flower and flower-like floss—
Are as they used to be!
I wonder if the waterfalls,
The singers far and fair,
That gleamed between the wet, green walls,
Are still the marvels there!

Ah! let me hope that in that place
The old familiar things
To which I turn a wistful face
Have never taken wings.
Let me retain the fancy still,
That, past the lordly range,
There always shines, in folds of hill,
One spot secure from change!

I trust that yet the tender screen
That shades a certain nook
Remains, with all its gold and green,
The glory of the brook.
It hides a secret to the birds
And waters only known—
The letters of two lovely words—
A poem on a stone.

Perhaps the lady of the past
Upon these lines may light,
The purest verses and the last
That I may ever write.
She need not fear a word of blame;
Her tale the flowers keep;—
The wind that heard me breathe her name
Has been for years asleep.

But in the night, and when the rain
The troubled torrents fills,
I often think I see again
The river in the hills:
And when the day is very near,
And birds are on the wing,
My spirit fancies it can hear
The song I cannot sing.

George Augustus Simcox.

1841.

George Augustus Simcox, poet, critic and scholar, was born in London in the year 1841. He was elected to a scholarship at Corpus Christi, Oxford, in 1858, and in 1867 published his classical drama "Prometheus Unbound," which secured able and generous notice at the hands of Professor Conington, in the *Athæneum*. An edition of Juvenal's Satires was published in the same year, and in 1869 a volume of "Poems and Romances" Since that date he has issued editions of Thucydides, Demosthenes, and other classics, and in 1883 a "History of Latin Literature." Mr. Simcox has also contributed essays on Renan and Shelley to the *North British Review*, on Charles Kingsley and Harriet Martineau to the *Fortnightly*, and on Professor Seeley's "Natural Religion" to the *Nineteenth Century*, as well as occasional *critiques* to the *Academy* and other papers.

Mr. Simcox's verse, like so much of the poetic work of his period, has been said to show the influence of both Swinburne and Morris. "Literary manner," however, as Professor Conington put it in this connection, "is evidently rather an affair of infection than specific contagion. It is in the air, and plastic natures catch it readily. The great Elizabethan dramatists with strong personal differences have a marked family likeness, and it need be

no impeachment of the individual eminence of the classical revivalists of our day that the writings of the one should constantly recall those of another." There is, moreover, an element in Mr. Simcox's poetry, which gives it a distinctive feature, and makes it interesting as an illustration of the influence of the speculative and sceptical tendencies of the time upon an eager and sanguine temperament. The "Romances" are largely modern variations on old themes—legends, classical and mediæval, refined and qualified by good taste and judgment, and indicating the subtle workings of a mind grappling with high and all but insoluble problems, earnest in its searchings after truth, but baffled in its attempts. These themes he has treated with warm fancy and imagination, and clothed in the veritable glamour of romanticism. That the author's love of fable, allegory, and parable often carries him beyond the bounds of the intelligible is undoubtedly true, and that some of his poems have been correctly called "elaborate riddles" need not be gainsaid; but some of them are less open to this charge than others, and most of them offer to minds as romantic as the poet's own the fascination of the veiled light which shrouds the borders of enchanted ground.

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS AND ROMANCES.

1869.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SIMCOX.

THE SOLDAN'S DAUGHTER.

I.

THE Soldan's daughter of Babylon
Went out to pluck her roses
Where scents are shed from an alley dun,
As starry even closes;
As she passed out into the clear moonlight,
She saw on the sward a Christian knight.

The moon shone clear on his toilworn hands,
On his face unkempt and pale,
On the rusty links and the caitiff bands
Which he wore for knightly mail;
But his brow was high, and his dreams seemed fair,
As the night wind lifted his yellow hair.

The Soldan's daughter dared not stay,
She was watch'd by too many eyes;
But she dropt a rose and a scroll to say,
"A word is enough for the wise."
And she came with the morning light alone
To hear the prisoner make his mean.

"Mahound be merciful to thee,
That thou mayest take our law,"
She said. "In sooth it pitied me
When all thy pain I saw;
My father would set thee in high estate,
And give thee a beautiful maid to mate."

Thereat he louted on knee full low,
  Said, "Mary pity thee,
And give thee grace her Son to know,
  For thy great courtesie."
She said, "I have found God very good,—
The river is parched when it leaves the wood."

He said, "The rivers flow into the sea,
  And true hearts into Christendom;
Flee hence for the love of Christ with me."
  She said, "For thy love I will come."
They loosed a boat on the river that night,
And floated adown the soft moonlight.

They had floated a mile among the reeds,
  As he cooled his hand in the water,
When they heard behind them a tramp of steeds,
  For the Soldan had missed his daughter.
He spurred out into the river amain,
He waved his spear to his panting train.

He laid on the boat a mailèd hand,
  The boat rocked to and fro,
Cried, "Caitiff and craven, turn and stand,
  Thou shalt not carry it so;
To steal a maid from her father's land."
  She said, "I chose to go."
The Red-cross Knight leaned out of the boat,
He caught at the long white beard, and smote
With his gardening knife on the Soldan's throat;

Said, "There is a miscreant gone to hell,
  And now our love is free,
And you shall be baptized, and dwell
  With me in Christentie."

The lady answered, "He loved me well,—
  Is it all an evil dream?"
The charger started, the dead man fell,
  He floated down the stream:
The knight rose softly and spread a sail,
And they floated on till the stars grew pale.

II.

They sailed by river, they sailed by sea,
  And the knight was blithe of cheer,
As he saw the hills of Christentie
  And the holy shrines appear;
But the lady lay on his breast in pain,
Said, "I shall not see my garden again."

And now they have furled their sail at last,
  And anchored in the bay;
Then hand in hand to the church they passed
  Of the nuns who walk in grey.
He said, "They will wash your spirit clean,
And then I can wed you, my own heart's queen."

"Oh, why are you shorn, lady abbess?" she said,
  "And why do you walk in grey?
And you are fair, yet you are not wed,—
  Is your true knight far away?"
"We are wed to a Spouse Who dwells afar,
Who hath built us a bower in the Morning Star."

"And what is His name, lady abbess?" she said;
  "And why has He left you here?
And why has He bidden you bow the head,
  And made your life so drear?"
"We are God's brides, Who died for us,
And till we die we serve Him thus."

"What a cruel God to use you so!
What a foolish God to die!—
Without dying He made the sweet flowers blow,
And the bright sun shine in the sky."
"But we are more than flower or sun,
Our life begins when theirs is done."

"But still you are little to God," she said;
"And why need He die for you?
He surely is mighty to raise the dead,
Without His dying too."
"He died to be wholly one with us,
So dying daily we serve Him thus."

"And He died for all the world, you say;
Did He die for my father and me?
For I left my father far away,
Before I crossed the sea;
My love smote sore, and my father is dead,
For he followed us close the night we fled."

"Yes, He died for both," the Abbess said,
"And His love will make you whole,
And remember to pray when you are wed,
And give alms for your father's soul,
That Mary's prayer and Jesus' grace
May lighten his spirit's dwelling-place."

"And how did He woo you to be His bride,
What gifts did He give to you?"
She caught her breath, and she blushed and sighed,
"I wish He would woo me too;
I would pray for my father, and God would hear;
He would surely answer His bride's first prayer."

"He wooed me as He woos you now
By my own heart's desire;
He plaited thorns about my brow,
And set my heart on fire;
But can you leave your own true knight,
Who brought you from darkness to God's good light?"

Her true knight stood at the convent grate,
And he pressed her lily hand;
He said, "It is not yet too late,
She does not understand;
Leave her awhile alone with me."
The Abbess answered, "She is free."

He said, "Remember, you loved me well,
And how when I wooed you to flee;
You came not caring for heaven or hell
Came not for Christ but me."
"That was very long ago," she said,
"My garden is withered, my father is dead."

"We sing full long, and we fast full late,
And our times of prayer are seven,"
The Abbess said, as she shut the grate.
"Would you shut me out of heaven?"
"Can you give yourself to be crucified
For a single kiss at your Husband's side?"

"I do not know, but take me in,
He is all that is left me now.
I feel the blood from His hands begin
To tingle upon my brow."
They took her in, and she bowed the head;
In a year and a day her pure soul fled,
As she spake her marriage vow.

As she passed in, a novice peeped out
From under her veil of white,
And her blue eyes, as they roved about,
Met the eyes of the Red-cross Knight.
She said, "It were merry to be with him;"
He said, "She is bright, the cloister dim."

So the Red-cross Knight and the novice were wed,
And they sailed across the sea;
And they sailed past the realm of Babylon,
And he set up his banner on Lebanon
To harry Soldanrie,
From a castle, where mass was never said,
Far beyond Christentie.

SONNET.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SIMCOX.

A CHILL IN SUMMER.

I WENT upon a meadow bright with gold
Of buttercups, which glistened on the green
Of summer grass, veiled with a filmy sheen
Of gossamer, whereby a river rolled
His shrunken waters by a city old,
Leaving large space of poisonous ooze between
The herbage and his waves, which were not clean,
And in the air there was a touch of cold.
Then my thoughts troubled me, I knew not why;
But everything seemed still, and nought at rest.
The sun grew dim, the faint wind seemed to sigh,
The pale blue seemed to shiver as unblest,
White fleecy clouds came scudding up the sky,
And turned to ashen darkness in the west.

John Payne.

1842.

Mr. John Payne was born August 23rd, 1842, and has followed the profession of a solicitor. His life, so far as known to the public or ourselves, is marked solely by his appearances as an author. In 1870 he published "A Masque of Shadows," in 1871 "Intaglios," in 1872 "Songs of Life and Death," in 1878 "Lautrec," in 1880 "New Poems." The translations for the Villon Society which have given him so unique a reputation, appeared—Villon's Poems in 1878, the "Arabian Nights" in 1882 and subsequent years, and "The Decameron" in 1886.

If Mr. Payne stands higher as a translator than as an original author, the reason is not that his original work is inconsiderable, but that translation is a field in which he has absolutely no rival. No modern English poet has attempted anything like the rich and massive intricacy of his translations from Villon, and, with the possible exceptions of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Robert Bridges, none can be named who could attempt the like feat with any prospect of success. Considering the late Sir Richard Burton's long practice in colloquial Arabic, his version of the "Arabian Nights" must in all probability be more accurate than Mr. Payne's; but, regarded as an example of English style, it is far less classical. As an original poet, Mr. Payne's exceptional command

of poetic form counts for less, and his exceptional gift of poetic transfusion counts for nothing. One great advantage he has over most competitors, his objectivity, his power of telling a story with great force and point, sometimes with breathless rapidity and overmastering energy, as of a man wholly possessed by the terror of his tale. This impetuous vigour is especially conspicuous in "The Rime of Redemption" and "Lautrec." If there is less of this peculiar power in the author's later productions, it still is not absent from "Thorgerda," while "Salvestra" displays qualities of a higher order still. It is difficult to account for the neglect of a poem so masterly in narrative, so felicitous in diction, so instinct with the truest pathos. Mr. Payne's appearances in his own person are, in our estimation, less successful than his objective poems. When he has no story to tell he seems to have comparatively little to say; his lyrics seem to owe less to the inspiration of the lyrist than to the skill of the artist: perfect indeed in external form, but not always irreproachable in diction. Sometimes, however, as in his "Malay Pantoum," the form is so captivating as to seem of itself sufficient warrant for the existence of the piece.

RICHARD GARNETT.

SONGS OF LIFE AND DEATH.

1872.

JOHN PAYNE.

I.—SIR ERWIN'S QUESTING.

OH, whither, whither ridest thou, Sir Erwin?
The glitter of the dawn is in the sky,
And I hear the laverock singing
Where the silken corn is springing
And the green-and-gold of summer's on the rye."

'O lady fair, I ride towards the setting;
For the glamour of the West is on my heart,
And I hear a dream-voice calling
To the land where dews are falling,
And the blossoms of the springtime ne'er depart."

"Oh what, oh what thing seekest thou, Sir Erwin?
Is life no longer pleasant to thy soul?
Am I no more heart's dearest,
Though the summer skies are clearest
And the gold of June is fresh on copse and knoll?"

"O sweet, I seek the land where love is holy
And the bloom of youth is ever on the flowers;
The land where joy is painless
And the eyes' delight is stainless,
And the break of love faints never in the weary noontide hours!"

"Oh rest awhile, oh rest awhile, Sir Erwin!
The hills are yet ungilded by the sun.
Oh tarry till the morning
Have pierced the mists of dawning
And the weariness of noon be past and done!"

"O lady fair, I may not tarry longer!
The sun is climbing fast above the grey,
And I hear the trumpets blowing
Where the eastern clouds are glowing
And the mists of night are breaking from the city of the day!"

Far out into the greenwood rides Sir Erwin,
Oh, far into the wild wood rideth he!
And there meet him sisters seven,
When the sun is high in heaven,
And the gold of noon is bright on flower and tree.

Oh, wonder-lovely maidens were the seven!
With mantles of the crimson and the green;
With red-gold rings and girdles,
And sea-blue shoes and kirtles,
And eyes that shone like cornflowers in their locks' corn-golden sheen.

"Oh, light thee down and dwell with us, heart's dearest!
And we will sing thee wonder-lovely songs!
And we will strew with roses
The place where thy repose is,
And teach thee all the rapture that to our love belongs!

"Oh, light thee down and dwell with us, heart's dearest!
We have full many a secret of delight:
Thy day shall be one sweetness
Of love in its completeness,
And the nightingale shall sing to thee the whole enchanted night!"

"Oh, woe is me! I may not stay, fair maidens;
My quest is for a country far and wild;
The land where springs the Iris,[1]
Where the end of all desire is
And the thought of love lives ever undefiled."

"Oh, light thee down and dwell with us, heart's dearest!
Thou wilt wear thy youth to eld in such a quest:
For it lies beyond the setting,
In the land of the Forgetting,
In the bosom of the everlasting rest!"

Far on into the greenwood rides Sir Erwin,
Oh, far into the wild wood rideth he!
And he sees a fair wife sitting,
At the hour when light is flitting
And the gold of sunset gathers on the sea.

Oh, very fair and stately was her seeming,
And very sweet and dreamful were her eyes!
And as she sat a-weaving,
She sang a song of grieving,
Full low and sweet to anguish, mixt with sighs.

"Oh, tell me what thou weavest there, fair lady,
I prithee tell me quickly what thou art!"
"I am more fair than seeming,
And I weave the webs of dreaming
For the solace of the world-awearied heart."

"Oh, prithee tell me, tell to me, fair lady,
What song is that thou singest, and so sweet?"
"I sing the songs of sorrow
That is golden in the morrow,
And I charm with them the sad hours' leaden feet.

[1] There is a legend that the more distant-seeming end of the rainbow springs in fairyland.

"Oh, light thee down and dwell with me, heart's dearest!
Thou hast wandered till thy face is furrowed deep;
But I will charm earth's cumbers
From the rose-bed of thy slumbers,
And will fold thee in the lotus-leaves of sleep."

"Oh, woe is me, oh, woe is me, fair lady!
A hand of magic draws me on my quest
Towards the land of story,
Where glows the sunset-glory
And the light of love fades never from the West."

"Oh, light thee down and stay with me, heart's dearest!
Thine eyes will lose their lustre on the way;
For it lies far out to yonder,
Where the setting sun dips under
And the funeral pyres are burning for the day."

Oh, far through the greenwood rides Sir Erwin,
Oh, far out of the wild wood rideth he!
And he comes where waves are plashing,
And the wild white crests are dashing
On the pebbles of a gray and stormy sea.

Far down towards the tide-flow rides Sir Erwin,
Oh, far adown the shingle rideth he!
And he sees a shallop rocking
Upon the wild waves' flocking,
And an ancient steersman sitting in the lee.

Oh, very weird and gruesome was that steersman,
With hair that mocked for white the driven snow!
The light of some strange madness
Was in his eyes' grey sadness,
And he seemed like some pale ghost of long ago.

"Oh, sail with me! oh, sail with me, Sir Erwin!
Thou hast wandered in thy questing far enough.
I will bring thee where Love's ease is
For ever, though the breezes
Blow rudely, and the broad green way be rough."

"Reach hand to me, reach hand to me, old steersman!
I will sail with thee for questing o'er the main.
Although thine eyes look coldly,
I will dare the venture boldly;
For I weary for an ending of my pain."

Oh, long they rode on billows, in the glory
Of the gold and crimson standards of the West;
So came they, in the setting,
To the land of the Forgetting,
Where the weary and the woful are at rest.

"Oh, what can be this land that is so peaceful,
That lies beyond the setting of the sun?
I hear a dream-bell ringing,
And I hear a strange sweet singing,
And the tender gold of twilight's on the dun.

"Oh, what are these fair forms that float towards me?
And what are these that clasp me by the hand,
As if they long had sought me?
And what art thou hast brought me
O'er the ocean to this dream-enchanted strand?"

"Fair knight, this is the land of the Hereafter;
And the name that men do know me by is Death·
For the love, from life that's flying,
Lives ever with the dying,
And the stains of it are purged by 'scape of breath!"

II.—THE BALLAD OF MAY MARGARET.

OH, sweet is the spring in coppice and wold,
And the bonny fresh flowers are springing!
May Margaret walks in the merry greenwood,
To hear the blithe birds singing.

May Margaret walks in the heart of the treen,
Under the green boughs straying;
And she hath seen the king of the elves
Under the lindens playing.

"Oh, wed thou with me, May Margaret,
All in the merry green Maytime,
And thou shalt dance all the moonlit night
And sleep on flowers in the daytime!"

"O king of the elves, it may not be,
For the sake of the folk that love me;
I may not be queen of the elfland green,
For the fear of the heaven above me."

"Oh, an' thou wilt be the elfland's queen,
Thy robe shall be blue and golden;
And thou shalt drink of the red red wine,
In blue-bell chalices holden."

"O king of the elves, it may not be,
My father at home would miss me;
An' if I were queen of the elfland green,
My mother would never kiss me."

"Oh, an' thou wilt be the elfland's queen,
Thy shoon shall be seagreen sendal;
Thy thread shall be silk as white as milk,
And snow-white silver thy spindle."

He hath led her by the lilywhite hand
Into the hillside palace;
And he hath given her wine to drink
Out of the blue-bell chalice.

Now seven long years are over and gone,
Since the thorn began to blossom;
And she hath brought the elf-king a son,
And beareth it on her bosom.

"A boon, a boon, my husband the king,
For the sake of my babe I cry thee!"
"Now ask what thou wilt, May Margaret;
There's nothing I may deny thee."

"Oh, let me go home for a night and a day,
To show my mother her daughter
And fetch a priest to my bonny wee babe,
To sprinkle the holy water!

"Oh, let me go home for a night and a day
To the little town by the river!
And we will turn to the merry greenwood,
And dwell with the elves for ever."

Oh, out of the elfland are they gone,
Mother and babe together,
And they are come in the blithe springtime
To the land of the blowing heather.

"Oh, where is my mother I used to kiss,
And my father that oft caressed me?
They both lie cold in the churchyard mould;
And I have no whither to rest me.

"Oh, where is the dove that I used to love,
And the lover that used to love me?
The one is dead, the other is fled!
But the heaven is left above me.

"I pray thee, sir priest, to christen my babe
With bell and candle and psalter;
And I will give up this bonny gold cup,
To stand on the holy altar."

"O queen of the elves, it may not be!
The elf must suffer damnation,
Unless thou wilt bring thy costliest thing,
As guerdon for its salvation."

"Oh, surely my life is my costliest thing!
I give it and never rue it.
An' if thou wilt save my innocent babe,
The blood of my heart ensue it!"

The priest hath made the sign of the cross,
The white-robed choristers sing;
But the babe is dead ere blessing be said—
May Margaret's costliest thing.

Oh, drearly and loud she shrieked, as if
Her soul from her breast would sever!
And she hath gone to the merry greenwood,
To dwell with the elves for ever.

III.—A SONG BEFORE THE GATES OF DEATH.

"Sed satis est jam posse mori."

(SUGGESTED BY MR. BURNE JONES' PICTURE "A LAMENT.")

I.

SMITE strings, and fill the courts with thy lament!
Yea, let the singing thunder through the halls;
Wake all the echoes from the funeral walls,
From aisle to roof, and porch to battlement!
Give forth thy sorrow till the roses' scent
Is blent for dole into the lilies' breath,
And all the air is faint with balms of death,
Seeing the glory of the day is spent,
And Death is very nigh upon our feet!
Sing out, and let the winds be filled with song!
Haply, the clangours of the chant shall beat
Against the great gods' portals, till the throng
Immortal hear in it the thund'rous feet
Of Fate, and tremble for remembered wrong.

II.

Give me the vase. Drink deep as for the dead!
Drink Life and all its joys a long good-bye!—
Surely, the wine shall hearten us to die.
Blood of the grape! Wine, that the earth has bled
From her slit painful veins, living and red
With all the deaths that have won life for thee!
I pour thee out for sign and memory,
For thanksgiving to life and goodlihead
Of the green earth and all her kindly hours!
The homage of the dead, that in ner sods
Shall soon lie low, and rot beneath the showers
Of the round year; yet, when the kind Fate nods,
Mayhap shall glorify the grass in flowers—
A godlike homage! for the dead are gods.

III.

The dead are gods! seeing they lie and sleep,
Folded within the mantle of the night,
Ay, more than gods! For lo, the heavy might
Of Death enrounds them! Never do they weep,
Nor smile sad smiles, nor strain against the sweep
Of rugged Doom. There is no Fate for them,
Lying, close-companied, within the hem
Of the pale fateful god: the long years creep
Over their heads, and may not break their rest.

Who would not choose to die, when life is worn
And wan with wrong unto the utterest?
The fierce gods chase us to the brink with scorn;
Yet smite the strings! We are not so forlorn
But we may die, seeing that death is best.

IV.

Curse we the gods and die! Give me the lyre.

Now, Zeus, fling thunders from thine armouries!
And Helios, rain down sunbolts from thy skies!
We die and fear ye not, and all your ire,
Impotent as the flaming of a fire
Against the dead. There is no hope for us,
Save of a sinking sweet and slumberous
Into the arms of rest.

Pile up the pyre!

Great father Zeus! we reck not of thy grace!
It is thy wrath we crave with our last breath.
Look down in all thy terrors, King of Life!
Consume us with the splendours of thy face!
So shall the keen fire solve us from our strife,
And our sad souls be ravished unto death!

IV.—VOCATION SONG.

"La poésie est semblable à l'amandier: ses fleurs sont parfumées et ses fruits sont amers."—ALOYSIUS BERTRAND, *Gaspard de la Nuit.*

LORD, what unto Thy servants shall be given,
That have so long, in pain and doubt and strife,
For Thee with hand and heart and song hard striven
What time Thou givest out the crowns of life?

What time the lances of the light are driven
Athwart the gloom that holds Life's holiest throne,
What time the curtains of the mist are riven,
What time the trumpets of the dawn are blown?

We, who to tunes of love and light, unknowing,
Have chastened all the jarring chords of life,—
We, who with lips with milk and honey flowing,
Have fed on galls of bitterness and strife,—

We do not ask of Thee, as this our guerdon,
To live a shining life among Thy blest;
'Twould be for us but shifting of our burden,
Not the fulfilment of the longed-for rest.

We have no kin with those uplifted faces,
Those ordered minstrels that before Thee bow,
Set rank on rank upon the holy places,
With stiff sharp laurel fringing every brow.

For us, no balms of Heaven could stay our yearning,
No crown of woven lilies and pale palms,
No City with eternal glory burning,
Set in the golden stress of ceaseless psalms.

Our souls are weary with the stress of seeing,
Wasted with burning thoughts that throb and throng,
Worn with the straining ecstasy of Being,
That passes through our heart-strings into song.

Our lives are sick with seeing all things' sadness,
Sad earth beneath us, and sad heaven above;
Life's sweets to us are but as herbs of madness,
Sweet poison of the bitter bliss of Love.

Our souls are weary of the changing courses,
The sick alternative of smiles and tears,
Are weary of the unrelenting forces,
Are weary of the burden of the years;

The burden of the winds in river-sedges,
The burden of the torrents and the sea,
The burden of the woodbirds in the hedges:
"Time is, Time was, and Time will cease to be!"

Is it as nothing that the same flame courses
Athwart Thy veins that riots in our own?
Is it as nothing that the selfsame sources
Of light and life to us as Thee are known?

Shall we 'scape smiting with the 'scape of breath?
Shall we aye rest from bitter song's fierce smarts?
Will not the song-stress thrill the brain of death?
Will not the song-pulse throb in our cold hearts?

Lord God, wilt Thou not help us, that have striven
To do Thy work so hardly and so long?
Wilt Thou not give us rest from Thy high heaven,
And peace from bitter weaving of sweet song?

Save us, O Lord, before the fire consume us,
Ere the hot chrism shrivel body and soul!
Let the soft arms of some sweet death entomb us
And hold us fast from love and joy and dole!

V.—A SOUL'S ANTIPHON.

I.

MY soul burst forth in singing,
My heart flowered like a rose;
Chimes of sweet songs fled ringing
Along the forest close.
Is it the new year springing?
Is it the May that blows?
No; it was none of those.

Among the trees came flying
A spirit like a flame;
A sound of songs and sighing,
Mixed, round his presence came—
A sound of sweet airs dying,
The music of a name,
Fainting for its sweet shame.

A white shape wreathed with flowers,
A winged shape like a dove;
Hands soft as peach-bloom showers;
Eyes like an orange-grove
In whose enchanted bowers
The magic fire-flies rove:
I knew his name;—'twas Love.

"O soul!" I said, "the voices
That flutter in thy breast,
The yearning that rejoices
In its own vague unrest,
Are all in vain: the choice is
'Twixt Life and Love's behest.
Choose now, which is the best."

The winged white Love came calling,
With words as sweet as lays
When hawthorn-snows are falling
About the forest ways.
His speech was so enthralling,
Such spells were in his gaze,
My heart flowered with his praise.

He came to me with kisses,
And looked into my eyes;
My soul brimmed up with blisses,
But with the bliss came sighs,
As when a serpent hisses
Beneath flower-tapestries
And moss piled cushion-wise.

The sad old thoughts came flocking
Up to that look of his:
For memory and its mocking,
I could not smile, y wis;
It was like the unlocking
Of doors on an abyss
Wherein old living is.

It was like grief recounting
The happy times of yore;
It was like gray waves mounting
A lost sun-golden shore,
Like sad thoughts over-counting
The sweet things gone before,
The days that are no more.

And as I looked with sighing
Into the sweet shape's eyes,
I saw a serpent lying
'Mid balms of Paradise;

I knew my dole undying,
The presage sad and wise,
The worm that never dies.

Love laughed and fled, a-leaping,
Between the flower-flushed breres,
And left my sad thoughts keeping
The vigil of the years:
My soul burst out in weeping;
I saw my hopes and fears
Troop by, enbalmed in tears.

II.

My soul burst forth in weeping,
My heart swelled like a sea;
There came sad wind-notes sweeping
Across the golden lea:
Is autumn past, and reaping?
Is winter come for me?
No, no, it cannot be.

Among the trees came slowly
A spirit like a flower,
A lily pale and holy,
White as a winter hour:
Sad peace possessed him wholly;
Around him, like a sower,
He cast a silver shower;

A shower of silver lilies,
Each one a haunting thought:
It was as when a rill is
Across waste rose-bowers brought,
And all the heart's grief still is,
And one has pain in nought:
Such peace their perfumes wrought.

"O soul!" I said, "the sadness
That is in this one's breath
Is sweeter than the madness
That round Love fluttereth:
This one shall bring heart's gladness
And balms of peace and faith;
For lo! his name is Death."

The pale sweet shape came strewing
Flower-tokens on the grass;
His face was the renewing
Of love in a dream-glass;
His speech was like bird-wooing,
When moonlight-shadows pass.
My soul sighed out, "Alas!"

He came to me with sighing,
My hand in his he took;
My soul wept nigh to dying,
For all his piteous look:
Yet in his eyes was lying
Peace, as of some still brook
Laid through a forest-nook.

The memories of past sorrow
Brimmed up my eyes with tears;
I could not choose but borrow
Fresh grief from the waste years:
And yet some sweet to-morrow
Smiled through, as when rain clears
Off, and the sun appears.

It was as if one, peering
Into a well of woe,
Saw all the shadow clearing
From the brown deeps below—
Saw sapphire skies appearing,
And woods with moss aglow,
And Spring in act to blow.

With tearful looks, I, gazing
Into the sad shape's eyes,
Saw a new magic tracing
New lovely mysteries;
I saw new hope upraising
A new love's Paradise,
And clear moon-silvern skies.

My soul fled forth in singing,
My heart flowered like a rose,
Death smiled, with sweet tears springing,
'Twixt smile and smile that rose.
His arms closed round me, clinging:
Peace came, and clipt me close—
Peace, such as no love knows.

VI.—A SONG OF WILLOW.

LOVE and Life have had their day,
Long ago;
Hope and Faith have fled away
With the roses and the May;
This is but an idle show:
Come away!

Seekest thou for flowers of June,
Roses red?
Listenest for the linnet's tune?
Here the night-fowl wails the moon;
Here are lilies of the dead,
Tear-bestrewn.

Thinkest Love will come again,
Fresh and sweet,
With the apple-blossoms' rain?
Many a day dead Love has lain,
Folded in the winding-sheet.
Hope is vain.

See, Death beckons from the gloom,
(Come away!)
Life is wasted from its room,
Love is faded from its bloom;
Come and nestle in the gray
Of the tomb.

Come away! The bed is laid,
Soft and deep;
In the blossomed linden's shade,
Underneath the moon-pale glade,
In the quiet shalt thou sleep,
Unaffrayed.

Kiss thy love upon the lips
Once again.
I will fold thee in the eclipse
Of the night where shadows stray,
And sleep healeth heart and brain:
Come away!

1880.

JOHN PAYNE.

I.—A BIRTHDAY SONG.

I.

THE rose-time and the roses
Call to me, dove of mine;
I hear the bird-song closes
Ring out in the sunshine;
In all the wood-reposes
There runs a magic wine
Of music all divine.

All things have scent and singing;
The happy earth is ringing
With praise of love and June;
Have I alone no tune,
No sound of music-making
To greet my love's awaking,
This golden summer noon?

II.

Ah love! my roses linger
For sunshine of thine eyes,
For Love, the music bringer,
My linnets wait to rise;
All dumb are birds and singer:
The song in kisses dies
And sound of happy sighs.

What need of songs and singing,
When love for us is ringing
Bells of enchanted gold?
Dear, whilst my arms enfold
My love, our kisses fashion
Tunes of more perfect passion
Than verses new or old.

II.—LOVE'S AUTUMN.

(Field's Nocturn in D Minor.)

YES, love, the Spring shall come again,
But not as once it came:
Once more in meadow and in lane,
The daffodils shall flame,
The cowslips blow, but all in vain;
Alike, yet not the same.

The roses that we plucked of old
Were dewed with heart's delight;
Our gladness steeped the primrose-gold
In half its lovely light:
The hopes are long since dead and cold,
That flushed the wind-flowers' white.

Oh, who shall give us back our Spring?
What spell can fill the air
With all the birds of painted wing,
That sang for us whilere?
What charm reclothe with blossoming
Our lives, grown blank and bare?

What sun can draw the ruddy bloom
Back to hope's faded rose?
What stir of summer re-illume
Our hearts wreckt garden-close?
What flowers can fill the empty room
Where now the nightshade grows?

'Tis but the Autumn's chilly sun
That mocks the glow of May;
'Tis but the pallid bindweeds run
Across our garden way,
Pale orchids, scentless every one,
Ghosts of the summer day.

Yet, if it must be so, 'tis well:
What part have we in June?
Our hearts have all forgot the spell
That held the summer noon;
We echo back the cuckoo's knell,
And not the linnet's tune.

What should we do with roses now,
Whose cheeks no more are red?
What violets should deck our brow,
Whose hopes long since are fled?
Recalling many a wasted vow
And many a faith struck dead.

Bring heath and pimpernel and rue,
The Autumn's sober flowers:
At least their scent will not renew
The thought of happy hours,
Nor drag sad memory back unto
That lost sweet time of ours.

Faith is no sun of summertide,
Only the pale calm light
That, when the Autumn clouds divide,
Hangs in the watchet height,—
A lamp, wherewith we may abide
The coming of the night.

And yet, beneath its languid ray,
The moorlands bare and dry
Bethink them of the summer day
And flower, far and nigh,
With fragile memories of the May,
Blue as the August sky.

These are our flowers: they have no scent
To mock our waste desire,
No hint of bygone ravishment
To stir the faded fire:
The very soul of sad content
Dwells in each azure spire.

I have no violets: you laid
Your blight upon them all:
It was your hand, alas! that made
My roses fade and fall,
Your breath my lilies that forbade
To come at Summer's call.

Yet take these scentless flowers and pale,
The last of all my year:
Be tender to them; they are frail;
But if thou hold them dear,
I'll not their brighter kin bewail,
That now lie cold and sere.

Frederic W. H. Myers.

1843—1901.

Mr. F. W. H. Myers was born on the 6th of February, 1843. His father came of an old Yorkshire stock, and was the incumbent of St. John's, Keswick; well known as one of the first pioneers of liberal ideas within the English Church, and as the author of "Catholic Thoughts," a volume of essays which long circulated in private before it was finally given to the public not many years ago. His mother was a daughter of the Leeds family of Marshall, sister of Lady Monteagle and the first Mrs. Whewell. Mr. F. Myers lost his father in early boyhood, and was educated at Cheltenham, where his mother resided, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. During his academical career he distinguished himself by exceptional ability and by a marked vivacity of temperament—by something restless and imperious, a *perfervidum ingenium* belonging to his personality, perhaps also to the double strain of Yorkshire blood in him. It does not appear that the external conditions of his life influenced the development of his artistic talent to any considerable extent. On the other hand the humanistic training, to which he so willingly responded, left ineffaceable traces upon his manner of expression. While a poet of emotion in the truest sense, he is also pre-eminently a poet of form and culture.

For many years Mr. Myers was an Inspector of Schools; and later, his eminent powers of intellect and indefatigable energy were devoted to psychological studies in connection with the "Psychical Research Society," which he helped to found. Those who feel the main pulses of his poetry, will understand the significance of this self-dedication to a scientific cause, which had for the singer of the "Promise of Immortality" a peculiar, I might almost say, a personal interest.

Mr. F. Myers' principal published writings are "St. Paul" (1865), "Poems" (1870), "Wordsworth" in the English Men of Letters series (1880), "Essays Classical and Modern" (1881), and "The Renewal of Youth" (1882). He was also part author of a voluminous and important work called "Phantasms of the Living" (1886).

The most remarkable points about Mr. Myers' early development were the emphatic manner in which his literary qualities emerged, and the devotion he displayed for Virgil at an age when youths regard that prince of Latin poets with abhorrence tempered by respect. He seemed to have chosen Virgil as his intellectual master in the art of poetry, aiming in his own practice at some of those qualities which he afterwards critically described in his unique essay on the singer of the "Georgics" and "Æneid." To study the niceties of rhythm, to select words for their colour-values, for their emotional suggestiveness, for their sonority apart from sense, appeared to be the young man's object. Expert scholars and excellent critics of literature, like the late Professor Conington, were carried away by the power of style displayed in so occa-

sional a performance as Mr. Myers' Cambridge ode. Here was a youth who started with a manner of his own. It was not evident that he had much to say. Indeed, a good deal that he did say, could not be comprehended by the vulgar and left the intelligent to wonder whether the poet was not hoaxing them. Still, nobody had any doubt that the manner of saying it was original, impressive, indicative of a strongly marked personality and a conscious theory of literary art.

These qualities he retained throughout his career as a poet. He might be compared to one born with a certain instrument, a flute of silver, or a fife of gold, to play upon. Through that organ of expression he has breathed strains, now stronger, and now weaker, at one time full, at another thin, according to the degree of his inspiration, according to his growth in passion and experience of life, according to the greater or lesser intensity of his enthusiasm, but always without an appreciable alteration of the vehicle. I think this is a rarity in the development of the poetic nature. And, therefore, I insist upon it. Perhaps Poe, among writers of English verse, might be coupled in this respect with Mr. Myers.

To some ears, this instrument upon which Mr. Myers played so deftly, may seem too artificial, too metallic. In the first poem which secured his fame, "St. Paul," it was certainly so, I think. There is a disproportion there between the thing said, and the pomp of saying it; an aptitude to wrap up simple propositions in puzzling phrases, which have only sonority of tone and impeccable rhythmic cadence to excuse the poverty or involution of their

sense. Yet how seductive, how really beautiful, is the music of those leaping alliterative stanzas. For instance, a "bard on isles of the Ægean" appears before us, wrestling with his wish to write an ode :—

> "He, I suppose, with such a care to carry,
> Wandered disconsolate and waited long,
> Smiting his breast, wherein the notes would tarry,
> Chiding the slumber of the seed of the song:
>
> "Then in the sudden glory of a minute
> Airy and excellent the proëm came,
> Rending his bosom, for a god was in it,
> Waking the seed, for it had burst in flame."

Every word here tells, not merely for the metrical effect, but also because it has true meaning in it, and the rhythm is vitalised with passion, with sympathy for moods assimilated, with grasp upon the actuality of the imagined situation. Art—as in the case of Mr. Swinburne, with whom Mr. Myers has notable affinities—seems, at first sight, to predominate. The technical execution is so cunning that we are tempted to rock ourselves upon the rhythm, to drink in only the sweet wine of words. And yet, when we analyse the verse, all has been well said, and much is well worth saying.

Later on, Mr. Myers adapted this exceptional quality of style to what must, in my opinion, be considered his supreme contribution to English poetic literature. That is, the evocation of a new note, an individual tone, from the old chords of the heroic couplet—Chaucer's, Marlowe's, Dryden's, Pope's, Goldsmith's couplet. For the heroic couplet he actually discovered usages which belong to his

own personality. I need not enlarge upon this point, since the finest of his poems in this metre, "The Implicit Promise of Immortality," is included in this volume. Let any one turn to it, and read :—

> " Oh dreadful thought, if all our sires and we
> Are but foundations of a race to be,—
> Stones which one thrusts in earth, and builds thereon
> A white delight, a Parian Parthenon,
> And thither, long thereafter, youth and maid
> Seek with glad brows the alabaster shade,
> And in processions' pomp together bent
> Still interchange their sweet words innocent,—
> Not caring that those mighty columns rest
> Each on the ruin of a human breast,—
> That to the shrine the victor's chariot rolls
> Across the anguish of ten thousand souls ! "

Let him read these lines, and then say whether a new emotional value, an eager modern neurotism, has not been introduced into the well-worn vehicle of verse. "The Translation of Faith," "The Ballerina's Progress," and "The Passing of Youth" ought also to be studied, if one would understand Mr. Myers' specific handling of the couplet. Nor should he neglect the translations from Virgil in the famous essay.

I have spoken more about style than matter in dealing with the poetry of Mr. Myers. It is by style that he will live; he has not chosen or been able to express a mass of thought in verse; the quantity of his production, too, is curiously less than its quality is remarkable. His energies in the direction of study and speculation have passed into absorbing psychical researches. But, if we seek the leading ideas which animate him as a poet, I

think that we shall find them to be the aspiration after personal immortality and the influence of women in human affairs. In various ways, with magnificent rhetoric, and sometimes with inspired emotion, he has given musical utterance to these two factors of man's spiritual life.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Frederic W. H. Myers died at Rome on the 17th of January, 1901.

THE RENEWAL OF YOUTH AND OTHER POEMS.

1882.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

I.—THE IMPLICIT PROMISE OF IMMORTALITY.

" Or questi che dall' infima lacuna
Dell' universo insin qui ha vedute
Le vite spiritali ad una ad una,
Supplica a te per grazia di virtute
Tanto che possa con gli occhi levarsi
Più alto verso l'ultima salute."

DANTE, *Par.* xxxiii. 22—28.

FRIEND, and it little matters if with thee
In shadowed vales and night's solemnity
Heart has met heart, and soul with soul has known
A deathless kinship and one hope alone;—
Or if thy dear voice by mine ears unheard
Has never spoken me one winged word,
Nor mine eyes seen thee, nor my spirit guessed
The answering spirit hidden in thy breast;—
Known or unknown, seen once and loved for long,
Or only reached by this faint breath of song,
In thine imagined ears I pour again
A faltering message from the man in men,—
Thoughts that are born with summer, but abide
Past summer into sad Allhallowtide.

The world without, men say, the needs within,
Which clash and make what we call sorrow and sin,
Tend to adjustment evermore, until
The individual and the cosmic will
Shall coincide, and man content and free
Assume at last his endless empery,
Seeking his Eden and his Heaven no more
By fabled streams behind him or before,

But feeling Pison with Euphrates roll
Round the great garden of his kingly soul.

I answer that, so far, the type that springs
Seems like a race of strangers, not of kings
Less fit for earth, not more so; rather say
Grown like the dog who when musicians play
Feels each false note and howls, while yet the true
With doubtful pleasure tremulous thrill him through,
Since man's strange thoughts confuse him, and destroy
With half-guessed raptures his ancestral joy.

Meantime dim wonder on the untravelled way
Holds our best hearts, and palsies all our day;
One looks on God, and then with eyes struck blind
Brings a confusing rumour to mankind;
And others listen, and no work can do
Till they have got that God defined anew;
And in the darkness some have fallen, as fell
To baser gods the folk of Israel,
When with Jehovah's thunders heard too nigh
They wantoned in the shade of Sinai.

Take any of the sons our Age has nursed,
Fed with her food and taught her best and worst;
Suppose no great disaster; look not nigh
On hidden hours of his extremity;
But watch him like the flickering magnet stirred
By each imponderable look and word,
And think how firm a courage every day
He needs to bear him on life's common way,
Since even at the best his spirit moves
Thro' such a tourney of conflicting loves,—
Unwisely sought, untruly called untrue,
Beloved, and hated, and beloved anew;

Till in the changing whirl of praise and blame
He feels himself the same and not the same,
And often, overworn and overwon,
Knows all a dream and wishes all were done.

I know it, such an one these eyes have seen
About the world with his unworldly mien,
And often idly hopeless, often bent
On some tumultuous deed and vehement,
Because his spirit he can nowise fit
To the world's ways and settled rule of it,
But thro' contented thousands travels on
Like a sad heir in disinherison,
And rarely by great thought or brave emprise
Comes out about his life's perplexities,
Looks thro' the rifted cloudland, and sees clear
Fate at his feet and the high God anear.

Ah let him tarry on those heights, nor dream
Of other founts than that Aonian stream!
Since short and fierce, then hated, drowned, and dim
Shall most men's chosen pleasures come to him,—
Not made for such things, nor for long content
With the poor toys of this imprisonment.
Ay, should he sit one afternoon beguiled
By some such joy as makes the wise a child,
Yet if at twilight to his ears shall come
A distant music thro' the city's hum,
So slight a thing as this will wake again
The incommunicable homeless pain,
Until his soul so yearns to reunite
With her Prime Source, her Master and Delight,
As if some loadstone drew her, and brain and limb
Ached with her struggle to get through to Him.

And is this then delusion? can it be
That like the rest high heaven is phantasy?
Can God's implicit promise be but one
Among so many visions all undone?

Nay, if on earth two souls thro' sundering fate
Can save their sisterhood inviolate,
If dimness and deferment, time and pain,
Have no more lasting power upon those twain
Than stormy thunderclouds which, spent and done,
Leave grateful earth still gazing on the sun,—
If their divine hope gladly can forgo
Such nearness as this wretched flesh can know,
While, spite of all that even themselves may do,
Each by her own truth feels the other true:—
Faithful no less is God, who having won
Our spirits to His endless unison
Betrays not our dependence, nor can break
The oath unuttered which His silence spake.

Oh dreadful thought, if all our sires and we
Are but foundations of a race to be,—
Stones which one thrusts in earth, and builds thereon
A white delight, a Parian Parthenon,
And thither, long thereafter, youth and maid
Seek with glad brows the alabaster shade,
And in processions' pomp together bent
Still interchange their sweet words innocent —
Not caring that those mighty columns rest
Each on the ruin of a human breast,—
That to the shrine the victor's chariot rolls
Across the anguish of ten thousand souls

"Well was it that our fathers suffered thus,'
I hear them say, "that all might end in us;

Well was it here and there a bard should feel
Pains premature and hurt that none could heal;
These were their preludes, thus the race began;
So hard a matter was the birth of Man."

And yet these too shall pass and fade and flee,
And in their death shall be as vile as we,
Nor much shall profit with their perfect powers
To have lived a so much sweeter life than ours,
When at the last, with all their bliss gone by,
Like us those glorious creatures come to die,
With far worse woe, far more rebellious strife
Those mighty spirits drink the dregs of life.

Nay, by no cumulative changeful years,
For all our bitter harvesting of tears,
Shalt thou tame man, nor in his breast destroy
The longing for his home which deadens joy;
He cannot mate here, and his cage controls
Safe bodies, separate and sterile souls;
And wouldst thou bless the captives, thou must show
The wild green woods which they again shall know.

Therefore have we, while night serenely fell,
Imparadised in sunset's œnomel,
Beheld the empyrean, star on star
Perfecting solemn change and secular,
Each with slow roll and pauseless period
Writing the solitary thoughts of God.
Not blindly in such moments, not in vain,
The open secret flashes on the brain,
As if one almost guessed it, almost knew
Whence we have sailed and voyage whereunto;
Not vainly, for albeit that hour goes by,
And the strange letters perish from the sky,

Yet learn we that a life to us is given
One with the cosmic spectacles of heaven,—
Feel the still soul, for all her questionings,
Parcel and part of sempiternal things;
For us, for all, one overarching dome,
One law the order, and one God the home.

Ah, but who knows in what thin form and strange,
Through what appalled perplexities of change,
Wakes the sad soul, which having once forgone
This earth familiar and her friends thereon
In interstellar void becomes a chill
Outlying fragment of the Master Will;
So severed, so forgetting, shall not she
Lament, immortal, immortality?

If thou wouldst have, high God thy soul assure
That she herself shall as herself endure,
Shall in no alien semblance, thine and wise,
Fulfil her and be young in Paradise,
One way I know; forget, forswear, disdain
Thine own best hopes, thine utmost loss and gain,
Till when at last thou scarce rememberest now
If on the earth be such a man as thou,
Nor hast one thought of self-surrender,—no,
For self is none remaining to forgo,—
If ever, then shall strong persuasion fall
That in thy giving thou hast gained thine all,
Given the poor present, gained the boundless scope,
And kept thee virgin for the further hope.

This is the hero's temper, and to some
With battle-trumpetings that hour has come,
With guns that thunder and with winds that fail,
With closing fleets and voices augural;—

For some, methinks, in no less noble wise
Divine prevision kindles in the eyes,
When all base thoughts like frighted harpies flown
In her own beauty leave the soul alone;
When Love,—not rosy-flushed as he began,
But love, still Love, the prisoned God in man,—
Shows his face glorious, shakes his banner free,
Cries like a captain for Eternity:—
O halcyon air across the storms of youth,
O trust him, he is true, he is one with Truth!
Nay, is he Christ? I know not; no man knows
The right name of the heavenly Anterôs,—
But here is God, whatever God may be,
And whomsoe'er we worship, this is He.

Ah, friend, I have not said it: who shall tell
In wavering words the hope unspeakable?
Which he who once has known will labour long
To set forth sweetly in persuasive song,
Yea, many hours with hopeless art will try
To save the fair thing that it shall not die,
Then after all despairs, and leaves to-day
A hidden meaning in a nameless lay.

II.—TENERIFFE.

ATLANTID islands, phantom-fair,
Throned on the solitary seas,
Immersed in amethystine air,
Haunt of Hesperides!
Farewell! I leave Madeira thus
Drowned in a sunset glorious,
The Holy Harbour fading far
Beneath a blaze of cinnabar.

What sights had burning eve to show
From Tacoronte's orange-bowers,
From palmy headlands of Ycod,
From Orotava's flowers!
When Palma or Canary lay
Cloud-cinctured in the crimson day,—
Sea, and sea-wrack, and rising higher
Those purple peaks 'twixt cloud and fire.

But oh the cone aloft and clear
Where Atlas in the heavens withdrawn
To hemisphere and hemisphere
Disparts the dark and dawn!
O vaporous waves that roll and press!
Fire-opalescent wilderness!
O pathway by the sunbeams ploughed
Betwixt those pouring walls of cloud!

We watched adown that glade of fire
Celestial Iris floating free;
We saw the cloudlets keep in choir
Their dances on the sea;
The scarlet, huge, and quivering sun
Feared his due hour was overrun,—
On us the last he blazed, and hurled
His glory on Columbus' world.

Then ere our eyes the change could tell,
Or feet bewildered turn again,
From Teneriffe the darkness fell
Head-foremost on the main:—
A hundred leagues was seaward thrown
The gloom of Teyde's towering cone,—
Full half the height of heaven's blue
That monstrous shadow overflew.

Then all is twilight; pile on pile
  The scattered flocks of cloudland close,
An alabaster wall, erewhile
  Much redder than the rose!—
Falls like a sleep on souls forspent
Majestic Night's abandonment;
Wakes like a waking life afar
Hung o'er the sea one eastern star.

O Nature's glory, Nature's youth,
  Perfected sempiternal whole!
And is the World's in very truth
  An impercipient Soul?
Or doth that Spirit, past our ken,
Live a profounder life than men,
Awaits our passing days, and thus
In secret places calls to us?

O fear not thou, whate'er befall
  Thy transient individual breath;—
Behold, thou knowest not at all
  What kind of thing is Death:
And here indeed might Death be fair,
If Death be dying into air,—
If souls evanished mix with thee,
Illumined Heaven, eternal Sea.

III.—A LETTER FROM NEWPORT.

φαίη κ' ἀθανάτους καὶ ἀγήρως ἔμμεναι αἰεὶ
ὃς τότ' ἐπαντιάσειε ὅτ' Ἰάονες ἄθροοι εἶεν.

THE crimson leafage fires the lawn,
  The piled hydrangeas blazing glow;
How blue the vault of breezy dawn
  Illumes the Atlantic's crested snow!

'Twixt sea and sands how fair to ride
Through whispering airs a starlit way,
And watch those flashing towers divide
Heaven's darkness from the darkling bay!

Ah, friend, how vain their pedant's part,
Their hurrying toils how idly spent,
How have they wronged the gentler heart
Which thrills the awakening continent,
Who have not learnt on this bright shore
What sweetness issues from the strong,
Where flowerless forest, cataract-roar,
Have found a blossom and a song!

Ah, what imperial force of fate
Links our one race in high emprize!
Nor aught henceforth can separate
Those glories mingling as they rise;
For one in heart, as one in speech,
At last have Child and Mother grown,—
Fair Figures! honouring each in each
A beauty kindred with her own.

Through English eyes more calmly soft
Looks from grey deeps the appealing charm·
Reddens on English cheeks more oft
The rose of innocent alarm:—
Our old-world heart more gravely feels,
Has learnt more force, more self-control
For us through sterner music peals
The full accord of soul and soul.

But ah, the life, the smile untaught,
The floating presence feathery-fair!
The eyes and aspect that have caught
The brilliance of Columbian air!

No oriole through the forest flits
More sheeny-plumed, more gay and free;
On no nymph's marble forehead sits
Proudlier a glad virginity.

So once the Egyptian, gravely bold,
Wandered the Ionian folk among.
Heard from their high Letôon rolled
That song the Delian maidens sung;
Danced in his eyes the dazzling gold,
For with his voice the tears had sprung,—
"They die not, these! they wax not old,
They are ever-living, ever-young!"

Spread then, great land! thine arms afar,
Thy golden harvest westward roll;
Banner with banner, star with star,
Ally the tropics and the pole;—
There glows no gem than these more bright
From ice to fire, from sea to sea;
Blossoms no fairer flower to light
Through all thine endless empery.

And thou come hither, friend! thou too
Their kingdom enter as a boy;
Fed with their glorious youth renew
Thy dimmed prerogative of joy:—
Come with small question, little thought,
Through thy worn veins what pulse shall flow,
With what regrets, what fancies fraught,
Shall silver-footed summer go:—

If round one fairest face shall meet
Those many dreams of many fair,
And wandering homage seek the feet
Of one sweet queen, and linger there;

Or if strange winds betwixt be driven,
Unvoyageable oceans foam,
Nor this new earth, this airy heaven,
For thy sad heart can find a home.

IV.—HONOUR.

A MAN and woman together, a man and woman apart,
In the stress of the soul's worst weather, the anchorless ebb of the heart,
They can say to each other no longer, as lovers were wont to say,
"Death is strong, but Love is stronger; there is night and then there is day;"
Their souls can whisper no more, "There is better than sleep in the sod,
We await the ineffable shore, and between us two there is God:"
Nay now without hope or dream must true friend sever from friend,
With the long years worse than they seem, and nothingness black at the end:
And the darkness of death is upon her, the light of his eyes is dim,
But Honour has spoken, Honour, enough for her and for him.

Oh what shall he do with the vision, when deep in the night it comes,
With soul and body's division, with tremor of dreamland drums;
When his heart is broken and tender, and his whole soul rises and cries
For the soft waist swaying and slender, the childlike passionate eyes?

Or where shall she turn to deliver her life from the longing unrest,
When sweet sleep flies with a shiver, and her heart is alone in her breast?
It is hard, it is cruel upon her, her soft eyes glow and are dim,
But Honour has spoken, Honour, enough for her and for him.

I had guessed not, did I not know, that the spirit of man was so strong
To prefer irredeemable woe to the slightest shadow of wrong;
I had guessed not, had I not known, that twain in their last emprize,
Full-souled, and awake, and alone, with the whole world's love in their eyes,
With no faith in God to appal them, no fear of man in their breast,
With nothing but Honour to call them, could yet find Honour the best,—
Could stay the stream of the river and turn the tides of the sea,
Give back that gift to the giver, thine heart to the bosom of thee.

V.—UNSATISFACTORY.

"HAVE other lovers,—say, my love,—
Loved thus before to-day?"—
"They may have, yes! they may, my love;
Not long ago they may."

"But though they worshipped thee, my love,
Thy maiden heart was free?"—
"Don't ask too much of me, my love;
Don't ask too much of me!"

"Yet now 'tis you and I, my love,
Love's wings no more will fly?"—
"If Love could never die, my love,
Our love should never die."

"For shame! and is this so, my love,
And Love and I must go?"—
"Indeed I do not know, my love;
My life, I do not know."

"You will, you must be true, my love,
Nor look and love anew!"—
"I'll see what I can do, my love;
I'll see what I can do."

Edward Dowden.

1843.

Edward Dowden was born at Cork on the 3rd of May, 1843, and in 1859 he entered Trinity College, Dublin. After a successful undergraduate career he took his B.A. degree with first place in the first class in Logic and Ethics. For two years he was a student of divinity, was elected President of the Philosophical Society, and in 1867 was appointed Professor of English Literature, an appointment which must be regarded as a remarkable testimony to the acquirements and achievements of a young man of twenty-four. Professor Dowden threw himself with special enthusiasm into the study of Shakspere, and in 1875 he published his great work, "Shakspere, his Mind and Art," which at once won for him a European reputation and a hearty recognition from Shaksperian scholars on the other side of the Atlantic. This was followed, two years later, by the valuable "Shakspere Primer," and in 1890 by his fine introduction to the "Henry Irving" edition of Shakspere's plays and poems. In 1877 appeared his solitary volume of "Poems" and his first contribution to miscellaneous criticism, "Studies in Literature, 1789—1877." More recently he has reprinted, mainly from the *Fortnightly Review*, another collection of critical essays entitled "Transcripts and Studies"; but the most important of his

later works is undoubtedly his sympathetic and charming "Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley," a book characterised by a fulness of knowledge and a sanity of judgment which at once gave it a place among our few standard biographies. In 1888 Professor Dowden became the President of the English Goethe Society, and his contributions to Goethe literature encourage the hope that he may be able to complete the long-projected work in which he proposes to do for the greatest of Germans what he has already done for the greatest of Englishmen. Professor Dowden married early, and after twenty-six years of perfect domestic happiness was called upon to endure the most poignant of all human sorrows. Mrs. Dowden died in the October of 1892, leaving a great blank in the lives not only of her husband and children but of all whose unspeakable privilege it was to sun themselves in the warmth and radiance diffused by her beautiful spirit.

Professor Dowden is known most widely as a subtle and sympathetic critic of literature; but there are those to whom his work in poetry is even more fascinating than his contributions to criticism. With the full culture, the artistic finish, and the command of imaginative expression which are increasingly frequent in contemporary verse, it combines the peculiar distinction that is always rare and yet always present in any adequate utterance of a strongly individualised and graciously opulent nature. Its art is for the most part flawless, but it is valuable mainly as a perfectly transparent vehicle of thought, vision, and aspiration—as an embodiment of some of the profoundest and yet most elusive of human experiences. Whatever be the outward form of

Professor Dowden's poems they are nearly always in essence lyrical or autobiographic, but they have none of the individualistic egoism of ordinary subjective verse. The nature that they interpret has been so finely touched to such fine issues that it interprets not only itself but all other natures which have thrilled in response to the same delicate spiritual impressions, and the elect reader finds in the verse the reticent but sufficing revelation not only of the poet's secrets, but of his own. This is of course specially true of the poems in which the autobiography is most explicit—such for example as the two series of sonnets respectively entitled "Memories of Travel" and "The Inner Life," and the "New Hymns for Solitude," which sound the abysses and scale the summits of the soul's intensest life. Even however in the more objective work, whether it be in form dramatic—as in "The Heroines,"—or descriptive and interpretative—as in the beautiful poem on "The Corn-Crake," which will be found in the following pages—the same effect of intimate converse is achieved, though of necessity more subtly and allusively, by the prevailing tone of thought and emotion, and by the emphasis instinctively laid upon certain congenial aspects of the chosen theme. Whether the poet enters into the mystery of some moment of spiritual revelation, or celebrates the wonder of some transient pulse of light, some sudden glint of colour, or feels the awe of life's strengthening raptures and purifying renunciations, the poetry of Professor Dowden brings to those who have ears to hear not merely the enduring joy of a thing of beauty, but the rarer, intenser delight of high companionship.

In a phrase of happy characterisation Mr. William Watson has spoken of the "frugal note" of Gray Professor Dowden's is also a frugal note, for, speaking roughly and not *au pied de la lettre*, his entire poetical output is to be found between the covers of the volume of 1877. But whereas the frugality of Gray arose from a literary fastidiousness in the matter of perfection of form, the frugality of the latter poet denotes a deeper moral fastidiousness in the matter of sincerity of substance. There is in his verse nothing that is merely literary, nothing written to order—even to his own order—but everywhere we have a sense of compulsion, of inevitableness; we feel that the singer is not one who finds his song but who is found by it. Poetry of which this can be said has a momentum which is the one thing wanting in much contemporary work that is in many ways winning and admirable. We say sometimes that this or that utterance is too purely personal to make a universal appeal. What we mean, or ought to mean, is that it is not personal enough—that it is a radiation from the circumference of an individual life, not from its centre. The circumference is the separate *ego*, the centre is the common self; and be we Parthians, Medes, or dwellers in Mesopotamia, we understand and respond to the language in which it speaks. It is this language to which we listen in the most characteristic poems of Edward Dowden.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

POEMS.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

I.—ANDROMEDA.

The Heroines.

THIS is my joy—that when my soul had wrought
Her single victory over fate and fear,
He came, who was deliverance. At the first,
Though the rough-bearded fellows bruised my wrists
Holding them backwards while they drove the bolts,
And stared around my body, workman-like,
I did not argue or bewail; but when
The flash and dip of equal oars had passed,
And I was left a thing for sky and sea
To encircle, gaze on, wonder at, not save—
The clear resolve which I had grasped and held,
Slipped as a dew-drop slips from some flower-cup
O'erweighted, and I longed to cry aloud
One sharp, great cry, and scatter the fixed will,
In fond self-pity. Have you watched night-long,
Above a face from which the life recedes,
And seen death set his seal before the dawn?
You do not shriek and clasp the hands, but just
When morning finds the world once more all good
And ready for wave's leap and swallow's flight,
There comes a drift from undiscovered flowers,
A drone of sailing bee, a dance of light
Among the awakened leaves, a touch, a tang,
A nameless nothing, and the world turns round,

And the full soul runs over, and tears flow,
And it is seen a piteous thing to die.
So fared it there with me; the ripple ran
Crisp to my feet; the tufted sea-pink bloomed
From a cleft rock; I saw the insects drop
From blossom into blossom; and the wide
Intolerable splendour of the sea,
Calm in a liquid hush of summer morn,
Girdled me, and no cloud relieved the sky.
I had refused to drink the proffered wine
Before they bound me, and my strength was less
Than needful: yet the cry escaped not, yet
My purpose had not fallen abroad in ruin;
Only the perfect knowledge I had won
Of things which fate decreed deserted me,
The vision I had held of life and death
Was blurred by some vague mist of piteousness,
Nor could I lean upon a steadfast will.
Therefore I closed both eyes resolved to search
Backwards across the abysm and find Death there,
And hold him with my hand, and scan his face
By my own choice, and read his strict intent
On lip and brow,—not hunted to his feet
And cowering slavewise; "Death," I whispered,
"Death,"
Calling him whom I needed: and he came.

Wherefore record the travail of the soul
Through darkness to grey light, the cloudy war,
The austere calm, the bitter victory?
It seemed that I had mastered fate, and held,
Still with shut eyes, the passion of my heart
Compressed, and cast the election of my will
Into that scale made heavy with the woe

Of all the world, and fair relinquished lives.
Suddenly the broad sea was vibrated,
And the air shaken with confused noise
Not like the steadfast plash and creak of oars,
And higher on my foot the ripple slid.
The monster was abroad beneath the sun.
This therefore was the moment—could my soul
Sustain her trial? And the soul replied
A swift, sure 'Yes': yet must I look forth once,
Confront my anguish, nor drop blindly down
From horror into horror: and I looked—
O thou deliverance, thou bright victory
I saw thee, and was saved! The middle air
Was cleft by thy impatience of revenge,
Thy zeal to render freedom to things bound:
The conquest sitting on thy brow, the joy
Of thy unerring flight became to me
Nowise mere hope, but full enfranchisement.
A sculptor of the isles had carved the deed
Upon a temple's frieze; the maiden chained
Lifts one free arm across her eyes to hide
The terror of the moment, and her head
Sideways averted writhes the slender neck:
While with a careless grace in flying curve,
And glad like Hermes in his aery poise,
Toward the gaping throat a youth extends
The sword held lightly. When to sacrifice
I pass at morn with my tall Sthenelos.
I smile, but do not speak. No! when my gaze
First met him I was saved; because the world
Could hold so brave a creature I was free:
Here one had come with not my father's eyes
Which darkened to the clamour of the crowd,
And gave a grieved assent; not with the eyes

Of anguish-stricken Cassiopeia, dry
And staring as I passed her to the boat.
Was not the beauty of his strength and youth
Warrant for many good things in the world
Which could not be so poor while nourishing him?
What faithlessness of heart could countervail
The witness of that brow? What dastard chains?
Did he not testify of sovereign powers
O'ermatching evil, awful charities
Which save and slay, the terror of clear joy,
Unquenchable intolerance of ill,
Order subduing chaos, beauty pledged
To conquest of all foul deformities?
And was there need to turn my head aside,
I, who had one sole thing to do, no more,
To watch the deed? I know the careless grace
My Perseus wears in manage of the steed,
Or shooting the swift disc: not such the mode
Of that victorious moment of descent
When the large tranquil might his soul contains
Was gathered for a swift abolishment
Of proud brute-tyranny. He seemed in air
A shining spear which hisses in its speed
And smites through boss and breast-plate. Did he see
Andromeda, who never glanced at her
But set his face against the evil thing?
I know not; yet one truth I may not doubt
How ere the wallowing monster blind and vast
Turned a white belly to the sun, he stood
Beside me with some word of comfort strong
Nourishing the heart like choral harmonies.
O this was then my joy, that I could give
A soul not saved from wretched female fright,
Or anarchy of self-abandoned will,

But one that had achieved deliverance,
And wrought with shaping hands among the stuff
Which fate presented. Had I shrunk from Death?
Might I not therefore unashamed accept—
In a calm wonder of unfaltering joy—
Life, the fair gift he laid before my feet?
Somewhat a partner of his deed I seemed;
His equal? Nay, yet upright at his side
Scarce lower by a head and helmet's height,
Touching my Perseus' shoulder.
He has wrought
Great deeds. Athena loves to honour him;
And I have borne him sons. Look, yonder goes,
Lifting the bow, Eleios, the last-born.

II.—THE CORN-CRAKE.

I.

HERE let the bliss of Summer and her night
Be on my heart as wide and pure as heaven,
Now while o'er earth the tide of young delight
Brims to the full, calm'd by the wizard Seven,
And their high mistress, yon enchanted Moon;
The air is faint yet fresh as primrose buds,
And dim with weft of honey-coloured beams,
A bride-robe for the new-espousèd June,
Who lies white-limbed among her flowers, nor dreams,
Such a divine content her being floods.

II.

Awake! awake! the silence hath a voice:
Not thine thou heart of fire palpitating
Until all griefs change countenance and rejoice,
And all joys ache o'er-ripe since thou dost sing,
Not thine this voice of the dry meadow-lands;

Harsh iteration! note untuneable!
Which shears the breathing quiet with a blade
Of ragged edge; say, wilt thou ne'er be still,
Crier in June's high progress, whose commands
Upon no heedless drowsèd heart are laid?

III.

Nay, cease not till thy breast disquieted
Hath won a term of ease: the dewy grass,
Trackless at morn, betrays not thy swift tread,
And through smooth-closing air thy call-notes pass
To faint on yon soft-bosom'd pastoral steep.
Thee, bird, the night accepts, and I through thee
Reach to embalmèd hearts of summers dead,
Feel round my feet old inland meadows deep,
And bow o'er flowers that not a leaf have shed,
Nor once have heard moan of an alien sea.

IV.

Even while I muse thy halting place doth shift,
More distant now, now nearer: I have seen,
When April through her shining hair a-drift
Gleams a farewell and elms are fledg'd with green,
The voiceful wandering envoy of the Spring;
Thee, never; though the mower's scythe hath dashed
Thy nest aside, but thou hast sped askant
Viewless; then, last, we lose thee, and thy wing
Brushes Nilotic maize, and thou dost chant
Haply all night to stony ears of Pasht.

V.

Ah, now an end to thy inveterate tale!
The silence melts from the mid spheres of heaven;
Enough! before this peace has time to fail
From out my soul, or yon white cloud has driven
Up the moon's path I turn, and I will rest

This night with summer in my heart. Farewell!
Shut are the wildrose cups, no moth's awhirr;
My room will be moon-silver'd from the west
For one more hour; thy note shall be a burr
To tease out thought and catch the slumbrous spell.

III.—A CHILD'S NOONDAY SLEEP.

BECAUSE you sleep, my child, with breathing light
As heave of the June sea,
Because your lips' soft petals dewy-bright
Dispart so tenderly·

Because the slumbrous warmth is on your cheek
Up from the hushed heart sent,
And in this midmost noon when winds are weak
No cloud lies more content;

Because nor song of bird, nor lamb's keen call
May reach you sunken deep,
Because your lifted arm I thus let fall
Heavy with perfect sleep;

Because all will is drawn from you, all power,
And Nature through dark roots
Will hold and nourish you for one sweet hour
Amid her flowers and fruits;

Therefore though tempests gather, and the gale
Through autumn skies will roar,
Though Earth sent up to heaven the ancient wail
Heard by dead Gods of yore;

Though spectral faiths contend, and for her course
The soul confused must try,
While through the whirl of atoms and of force
Looms an abandoned sky;

Yet, know I, Peace abides, of earth's wild things
Centre, and ruling thence;
Behold, a spirit folds her budded wings
In confident innocence.

IV.—IN THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE.

IN the Dean's porch a nest of clay
With five small tenants may be seen
Five solemn faces, each as wise
As if its owner were a Dean;

Five downy fledglings in a row,
Packed close, as in the antique pew
The school-girls are whose foreheads clear
At the *Venite* shine on you.

Day after day the swallows sit
With scarce a stir, with scarce a sound,
But dreaming and digesting much
They grow thus wise and soft and round.

They watch the Canons come to dine,
And hear the mullion-bars across,
Over the fragrant fruit and wine
Deep talk of rood-screen and reredos.

Her hands with field-flowers drench'd, a child
Leaps past in wind-blown dress and hair,
The swallows turn their heads askew—
Five judges deem that she is fair

Prelusive touches sound within,
Straightway they recognise the sign,
And, blandly nodding, they approve
The minuet of Rubinstein.

They mark the cousins' schoolboy talk,
(Male birds flown wide from minster bell),
And blink at each broad term of art,
Binomial or bicycle.

Ah! downy young ones, soft and warm,
Doth such a stillness mask from sight
Such swiftness? can such peace conceal
Passion and ecstasy of flight?

Yet somewhere 'mid your Eastern suns,
Under a white Greek architrave
At morn, or when the shaft of fire
Lies large upon the Indian wave,

A sense of something dear gone by
Will stir, strange longings thrill the heart
For a small world embowered and close,
Of which ye some time were a part.

The dew-drench'd flowers, the child's glad eyes
Your joy unhuman shall control,
And in your wings a light and wind
Shall move from the Maestro's soul.

V.—BURDENS.

ARE sorrows hard to bear,—the ruin
Of flowers, the rotting of red fruit,
A love's decease, a life's undoing,
And summer slain, and song-birds mute,
And skies of snow and bitter air?
These things, you deem, are hard to bear.

But ah, the burden, the delight
Of dreadful joys! Noon opening wide,
Golden and great; the gulfs of night,
Fair deaths, and rent veils cast aside,
Strong soul to strong soul rendered up,
And silence filling like a cup.

VI.—OASIS.

LET them go by—the heats, the doubts, the strife;
I can sit here and care not for them now,
Dreaming beside the glimmering wave of life
Once more—I know not how.

There is a murmur in my heart, I hear
Faint, O so faint, some air I used to sing;
It stirs my sense; and odours dim and dear
The meadow-breezes bring.

Just this way did the quiet twilights fade
Over the fields and happy homes of men,
While one bird sang as now, piercing the shade,
Long since,—I know not when.

VII.—RENUNCIANTS.

SEEMS not our breathing light?
Sound not our voices free?
Bid to Life's festal bright
No gladder guests there be.

Ah stranger, lay aside
Cold prudence! I divine
The secret you would hide,
And you conjecture mine.

You too have temperate eyes,
Have put your heart to school,
Are proved I recognise
A brother of the rule.

I knew it by your lip,
  A something when you smiled,
Which meant 'close scholarship,
  A master of the guild.'

Well, and how good is life;
  Good to be born, have breath,
The calms good, and the strife,
  Good life, and perfect death.

Come, for the dancers wheel,
  Join we the pleasant din
—Comrade, it serves to feel
  The sackcloth next the skin.

VIII.—WATERSHED.

NOW on life's crest we breathe the temperate air;
  Turn either way—the parted paths o'erlook;
Dear! we shall never bid the Sphinx despair,
  Nor read in Sibyl's book.

The blue bends o'er us; good are night and day;
  Some blissful influence from the Starry Seven
Thrilled us ere youth took wing; why now essay
  A vain assault on Heaven?

And what great word Life's singing lips pronounce,
  And what intends the sealing kiss of Death
It skills us not; yet we accept, renounce,
  And draw this tranquil breath.

Enough, one thing we know; haply anon
  All truths, yet no truth better or more clear
Than that your hand holds my hand; therefore, on!
  The downward pathway, Dear!

SONNETS

EDWARD DOWDEN.

I.—A DISCIPLE.

(The Inner Life.—I.)

MASTER, they argued fast concerning Thee,
Proved what Thou art, denied what Thou art not,
Till brows were on the fret, and eyes grew hot,
And lip and chin were thrust out eagerly;
Then through the temple-door I slipped to free
My soul from secret ache in solitude,
And sought this brook, and by the brookside stood
The world's Light, and the Light and Life of me.
It is enough, O Master, speak no word!
The stream speaks, and the endurance of the sky
Outpasses speech: I seek not to discern
Even what smiles for me Thy lips have stirred;
Only in Thy hand still let my hand lie,
And let the musing soul within me burn.

II.—SEEKING GOD.

(The Inner Life.)

I SAID "I will find God," and forth I went
To seek Him in the clearness of the sky,
But over me stood unendurably
Only a pitiless, sapphire firmament
Ringing the world,—blank splendour; yet intent
Still to find God, "I will go seek," said I,
"His way upon the waters," and drew nigh
An ocean marge weed-strewn and foam-besprent;
And the waves dashed on idle sand and stone,
And very vacant was the long, blue sea;
But in the evening as I sat alone,
My window open to the vanishing day,
Dear God! I could not choose but kneel and pray,
And it sufficed that I was found of Thee.

III.—EMMAUSWARD.

(The Inner Life.—IX.)

LORD CHRIST, if Thou art with us and these eyes
Are holden, while we go sadly and say
"We hoped it had been He, and now to-day
Is the third day, and hope within us dies,"
Bear with us, O our Master—Thou art wise
And knowest our foolishness; we do not pray
"Declare Thyself, since weary grows the way,
And faith's new burden hard upon us lies;"
Nay, choose Thy time, but ah! whoe'er Thou art
Leave us not; where have we heard any voice
Like Thine? Our hearts burn in us as we go;
Stay with us; break our bread; so, for our part
Ere darkness falls haply we may rejoice,
Haply when day has been far spent may know.

IV.—DELIVERANCE.

(The Inner Life.—XI.)

I PRAYED to be delivered, O true God,
Not from the foes that compass us about,—
Them I might combat; not from any doubt
That wrings the soul; not from Thy bitter rod
Smiting the conscience; not from plagues abroad,
Nor my strong inward lusts; nor from the rout
Of worldly men, the scourge, the spit, the flout,
And the whole dolorous way the Master trod.
All these would rouse the life that lurks within,
Would save or slay; these things might be defied
Or strenuously endured; yea, pressed by sin
The soul is stung with sudden, visiting gleams;
Leave these, if Thou but scatter, Lord, I cried,
The counterfeiting shadows and faint dreams.

V.—THE SINGER.

(In the Garden.)

"THAT was the thrush's last good-night," I thought,
And heard the soft descent of summer rain
In the drooped garden leaves; but hush! again
The perfect iterance,—freer than unsought
Odours of violets dim in woodland ways,
Deeper than coiled waters laid a-dream
Below mossed ledges of a shadowy stream
And faultless as blown roses in June days.
Full-throated singer! art thou thus anew,
Voiceful to hear how round thyself alone
The enrichèd silence drops for thy delight,
More soft than snow, more sweet than honey-dew
Now cease: the last faint western streak is gone,
Stir not the blissful quiet of the night.

VI.—LEONARDO'S "MONNA LISA."

(In the Galleries.)

MAKE thyself known, Sibyl, or let despair
Of knowing thee be absolute; I wait
Hour-long and waste a soul. What word of fate
Hides 'twixt the lips which smile and still forbear?
Secret perfection! Mystery too fair!
Tangle the sense no more lest I should hate
Thy delicate tyranny, the inviolate
Poise of thy folded hands, thy fallen hair.
Nay, nay,—I wrong thee with rough words; still be
Serene, victorious, inaccessible;
Still smile but speak not; lightest irony
Lurk ever 'neath thine eyelids' shadow; still
O'ertop our knowledge; Sphinx of Italy
Allure us and reject us at thy will!

Ernest Myers.

1844.

Mr. Ernest Myers was born at St. John's parsonage, Keswick, October 13th, 1844. He was a younger son of the Rev. Frederic Myers, to whom further reference will be found on p. 61 in the notice of the life and work of Mr. Frederic W. H. Myers, elder brother of the subject of this writing. Mr. Ernest Myers was educated with his brothers at Cheltenham College, whence he proceeded to Oxford as an exhibitioner of Balliol, and became a Fellow of Wadham College. He remained at Oxford as a classical lecturer at Wadham and Balliol till 1871, when he went to reside in London, where he was called to the Bar but never practised. In the spring of 1875 he travelled in Greece and Sicily. In February 1883 he married a daughter of Rev. Canon Lodge, Rector of Scrivelsby, Lincolnshire, and has sons and daughters.

Mr. Ernest Myers' chief published works are "The Puritans," a poem (1869); "Translation of Pindar" (1874); "Poems" (1877); "The Defence of Rome and other poems" (1880); "Translation of the Iliad" (with Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. W. Leaf) (1883); "The Judgment of Prometheus and Other Poems" (1886), and "The Life of Lord Althorp" (1890). He has also contributed an essay on Æschylus to a volume entitled "Hellenica," by Oxford and

Cambridge writers, in 1880, and made a selection of passages from the prose works of Milton, which was issued with an introduction from his pen in "The Parchment Library."

Mr. Ernest Myers' poetry is characterised by refinement of feeling and elevation of tone. It displays everywhere a cultured taste, and frequently genuine imagination. "The Judgment of Prometheus" contains passages which both in conception and execution reach a very high level, while as a whole it shows that union of accurate knowledge, dramatic insight and command of form which are necessary to what one of his critics has called the "fit psychological treatment of personages and events." His blank verse is stately in movement, and rises with his theme; his lyrics are graceful in form and tender in feeling, while showing, as in the "Ode on the Death of General Gordon," the broader, deeper and higher qualities which characterise his blank verse. In some of the translations we have the facile handling of more sweeping measures, and in "The Defence of Rome" vigorous dramatic presentation. In all we have the work of a poet who is also a scholar.

ALFRED H. MILES.

THE JUDGMENT OF PROMETHEUS.

1886.

ERNEST MYERS.

Strife having arisen between Zeus and Poseidon for the sake of Thetis, daughter of Nereus the sea-god, Prometheus was delivered from bondage on Caucasus and called to declare the award of Fate, known to him alone.

NOW through the royal hall, for Heaven's dread Lord
Wrought by the Fireking's hand, the assembled Gods,
Upon the morn appointed, thronging ranged
Expectant; mute they moved, and took their thrones,
Gloom on their brows, though Gods; so dark the dread
Of huge impending battle held their hearts,
Battle of brother Kings, Heaven and the Sea
In duel dire, convulsive war of worlds.

So mused they all, and highest throned the Sire,
Lord of the lightning; on one side his Queen,
On the other, not less nigh, his chosen child
Pallas, most dear of all his race divine.
Somewhat aloof, yet in the upper hall,
The King Poseidon sate, and round his throne
Ocean, and all great Rivers of the world,
And all Sea-powers, and hoary Nereus nigh,
Nereus the ancient prophet, Thetis' sire.
Full many dooms he knew of days to be,
Yet fate of his own child no whit foresaw
More than the rest, and with the rest must wait
Sore wondering: she in a cool cave the while,
Her maiden chamber, far beneath the foam,

Trembling abode, till Iris flashing down
Should stand on the sea-cliff, and with clear voice
Hail her betrothed, and call her forth to hear
The dread assignment of her destined lord.

Silent the Gods sate all, but now the sound
They caught of coming steps, and from the door
Hermes drew nigh, and at his side a Form
August, of godlike presence, paced the hall.
Like to those heavenly Gods yet diverse he.
Not quite akin he seemed nor alien quite,
Of elder race than they, no seed of Zeus,
Earthborn although divine, and conqueror crowned
From wrestling long with pain, to other Gods
Rare visitant. On his immortal brow,
Ploughed by strange pangs, anguish unknown in Heaven,
Dwelt weightier thought than theirs, more arduous love.
With one accord the congregated Gods
In sudden homage from their golden thrones
Rose up for reverent greeting, as he came.
Then, as he gained their midst, the Thunderer spake:
"Hail, wondrous Titan, Earth's mysterious son,
Prophet Prometheus! In this hour of need
Welcome thou art returned among the Gods,
Thyself a God: assume thy place, sit there
Acknowledged arbiter: what present doubt
Distracts our race divine thou knowest well
Already, and already know'st no less
The doom revealed that must that doubt dissolve.
Judge then, for all the Powers of Heaven are here
Expectant, and await thy final word."

He said, and all the assembly, when he ceased,
Murmuring well-pleased assent, had turned their gaze

There where the Titan sate, deep-plunged in thought;
Yet not for long; scarce had the murmur sunk
To silence, when his answering voice was heard:
"Gods, and ye Kings of Heaven and of the Sea,
Who here demand my doom oracular,
That word of Fate ye seek, I bid you hear.
Not unto you, world-ruling Thrones divine,
Hath Fate this bride awarded whom ye woo.
Downward, far downward, bend your search, O Gods,
To once-despisëd earth, where lies a land,
Iolcus named, nigh to Olympus' foot,
There seek the sea-maid's lord by Fate assigned—
A man, and born of woman, but his blood
From thy celestial ichor, Sire of Gods,
Nathless derives; nor yet in earth nor heaven
Beats any heart more valiant or more pure.
He hath been tried and hath sore trial borne
As steel of surest temper, true at need,
Or as that ashen spear from Pelion's woods,
His weapon huge that none may wield but he,
Peleus, the son of thy son whom erewhile
The daughter of the River, once thy love,
Bare thee on earth: on Peleus falls the lot,
To him this bride is given, but with her bears
A sign inseparable, which to learn
Shall leave ye well content to yield to-day
What might infer far sorer sacrifice.
Thus hath Fate spoken: whoso'er he be
That weds the sea-maid Thetis, unto him,
Or man or God immortal, must she bear
A son that shall be mightier than his sire.
Kings of the sky and sea, mark well this word.
No more let Peleus for his God-wooed bride
Be envied, or if envied, only then

For lowliness that calms the fear of fall.
What hurt have men, brief beings of a day,
If thus their sons succeeding top their power?
No hurt, but joy, to mark the younger fame
Build up the gathering glory of their race.
But if, coëval in undying prime,
Some mightier son, as needs the mightier must,
On trident or on lightning laid his hand,
With unimagined iteration dire
Rousing wild memories of an elder world,
Ruins and revolutions hidden deep
In Time's dark gulf whereto no eyes revert,
Far other deed were that, far other doom."

He ended, and the assembly all amazed
At that unlooked-for sentence, in great awe
On the two sovran Brethren bent their eyes.
No whit had either moved, but on the Seer
Kept their large gaze majestic, fixed and full.
Then, as one impulse in the twain had stirred,
From both with one accord their high assent
Rolled through the solemn stillness, deep and clear:
"So be it as thou sayest, Voice of Fate."

Therewith in confirmation those great Gods,
Immortal and imperial, bowed their brows.
Heaven stirred at that dread sign, and Earth afar
Thrice rocked responsive, heaving all her seas.

Again the Thunderer spake: "Titan, thy task
Is ended, but not ended be thy stay
Among thy peers, this company of Gods.
Here is thy place prepared, here dwell content,
Our counsellor at need, our new-won friend.
Rest here at ease, and learn the unfolded tale

By all these ages wrought in Heaven and Earth,
And changeful tribes of men, thy chosen care,
Once loved by thee alone ; but now, be sure,
There is no God that hath not linked his name,
Perchance his race, to human hope and fear.
Stay then, for change by change is recompensed,
And new things now wax old, and old are new."

He spake, and all the approving throng divine
With acclamation free applauded loud,
Bidding the Titan welcome and all hail ;
Henceforth, they cried, a counsellor of Heaven,
Interpreter of Fate, and friend of Man.
But when their greeting ceased, and sought reply,
He raised his eyes, and with slow-moving gaze
Looked round on that celestial company.
Then with deep voice and mild he answering said,
"Deem not, O Gods, I lightly prize your call.
Thought of inveterate wrong, no longer now
By hourly instant anguish riveted,
Hath fallen from my soul, and left her free
To sweep on ample circles of her wing
Amid dim visions, slowly growing clear,
Of rolling age on age, her proper realm,
Her proper lore ; yet all I gladly learn :
Either of this new kindlier life of Heaven,
Or of that once-scorned world of suffering men,
Whereto your world is linked for ever now,
Right gladly would I hear, yet not as one
Quite shut from knowledge all these exiled years.
Think ye my Mother dear, deep-murmuring Earth,
Could find no means of message, when I lay
On the bare rock between her breast and Heaven ?—
That starry Heaven that made me know my life
Not unbefriended of celestial Powers,

Though other than Olympian ; year by year,
Through height ineffable of frozen air,
Stooped the keen stars, and graved upon my soul,
In fateful characters of golden fire,
Deep and more deep, their slow-unfolding lore.
And more of what they told I too must tell,
Sometime, not now : enough of things to be
Hath been to-day revealed. But now, O Gods,
Farewell ; I may not tarry for your voice,
Your friendly voice ; but other voices call,
Inaudible to you, but to this heart
Admonitory, o'ermastering, deeply dear.
Yea, my racked being yearns for great repose,
Deep sleep and sweet, almost the sleep of death :
And after that, long time my life must pause
In meditative musing, now no more
Pierced by abrupt assault of arrowy pain.
Not here my place of rest ; far hence I seek,
Beyond or world of Gods or world of men,
The tower of ancient Kronos, where he dwells
Amid the Blessed Isles, his final home,
The habitation of a holy calm.
There evermore the West-winds dewy-winged,
Borne o'er the Ocean-river, lightly breathe ;
And over all that sweet and solemn realm
Broods a mild golden light of mellow beam,
Less bright by far than this celestial splendour,
A low warm light, as of eternal eve.
And there are gathered, or shall gather soon,
All my dear kindred, offspring of the Earth,
The brotherhood Titanic, finding there
Harbour desired, and after sore exile
Rejoining well content their ancient King.
Nor these alone ; for to that saving shore

A race far other surely shall be called,
Of seed far humbler sprung, but by decree
Of dooms august, that doom both God and Man,
Raised to high meed, the spirits of just men
Made here companions of immortal Gods;
Themselves perchance—grudge not, O seed of Heaven!
Destined, despite their clay, to conquer death.
There for long years, how long I know not yet,
My lot is fixed with that dear folk to dwell;
But not for ever; sometime yet to be
(Thus far I know and tell) I come again,
To counsel, and to do, and to endure.
But whether to this glorious hall of Heaven,
Or whether unto Man's long-suffering brood,
I know not—nay nor even surely know
If this my shape wherein I stand to-day
Be changed at my new coming: on such wise
Wears my great Mother many a form and name,
Yet holds through all her one identity.
Thus may I too. Or if the time shall come
When all the storëd counsel of my soul
Is spent, and all mine oracles outworn,
There shall not fail a prophet in my place,
Some hand to bear the torch, new wisdom bringing
Wiser than Promethéan; yet that too
Taught him not only by the all-teacher Time,
But by long toil and travail, hate and love,
Design, and disappointment, and defeat,
And by rapt converse held with Earth, and Stars,
And with deep hidden well-springs of the world.

But now to my much yearned for rest afar
I must begone. Wherefore, for that long way,
I pray ye, deathless Presences of Heaven,

Suffer one moment in your shining halls
The appointed convoy that shall bear me hence.
They wait without, and now are near at hand.
My strength is spent in speaking: Gods, farewell."

He ceased, but with his word they saw descend
Two Shapes benign that with wide-hovering wing,
Noiseless as birds' that through the brooding night
Flit all unheard, and of like feathery form,
Close to the Titan's side came floating down.
Well known the one, and welcome even in Heaven,
For even in Heaven who shall not welcome Sleep?
But round his brother twin a halo hung,
Wellnigh invisible, a filmy veil,
And his calm lips were paler: through the Gods
A brief scarce-heeded shudder lightly ran
At that mild Presence, for they looked on Death.
Not for dominion came he there that day,
But helpmeet of his brother, bound with him
To welcome succour of the weary God.
So to his side those Forms fraternal drew.
His faint eyes half had closed, his failing head
Sank on the breast of Sleep: together both
Raised him with reverent touch, and spread their plumes
Inaudibly. One beat of those wide wings,
Fraught with their sacred burden, bare them forth;
And in a moment, lo, the heavenly hall
Held them no more, but far they fleeted on
Down through the glimmering deep of empty air.

GORDON.

ERNEST MYERS.

I.

ON through the Libyan sand
Rolls ever, mile on mile,
League on long league, cleaving the rainless land
Fed by no friendly wave, the immemorial Nile.

II.

Down through the cloudless air,
Undimmed, from heaven's sheer height,
Bend their inscrutable gaze, austere and bare,
In long-proceeding pomp, the stars of Libyan night

III.

Beneath the stars, beside the unpausing flood,
Earth trembles at the wandering lion's roar;
Trembles again, when in blind thirst of blood
Sweep the wild tribes along the startled shore.

IV.

They sweep and surge and struggle, and are gone:
The mournful desert silence reigns again,
The immemorial River rolleth on,
The ordered stars gaze blank upon the plain.

V.

O awful Presence of the lonely Nile,
O awful Presence of the starry sky,
Lo, in this little while
Unto the mind's true-seeing inward eye
There hath arisen there
Another haunting Presence as sublime
As great, as sternly fair;

Yea, rather fairer far
Than stream, or sky, or star,
To live while star shall burn or river roll,
Unmarred by marring Time,
The crown of Being, a heroic soul.

VI.

Beyond the weltering tides of worldly change
He saw the invisible things,
The eternal Forms of Beauty and of Right;
Wherewith well pleased his spirit wont to range,
Rapt with divine delight,
Richer than empires, royaler than kings.

VII.

Lover of children, lord of fiery fight,
Saviour of empires, servant of the poor,
Not in the sordid scales of earth, unsure,
Depraved, adulterate,
He measured small and great,
But by some righteous balance wrought in heaven,
To his pure hand by Powers empyreal given;
Therewith, by men unmoved, as God he judged aright.

VIII.

As on the broad sweet-watered river tost
Falls some poor grain of salt,
And melts to naught, nor leaves embittering trace;
As in the o'er-arching vault
With unrepelled assault
A cloudy climbing vapour, lightly lost,
Vanisheth utterly in the starry space;
So from our thought, when his enthroned estate
We inly contemplate,
All wrangling phantoms fade, and leave us face to face.

IX.

Dwell in us, sacred spirit, as in thee
Dwelt the eternal Love, the eternal Life,
Nor dwelt in only thee; not thee alone
We honour reverently,
But in thee all who in some succouring strife,
By day or dark, world-witnessed or unknown,
Crushed by the crowd, or in late harvest hailed,
Warring thy war have triumphed, or have failed.

X.

Nay, but not only there
Broods thy great Presence, o'er the Libyan plain.
It haunts a kindlier clime, a dearer air,
The liberal air of England, thy loved home.
Thou through her sunlit clouds and flying rain
Breathe, and all winds that sweep her island shore—
Rough fields of riven foam,
Where in stern watch her guardian breakers roar.
Ay, throned with all her mighty memories,
Wherefrom her nobler sons their nurture draw,
With all of good or great
For aye incorporate
That rears her race to faith and generous shame,
To high-aspiring awe,
To hate implacable of thick-thronging lies,
To scorn of gold and gauds and clamorous fame;
With all we guard most dear and most divine,
All records ranked with thine,
Here be thy home, brave soul, thy undecaying shrine.

SONNETS.

ERNEST MYERS.

I.—MILTON.

HE left the upland lawns and serene air
  Wherefrom his soul her noble nature drew,
And reared his helm among the unquiet crew
Battling beneath; the morning radiance rare
Of his young brows amid the tumult there
  Grew grim with sulphurous dust and sanguine dew;
  Yet through all soilure they who marked him knew
The signs of his life's dayspring, calm and fair,
But when peace came, peace fouler far than war,
  And mirth more dissonant than battle's tone,
    He, with a scornful sigh of his clear soul,
Back to his mountain clomb, now bleak and frore,
  And with the awful Night he dwelt alone,
    In darkness, listening to the thunder's roll.

II.—ACHILLES.

ATHWART the sunrise of our western day
  The form of great Achilles, high and clear,
Stands forth in arms, wielding the Pelian spear.
The sanguine tides of that immortal fray,
Swept on by Gods, around him surge and sway,
  Wherethrough the helms of many a warrior peer,
  Strong men and swift, their tossing plumes uprear.
But stronger, swifter, goodlier he than they
More awful, more divine. Yet mark anigh
  Some fiery pang hath rent his soul within,
    Some hovering shade his brows encompasseth.
What gifts hath Fate for all his chivalry?
  Even such as hearts heroic oftenest win;
    Honour, a friend, anguish, untimely death.

Robert Bridges.

1844.

Robert Bridges was born in 1844, the son of John Bridges, of St. Nicholas and Walmer in Kent. He was educated at Eton and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, of which College a kinsman of his, the Rev. Thomas Edward Bridges, D.D., was President from 1823—1843. At Oxford he pursued the usual classical course, and was placed in the second class in the Final School of Literæ Humaniores in 1867. It may also be mentioned that he excelled at school and college as a cricketer and oarsman. After graduating in Arts he spent some years in travelling on the Continent and in the East. Returning to London he gave himself to the study of medicine at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and proceeded to the degree of M.B. at Oxford. He held several hospital appointments, being on the staff at St. Bartholomew's and at the Children's Hospital in Great Ormonde Street, and also practised generally. In 1882 he retired from practice, and left London for the country, settling at Yattendon in Berkshire where he married and still has his home.

Before speaking of his poems, a bibliographical note is necessary as to the somewhat unusual manner in which many of them have been issued. Not a few of Mr. Bridges' best poems have so far not been published in the ordinary way, but have

been most charmingly and tastefully printed by his friend Mr. Daniel, of Worcester College, at his private press. Notably "The Growth of Love," printed by Mr. Daniel in a beautiful black-letter type, is a delightful work of art, the very form in which in an ideal world a poet might desire to speak to an audience few and fit. Practically, however, the volume is among the rare treasures of the booklover, and its vogue has been enhanced in some directions but limited in others by the semi-public manner of its issue. With this explanation it may be well to add a rough list of Mr. Bridges' poems. He published his first volume in 1873, and in the succeeding years several pamphlets; selections from these made up the collection of "Shorter Poems," published by Messrs. Bell in 1890. In 1877 he published a Latin poem "Carmen Elegiacum de Nosocomio Sti Bartholomæi Londinensis" (Bumpus); in 1883 came "Prometheus," printed by Daniel; in 1884 "Poems," printed by Daniel, and "Prometheus" reprinted by Bell; in 1885 "Eros and Psyche" (Bell), and "Nero" (Edward Bumpus); in 1889 "The Feast of Bacchus" (Daniel) (the preface is dated 1885); in 1890 "The Growth of Love" (Daniel), and four plays, "Palicio," "The Return of Ulysses," "The Christian Captives," and "Achilles in Scyros" (Bumpus). In the same year (1890) Messrs. Bell published the volume by which Mr. Bridges is best known to the general public, the collection of "Shorter Poems," which has since gone through several editions. In 1891 came "Eden" (Bell), an oratorio set to music by C. V. Stanford, and performed at Birmingham; and in 1892 a reprint of "Achilles in Scyros" (Bell).

It is also of importance for the understanding of

Mr. Bridges' work to notice that he has just published a prose tractate on "Milton's Prosody" (Clarendon Press, 1893), embodying some earlier papers, which is one of the most minute and illuminating contributions ever made to the study of English metric generally, and especially to that of Milton's blank verse.

It will be seen, then, that Mr. Bridges is no mere beginner, no haphazard writer of occasional or fugitive verse, but a careful and practised artist, who comes before us with a considerable bulk and range of poetry. As a metrist, he is among the most subtle of our time, learned even to difficulty. Of blank verse especially, now that we have lost Lord Tennyson, there is no more nice, absolute, or various master living. He is a scholar, both in ancient and modern letters; and, what must never be forgotten in reading his poems, he is a skilled and cultivated musician. His "Feast of Bacchus," is a most original attempt to reproduce the artistic colloquialism of Greek comedy, and show "how once Menander went"; he acknowledges in his plays and his lyrics debts to Michael Angelo, Boccaccio and Calderon, and we are reminded at times of Heine; he dedicates "Eros and Psyche" to the celestial spirit of Henry Purcell, and in the "Christian Captives," he introduces the music of Anerio and Allegri.

"A good poet's made as well as born." So writes, in his famous memorial lines, the essentially made poet, Ben Jonson, of the born poet—if ever there was one—Shakespeare. And it is true, even of Shakespeare. But the old and better-known adage is also true in that for poets being born is the great matter. Mr. Bridges is both. He is thoroughly

cultivated, but he is also thoroughly original, as original as any true artist ought to be, or indeed can be. He is not original, that is to say, by dint either of violence or *bizarrerie*. He does not attempt to break with the past, or cut himself off from it. He is content to remain in the direct legitimate classic line. But he has advanced his art. He has rediscovered the forgotten metrical perfection of Milton, and has carried it still further. He is himself a new combination of the eternal elements, a combination happy and rich. He has achieved in consequence a new music of his own. He sings his own song in his own way. To use the famous metaphor, he drinks the wine of poesy in his own glass. He stands in his own strength, and that strength, like the best, is in quietness and confidence. He is quiet, he is often even plain, but *simplex munditiis*, "plain in his neatness," for he is always an artist though often with that art which is of the Greek rather than the Latin order, that art of man which is in him like the art of the bird, intuitive, instinctive, which can be learned but cannot be taught, a law to itself, being in natural if conscious harmony with the beauty and fitness of things.

If he has any special analogy with any other poet it is with Milton, with whom indeed his fortune of gifts, education, and circumstance offer many parallels. But it is with the early not with the later Milton, that he suggests comparison, the Milton of Horton Farm and the Italian travels and sonnets, writing in the fresh morning of that afterward so sultry day, before the storm broke, and Cavalier and Puritan were sundered in the storm; the Milton who is still reminiscent of Chaucer and

Spenser and full of the warmth and colour of the English Renaissance; the Milton of the lines on Shakespeare, and the lines "At a Solemn Music," of "Comus" and "Arcades," and all that dulcet melody so different from the austere and gloomy majesty of "Paradise Lost" or "Samson."

With this youthful, this happy, this Elizabethan moment of Milton, Mr. Bridges has a close affinity. In him grace and gravity have been betrothed and are wedded and have not been divorced. If his muse is something shy and proud, she is by compensation sane and sweet. He is a *pius vates et Phoebo digna locutus*. He has uttered nothing base, has used no unworthy arts, has put forth no hasty work, has never run after fame, but shunning rather the full stream of the world, has developed his art "*in der Stille*," and quietly finding himself has been ever true to the self he has found.

That self then will be best read in his own words His lyrics I need not criticise or commend. The tone and temper of our time are favourable to lyric. The "Shorter Poems" have run through several editions. They will find their way. Many have already found it, and are the favourites of many readers. With his sure taste and light touch Mr. Andrew Lang, in his "Letters on Literature" (p. 25), has selected some for special admiration, which are certainly admirable. I regret especially that space forbids me to include the charming Horatian "Invitation to the Country," and the "Reply," in which the "Allegro" and "Penseroso" moods are so delightfully blended, and which better than anything else convey some hint of the poet's manner of life and inspiration. One or two stanzas, however, quoted here, may

give some idea of this. "Far sooner"—he sings in the "Invitation"—

"Far sooner I would choose
The life of brutes that bask,
Than set myself a task,
Which inborn powers refuse:
And rather far enjoy
The body than invent
A duty, to destroy
The ease which nature sent;

"And country life I praise
And lead because I find
The philosophic mind
Can take no middle ways;
She will not leave her love
To mix with men, her art
Is all to strive above
The crowd or stand apart."

* * * *

And anon in the "Reply"—

"Then what charm company
Can give know I,—if wine
Go round or throats combine
To set dumb music free,
Or deep in winter-tide,
When winds without make mean,
I love my own fireside
Not least when most alone.

* * * *

"While pleasure yet can be
Pleasant and fancy sweet,
I bid all care retreat
From my philosophy;
Which, when I come to try
Your simpler life, will find
I doubt not, joys to vie
With those I leave behind."

The keynote of all is to my mind best struck in the

little lyric beginning "I love all beauteous things" (p. 135 of this volume).

Of the other poems some brief notice should be attempted. "Eros and Psyche" is what the Alexandrines called an Epyllion—*i.e.*, a short epic or narrative. It is a delightful piece of art, combining romantic grace and magic with classic contour, in form like some happy effort of English Gothic, symmetrical without being geometric, in colour and pictorial freedom like some mediæval arras, rich but not garish, the art bright and gay, the rhymes fresh and ingenious, the whole so light and dancing that the nice care and secret of the measures are hardly suspected. In this smooth but lofty tale, the *bella fabella* of the tinsel age of Apuleius receives an entirely new dignity, Psyche wears a sweet English girlhood; and the allegory of "True Love and the Soul," which underlies the immemorial story, speaks once more in a worthy and golden note.

"The Growth of Love" is as yet probably but little known, having been so far, as I noted above, only semi-privately published by Mr. Daniel in two very limited editions. Yet, taken as a whole it is, perhaps, Mr. Bridges' most remarkable work, reaching the highest height, the deepest depth in thought and in expression of all his writings. This notable poem is a sequence of sonnets, showing an absolute and free mastery of the sonnet, and reminding at once of Shakespeare and of Spenser. Yet whatever it may recall, it is thoroughly original. In a sense there can be no new philosophy of love. It is as old as, nay older, than Shakespeare and Spenser, Plato and Sophocles, and if Mr. Bridges reminds us of these, it is because his theme and its truths are eternal.

But he has touched it in a new and thrice interesting way, and I cannot doubt that if this fine poem were made accessible it would find many readers, and speak to many grateful hearts.

Mr. Bridges' plays deserve to be, and will be, better known. The subjects and titles are not such as to attract popular attention. Three are Greek, one Roman, one Spanish, one Italian. They do not suggest the modern stage; yet I believe some of them would act exceedingly well.

Mr. Bridges does not, like Mr. Browning, put himself successively inside one after another of his characters, but sits in his box and lets them play before him. Consequently they are essentially dramatic. Such a scene as that from "Palicio" (p. 151) is a series of scenic and dramatic moments and effects, full of gesture, play, light and shade. Acted as it might be, perhaps by a French rather than an English company, it would be extremely telling.

The workmanship in all of the plays is very fine, whether in the longer "tirades" or in the "stichomuthia," or, it is needless to add, in the lyric intermezzos. They have each a vein and character of their own, and taken altogether show a great range of creative fancy and artistic skill. Space has only allowed me to select from three, but a word as to the others may help to show this. "Prometheus," then, is a strict classic revival. It is in the antique manner, statuesque, chiselled, full of noble music. It has, too, a Shelleyan philosophic life and interest but this is not obvious and is somewhat indirect and secondary. "Nero" is very different; an historic play of passion and character. The delineation of that character which is destiny, of the growth of

the graceful, freakish tiger-cub, into the full-grown man-eater with the thirst for blood, of

> "folly's king,
> The hare-brained boy to whom injurious fortune
> Has given the throne and grandeur of the world,"

into the murderous, lustful Cæsar, is exceedingly finely drawn out, and the other characters are living and appropriate and proportionate.

In the "Return of Ulysses" Mr. Bridges has achieved what Aristotle 2000 years ago said was a possibility, the conversion of the "Odyssey" into a drama, and gives us an opportunity of testing Aristotle's statement, that in its condensed form the drama has *pro tanto* an advantage over the epic. It is wonderful how dramatically and well the grand story of the "Odyssey" comes out; and to say this is, perhaps, the best tribute to Mr. Bridges' skill and insight.

The last of his plays, though not to my thinking in some ways the finest, is, perhaps, the most finished, and the one by which at this moment he can best be judged. "Achilles in Scyros" is certainly pre-eminently characteristic of Mr. Bridges' genius. The delightful legend of the young Achilles hidden as a maiden among the maidens at the court of King Lycomedes, so capable of being travestied or sophisticated, is here handled with exactly the right touch. Its charm of boy and girl, against the heroic background; its dainty frolic innocence, its fairy tale illusion, blend in a singular and gracious propriety of the whole piece. We have compared Mr. Bridges to the youthful Milton. In "Achilles" the parallel is peculiarly close. It is a Miltonic masque without an antimasque, and no

description or criticism which could now be written could so well fit it as the memorable words of Sir Henry Wotton about "Comus," in his letter to the author, words so apt that I print them in italics :—

"*A dainty piece of entertainment, wherein I should much commend the tragical part if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen nothing yet parallel in our language.*"

Such, then, is the general nature of the work, from which the following pieces are chosen. Selections are seldom satisfactory, least of all are they so in dealing with a poet whose beauty is not concentrated in purple patches or brilliant epigrams, but diffused through all his writing. However deftly the posy be arranged, it is a posy of cut flowers. At best it can but recall or suggest, it cannot replace a free ramble in the woods of Spring. And Mr. Bridges is a poet of this sort. His charm is subtle and wins gradually on the ear and on the mind. His fragrance is not that of "voluptuous garden roses," but delicate, natural, wilding. His note is unforced. He has little or no rhetoric. His colours are true and tender, not gaudy or hot. His *odi* and *amo* are sincere, but they are tempered by reason and conscience. Healthy, harmonious, happy, born in the golden clime and dowered with the heavenly gifts, and possessed of that indefinable something which kindles verse into poetry, he is a true poet, no living English poet more English or more true.

Since these words were written, twelve years ago, Mr. Bridges has not been idle, either as poet or critic, and to do him justice several new pages of selections are required. To extend that veritable "Garden of

Delights"—his "Shorter Poems"—he has taken in new ground, laying out fresh beds and walks. In other words, he has added a fifth book full of new beauties. Thus augmented it has had much success, having been reprinted some four times. The specimens given will show how both scope and form have been enlarged.

He has also continued his phonetic and prosodic studies. In particular he has taken up and made his own a system of English prosody and of writing English verse in classical metres, first put forward by Mr. W. J. Stone, a Master at Radley College, one of a family of scholars well-known also at Eton College for their skill in Latin versification. Mr. Will Stone was, alas, cut off not long ago by premature death, but Mr. Bridges' employment of his system will be a lasting monument to his memory. Mr. Bridges has made many experiments with it, and written in it not a few pieces. Popular they will probably never be, but Mr. Bridges has shown the suitability of the system for many themes and uses, and undoubtedly added much to the precision and range of our knowledge of the capacity of English. The fine Alcaics of his "Ode on Peace," which is included in the additions now made to the former selection, may serve to demonstrate this.

In 1904 Mr. Bridges wrote, on the request of the lady students of Somerville College at Oxford, a mask in a Grecian manner on the myth of Demeter and Persephone, to be acted by them at the opening of their new Library. This piece, entitled "Demeter," published in 1905, and already very successful, is one of the most characteristic, as it is the latest embodiment of Mr. Bridges' genius. In it appears most, if not all, of his qualities, his combination of dramatic

with descriptive power; of classical scholarship with natural science; his love of nature; his instinct for artistic form; his command alike of diction and construction; above all, his musing philosophy, his spirit and temper, and his style, which is himself, somewhat shy, somewhat austere, fastidious, difficult, yet ever informed, and dyed at times even to richness with beauty and passion, colour and music.

If, then, as was said above, he is Elizabethan and Miltonic, if he is a scholar and loves the old models, he is also eminently of his own day, of our own latest, most modern, age, of thought and science. He is a true poet, but also a new poet—new both in matter and expression.

Of this, the surest sign is that he has been able to form something of a School, and that his influence may be clearly seen in the work of younger men.

July, 1905. HERBERT WARREN.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

I.—"*WILL LOVE AGAIN AWAKE?*"

Muse.

WILL Love again awake,
That lies asleep so long?

Poet.

O hush! ye tongues that shake
The drowsy night with song.

Muse.

It is a lady fair
Whom once he deigned to praise
That at the door doth dare
Her sad complaint to raise.

Poet.

She must be fair of face,
As bold of heart she seems,
If she would match her grace
With the delight of dreams.

Muse.

Her beauty would surprise
Gazers on Autumn eves,
Who watched the broad moon rise
Upon the scattered sheaves.

Poet.

O sweet must be the voice
He shall descend to hear,
Who doth in Heaven rejoice
His most enchanted ear.

Muse.

The smile, that rests to play
Upon her lip, foretells
What musical array
Tricks her sweet syllables.

Poet.

And yet her smiles have danced
In vain, if her discourse
Win not the soul entranced
In divine intercourse.

Muse.

She will encounter all
This trial without shame,
Her eyes men Beauty call,
And Wisdom is her name

Poet.

Throw back the portals then,
Ye guards, your watch that keep,
Love will awake again
That lay so long asleep.

II.—WOOING.

I KNOW not how I came,
New on my knightly journey,
To win the fairest dame
That graced my maiden tourney.

Chivalry's lovely prize
With all men's gaze upon her,
Why did she free her eyes
On me, to do me honour ?

Ah! ne'er had I my mind
With such high hope delighted,
Had she not first inclined,
And with her eyes invited.

But never doubt I knew,
Having their glance to cheer me,
Until the day joy grew
Too great, too sure, too near me.

When hope a fear became,
And passion, grown too tender,
Now trembled at the shame
Of a despised surrender;

And where my love at first
Saw kindness in her smiling,
I read her pride, and cursed
The arts of her beguiling.

Till winning less than won,
And liker wooed than wooing,
Too late I turned undone
Away from my undoing;

And stood beside the door,
Whereto she followed, making
My hard leave-taking more
Hard by her sweet leave-taking.

Her speech would have betrayed
Her thought, had mine been colder:
Her eyes distress had made
A lesser lover bolder.

But no! Fond heart, distrust,
Cried Wisdom, and consider:
Go free, since go thou must,
And so farewell I bid her.

And brisk upon my way
I smote the stroke to sever,
And should have lost that day
My life's delight for ever:

But when I saw her start
And turn aside and tremble;—
Ah! she was true, her heart
I knew did not dissemble.

III.—"THERE IS A HILL BESIDE THE SILVER THAMES."

THERE is a hill beside the silver Thames,
Shady with birch and beech and odorous pine:
And brilliant underfoot with thousand gems
Steeply the thickets to his floods decline.
Straight trees in every place
Their thick tops interlace,
And pendant branches trail their foliage fine
Upon his watery face.

Swift from the sweltering pasturage he flows:
His stream, alert to seek the pleasant shade,
Pictures his gentle purpose, as he goes
Straight to the caverned pool his toil has made.
His winter floods lay bare
The stout roots in the air:
His summer streams are cool, when they have played
Among their fibrous hair

A rushy island guards the sacred bower,
And hides it from the meadow, where in peace
The lazy cows wrench many a scented flower,
Robbing the golden market of the bees:
And laden barges float
By banks of myosote;
And scented flag and golden flower-de-lys
Delay the loitering boat.

And on this side the island, where the pool
Eddies away, are tangled mass on mass
The water-weeds, that net the fishes cool,
And scarce allow a narrow stream to pass;
Where spreading crowfoot mars
The drowning nenuphars,
Waving the tassels of her silken grass
Below her silver stars.

But in the purple pool there nothing grows,
Not the white water-lily spoked with gold;
Though best she loves the hollows, and well knows
On quiet streams her broad shields to unfold:
Yet should her roots but try
Within these deeps to lie,
Not her long reaching stalk could ever hold
Her waxen head so high.

Sometimes an angler comes, and drops his hook
Within its hidden depths, and 'gainst a tree
Leaning his rod, reads in some pleasant book
Forgetting soon his pride of fishery;
And dreams, or falls asleep,
While curious fishes peep
About his nibbled bait, or scornfully
Dart off and rise and leap.

And sometimes a slow figure 'neath the trees,
In ancient-fashioned smock, with tottering care,
Upon a staff propping his weary knees,
May by the pathway of the forest fare :
As from a buried day
Across the mind will stray
Some perishing mute shadow,—and unaware
He passeth on his way.

Else, he that wishes solitude is safe
Whether he bathe at morning in the stream :
Or lead his love there when the hot hours chafe
The meadows, busy with a blurring steam ;
Or watch, as fades the light,
The gibbous moon grow bright,
Until her magic rays dance in a dream,
And glorify the night.

Where is this bower beside the silver Thames ?
O pool and flowery thickets, hear my vow !
O trees of freshest foliage and straight stems,
No sharer of my secret I allow :
Lest ere I come the while
Strange feet your shades defile ;
Or lest the burly oarsman turn his prow
Within your guardian isle.

IV.—"I HAVE LOVED FLOWERS THAT FADE."

I HAVE loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents :

A honeymoon delight,—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour:—
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs, that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it.
Notes, that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere:—
My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom:
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb!
Fly with delight, fly hence!
'Twas thine love's tender sense
To feast; now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

V.—ON A DEAD CHILD.

PERFECT little body, without fault or stain on thee,
With promise of strength and manhood full and fair!
Though cold and stark and bare,
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain on thee.

Thy mother's treasure wert thou;—alas! no longer
To visit her heart with wondrous joy; to be
Thy father's pride;—ah, he
Must gather his faith together, and his strength make stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond;
Startling my fancy fond
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and holds it:
But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heartbreaking and stiff:
Yet feels to my hand as if
'Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that enfolds it.

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing,—
Go lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little bed!—
Propping thy wise, sad head,
Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing.

So quiet! doth the change content thee?—Death, whither hath he taken thee?
To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this?
The vision of which I miss,
Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and awaken thee?

Ah! little at best can all our hopes avail us
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,
Unwilling, alone we embark,
And the things we have seen and have known and have heard of, fail us.

VI.—"I PRAISE THE TENDER FLOWER."

I PRAISE the tender flower,
That on a mournful day
Bloomed in my garden bower
And made the winter gay.
Its loveliness contented
My heart tormented.

I praise the gentle maid
Whose happy voice and smile
To confidence betrayed
My doleful heart awhile:
And gave my spirit deploring
Fresh wings for soaring.

The maid for very fear
Of love I durst not tell:
The rose could never hear,
Though I bespake her well:
So in my song I bind them
For all to find them.

VII.—"AWAKE, MY HEART, TO BE LOVED."

AWAKE, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky: unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee:
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take.
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

And if thou tarry from her,—if this could be,—
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee;
For thee would unashamèd herself forsake:
Awake to be loved, my heart, awake, awake

Awake the land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree:
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake;
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

Lo all things wake and tarry and look for thee:
She looketh and saith, 'O sun now bring him to me.
Come more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,
And awake my heart to be loved: awake, awake!'

VIII.—"I LOVE MY LADY'S EYES."

I LOVE my lady's eyes
Above the beauties rare
She most is wont to prize,
Above her sunny hair,
And all that face to face
Her glass repeats of grace.

For those are still the same
To her and all that see:
But oh! her eyes will flame
When they do look on me:
And so above the rest
I love her eyes the best.

Now say [*Say, O say! saith the* ***music***]
Who likes my song?—
I knew you by your eyes,
That rest on nothing long,
And have forgot surprise;
And stray [*Stray, O stray! saith the* ***music***]
as mine will stray,
The while my love's away.

IX.—"O YOUTH WHOSE HOPE IS HIGH."

O YOUTH whose hope is high,
Who dost to Truth aspire,
Whether thou live or die,
O look not back nor tire.

Thou that art bold to fly
Through tempest, flood and fire,
Nor dost not shrink to try
Thy heart in torments dire:

If thou canst Death defy,
If thy Faith is entire,
Press onward, for thine eye
Shall see thy heart's desire.

Beauty and love are nigh,
And with their deathless quire
Soon shall thine eager cry
Be numbered and expire.

X.—"I LOVE ALL BEAUTEOUS THINGS."

I LOVE all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them.

I too will something make
And joy in the making;
Altho' to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking.

XI.—"WANTON WITH LONG DELAY."

April 1885.

WANTON with long delay the gay spring leaping cometh;
The blackthorn starreth now his bough on the eve of May:
All day in the sweet box-tree the bee for pleasure hummeth:
The cuckoo sends afloat his note on the air all day.

Now dewy nights again and rain in gentle shower
At root of tree and flower have quenched the winter's drouth.
On high the hot sun smiles, and banks of cloud uptower
In bulging heads that crowd for miles the dazzling south.

XII.—MY EYES FOR BEAUTY PINE.

MY eyes for beauty pine,
My soul for Goddĕs grace:
No other care nor hope is mine
To heaven I turn my face.

One splendour thence is shed
From all the stars above:
'Tis named when God's name is said,
'Tis Love, 'tis heavenly Love.

And every gentle heart,
That burns with true desire,
Is lit from eyes that mirror part
Of that celestial fire.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

I.—"SINCE TO BE LOVED ENDURES."

SINCE to be loved endures,
To love is wise:
Earth hath no good but yours,
Brave, joyful eyes.

Earth hath no sin but thine,
Dull eyes of scorn;
O'er thee the sun doth pine.
And Angels mourn.

II.—A ROBIN.

FLAME-THROATED robin on the topmost bough
Of the leafless oak, what singest thou?
Hark! he telleth how—
Spring is coming now; spring is coming now.

Now ruddy are the elm-tops against the blue sky,
The pale larch donneth her jewelry;
Red fir and black fir sigh,
And I am lamenting the year gone by.

The bushes where I nested are all cut down,
They are felling the tall trees one by one,
And my mate is dead and gone;
In the winter she died and left me lone.

She lay in the thicket where I fear to go;
For when the March winds after the snow
The leaves away did blow,
She was not there, and my heart is woe.

And sad is my song, when I begin to sing,
As I sit in the sunshine this merry spring;
Like a withered leaf I cling
To the white oak bough, while the wood doth ring.

Spring is coming now, the sun again is gay;
Each day like a last spring's happy day!—
Thus sang he; then from his spray
He saw me listening and flew away.

III.—NIGHTINGALES.

BEAUTIFUL must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom
Ye learn your song;
Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
Bloom the year long.

Nay barren are those mountains and spent the streams;
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
A throe of the heart
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
For all our art.

Alone aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and then,
As night is withdrawn
From these sweet springing meads and bursting boughs of May,
Dream while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn.

IV.—FOUNDER'S DAY.

A Secular Ode on the Ninth Jubilee of Eton College.

CHRIST and His mother, heavenly maid,
Mary, in whose fair name was laid
Eton's corner, bless our youth
With truth and purity, mother of truth.

Oh ye, 'neath breezy skies of June
By silver Thames's lulling tune,
In shade of willow or oak, who try
The golden gates of poesy.

Or on the tabled sward all day
Watch your strength in England's play
Scholars of Henry, giving grace
To toil and force in game or race.

Exceed the prayer and keep the fame
Of him, the sorrowful king, who came
Here in his realm, a realm to found,
Where he might stand for ever crowned.

Or whether, with naked bodies flashing,
Ye plunge in the lashing weir, or dashing
The oars of cedar skiffs, ye strain
Round the rushes and home again.

Or what pursuit soe'er it be
That makes your mingled presence free,
When by the school gate, 'neath the limes,
Ye muster, waiting the lazy chimes.

May peace, that conquereth sin and death,
Temper for you her sword of faith;
Crown with honour the loving eyes,
And touch with mirth the mouth of the wise.

Here is eternal spring; for you
The very stars of heaven are new,
And aged fame again is born
Fresh as a peeping flower of morn.

For you shall Shakespeare's scene unroll,
Mozart shall steal your ravished soul;
Homer his bardic hymn rehearse,
Virgil recite his maiden verse.

Now learn, love, have, do, be the best;
Each in one thing excel the rest;
Strive: and hold fast this truth of heaven—
To him that hath shall more be given.

Slow on your dial the shadows creep,
So many hours for food and sleep,
So many hours till study tire,
So many hours for heart's desire.

These suns and moons shall memory save,
Mirrors bright for her magic cave;
Wherein may steadfast eyes behold
A self that groweth never old.

O in such prime enjoy your lot,
And when ye leave regret it not;
With wishing gifts in festal state
Pass ye the angel-sworded gate.

Then to the world let shine your light,
Children in play be lions in fight,
And watch with red immortal deeds
The victory that made ring the meads.

Or by firm wisdom save your land
From giddy head and grasping hand;
IMPROVE THE BEST, so shall your sons
Better what ye have bettered once.

Send them here to the court of grace,
Bearing your name to fill your place;
Ye in their time shall live again
The happy dream of Henry's reign.

And on his day your steps be bent
Where saint and king crowned with content.
He biddeth a prayer to bless his youth
With truth and purity, mother of truth.

JUNE, 1896.

V.—A VILLAGER.

THERE was no lad handsomer than Willie was
The day that he came to father's house;
There was none had an eye so soft and blue
As Willie's was, when he came to woo.

To a labouring life though bound thee be,
And I on my father's ground life free,
I'll take thee, I said, for thy manly grace,
Thy gentle voice and thy loving face.

'Tis forty years now since we were wed;
We are ailing and grey needs not to be said;
But Willie's eye is as blue and soft
As the day when he wooed me in father's croft.

Yet changed am I in body an' mind,
For Willie to me has ne'er been kind;
Merrily drinking and singing with the men,
He would come home late six nights o' the se'n.

An' since the children be grown and gone
He 'as shunned the house and left me lone:
An' less an' less he brings me in
O' the little he now has strength to win.

The roof lets through the wind an' the wet,
An' master won't mend it with us in 's debt;
An' all looks every day more worn,
An' the best of my gowns be shabby an' torn.

No wonder if words had a-grown to blows;
That matters not while nobody knows;
For love him I shall to the end of life,
An' be, as I swore, his own true wife.

An' when I am gone, he'll turn, an' see
His folly an' wrong, an' be sorry for me;
An' come to me there in the land o' bliss
To give me the love I looked for in this.

VI.—WEEP NOT TO-DAY.

WEEP not to-day; why should this sadness be?
Learn in present fears
To o'ermaster those tears
That unhindered conquer thee.

Think on thy past valour, thy future praise;
Up, sad heart, nor faint
In ungracious complaint,
Or a prayer for better days.

Daily thy life shortens, thy grave's dark peace
Draweth surely nigh,
When good-night is good-bye,
For the sleeping shall not cease.

Fight, to be found fighting; nor far away,
Deem not strange thy doom;
Like this sorrow 'twill come,
And the day will be to-day.

THE FAIR BRASS.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

AN effigy of brass
Trodden by careless feet
Of worshippers that pass,
Beautiful and complete.

Lieth in the sombre aisle
Of this old church unwreckt,
And still from modern style
Shielded by kind neglect.

It shows a warrior arm'd;
Across his iron breast
His hands by death are chained
To leave his sword at rest,

Wherewith he led his men
O'ersea, and smote to hell
The astonisht Saracen,
Nor doubted he did well.

Would we could teach our sons
His trust in face of doom,
Or give our bravest ones
A comparable tomb.

Such as to look on shrives
The heart of half its care;
So in each line survives
The spirit that made it fair.

So fair the characters,
With which the dusty scroll
That tells his title, stirs
A requiem for his soul.

Yet dearer far to me,
And brave as he are they,
Who fight by land and sea
For England at this day.

Whose vile memorials,
In mournful marbles gilt,
Deface the beauteous walls
By growing glory built.

Heirs of our antique shrines,
Sires of our future fame,
Whose starry honour shines
In many a noble name.

Across the dreadful days,
Link'd in the brotherhood
That loves our country's praise
And lives for heavenly good.

EROS AND PSYCHE.

1885.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

(Measure VII.)

I.

BESIDE the Hellenic board of Crete's fair isle,
Westward of Drepanon, along a reach
Which massy Cyamum for many a mile
Jutting to sea delivers from the breach
Of North and East,—returning to embay
The favoured shore—an ancient city lay,
Aptera, which is *Wingless* in our speech.

II.

And hence the name; that here in rocky cove
Thence called Museion, was the contest waged
What day the Sirens with the Muses strove,
By jealous Hera in that war engaged:
Wherein the daughters of Mnemosyne
O'ercame the chauntresses who vexed the sea,
Nor vengeance spared them by their pride enraged.

III.

For those strange creatures, who with women's words
And wiles made ravenous prey of passers-by,
Were throated with the liquid pipe of birds:
Of love they sang; and none, who sailed anigh
Through the grey hazes of the cyanine sea,
Had wit the whirlpool of that song to flee,
Nor feared the talon hooked and feathered thigh.

IV.

But them the singers of the gods o'ercame,
And plucked them of their plumage, where in fright
They flew to scape their punishment and shame,
Upon two rocks that lie within the bight,
Under the headland, barren and alone;

Which, being with the scattered feathers strewn,
Were by the folk named Leukæ, which is *White*.

V.

Thereon about this time the snowy gull,
Minion of Aphrodite, being come,
Plumed himself, standing on the sea-wrack dull,
That drifted from the foot of Cyamum;
And 'twas his thought, that had the goddess learnt
The tale of Psyche loved and Eros burnt,
She ne'er so long had kept aloof and dumb.

VI.

Wherefore that duteous gossip of Love's queen
Devised that he the messenger would be;
And rising from the rock, he skimmed between
The chasing waves—such grace have none but he;—
Into the middle deep then down he dived,
And rowing with his glistening wings, arrived
At Aphrodite's bower beneath the sea.

VII.

The eddies from his silver pinions swirled
The crimson, green, and yellow floss, that grew
About the caves, and at his passing curled
Its graceful silk, and gently waved anew:
Till, oaring here and there, the queen he found
Strayed from her haunt unto a sandy ground,
Dappled with eye-rings in the sunlight blue.

VIII.

She, as he came upon her from above,
With Hora played; Hora, her herald fair,
That lays the soft necessity of Love
On maidens' eyelids, and with sweetest care
Marketh the hour, as in all works is fit;
And happy they in love who time outwit,
Fondly constrainèd in her season rare.

IX.

But he with garrulous and laughing tongue
Broke up his news; how Eros, fallen sick,
Lay tossing on his bed, to frenzy stung
By such a burn as did but barely prick:
A little bleb, no bigger than a pease,
Upon his shoulder 'twas, that killed his ease,
Fevered his heart, and made his breathing thick.

X.

"For which disaster hath he not been seen
This many a day at all in any place:
And thou, dear mistress," said he, "hast not been
Thyself amongst us now a dreary space:
And pining mortals suffer from a dearth
Of love; and for this sadness of the earth
Thy family is darkened with disgrace.

XI.

"Now on the secret paths of dale and wood,
Where lovers walked, lovers are none to find:
And friends, besworn to closest brotherhood,
Forget their faith, and part with words unkind
By latest married folk thy bond is loathed:
And I could tell even of the new-betrothed
That fly o'er seas, and leave their loves behind.

XII.

"Summer is over, but the merry pipe,
That wont to cheer the harvesting, is mute:
And in the vineyards, where the grape is ripe,
No voice is heard of them that take the fruit.
No workman sings at eve nor maidens dance:
All joy is dead, and with the year's advance
The signs of woe increase on man and brute.

XIII.

"'Tis plain that if thy pleasure longer pause
Thy mighty rule on earth has seen its day:
The race must come to perish, and no cause
But that thou sittest with thy nymphs at play,
While on the Cretan hills thy truant boy
Has with his pretty mistress turned to toy,
And less for pain than love now pines away."

XIV.

"Ha! Mistress!" cried she; "Hath my beardless son
Been hunting for himself his lovely game?
Some young Orestiad hath his fancy won?
Some Naiad? say; or is a Grace his flame?
Or maybe Muse, and then 'tis Erato;
She aye was wanton. Tell, if thou dost know,
Woman or goddess is she? and her name."

XV.

Then said the snowy gull, "O heavenly queen,
What is my knowledge, who am but a bird?
Yet is she only mortal, as I ween,
And namèd Psyche, if I rightly heard."—
But Aphrodite's look daunted his cheer,
Screaming he fled away, scared even by fear
To see the wrath his simple tale had stirred.

XVI.

He flashed his pens, and sweeping widely round
Towered to air; so swift in all his way,
That whence he dived he there again was found
As soon as if he had but dipped for prey;
And now, or e'er he joined his sacred flock,
Once more he stood upon the Sirens' rock,
And pruned his ruffled quills for fresh display.

THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

1890.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

(VII.)

In thee my spring of life hath bid the while
A rose unfold beyond the summer's best,
The mystery of joy made manifest
In love's self-answering and awakening smile:
Whereby the lips in silence reconcile
Desire with peace, and pleading in arrest
Of passion, shew the beauty left unguessed
Of Greece to adorn at last the Tuscan style:
When first the wonder conquering faith had kenned
Fancy pourtrayed, above the strength of oath
Revealed of God or light of poem penned,
The countenance of ancient-plighted troth
'Twixt heaven and earth, that in one moment blend
The hope of one and happiness of both.

(VIII.)

For beauty being the best of all we know
Sums up the unsearchable and secret aims
Of nature, and on joys whose heavenly names
Were never told can form and sense bestow.
And man hath sped his instinct to outgo
Nature in sound and shape, and daily frames
Much for himself to countervail his shames,
Building a tower above the head of woe.
And never was there work for beauty found
Fairer than this, that we should make to cease
The jarring woes that in the world abound.
Nay with his sorrow may his smiles increase
If from man's greater need beauty redound
And claim his tears for homage of his peace.

(XXXVI.)

All earthly beauty hath one cause and proof,
To lead the pilgrim soul to beauty above:
Yet lieth the greater bliss so far aloof
That few there be are weaned from earthly love.
Joy's ladder it is, reaching from home to home,
The best of all the work that all was good:
Whereof 'twas writ the angels aye upclomb,
Down sped, and at the top the Lord God stood.
But I my time abuse, my eyes by day
Centered on thee, by night my heart on fire—
Letting my numbered moments run away—
Nor e'en 'twixt night and day to heaven aspire.
So true it is that what the eye seeth not
But slow is loved and loved is soon forgot.

(XXXVIII.)

The bliss that Adam lost—eating in haste—
He lost not all, for what he had he had:
And still his sons are born as pure and glad
As he when first by God in Eden placed.
But what he took for them—daring to taste—
He won outright, whether for good or bad:
And in his footsteps all must issue sad
Out of their garden, exiled and disgraced.
And therefore knowledge hath two hands: with one
Pressed to her prisoned heart that mourns and yearns
She guards her firstborn joy and shares with none:
But with her busy right she moves and turns
All tangible things, or gazing on the sun
Shades her adventurous eye and ever learns.

PALICIO.

1883.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

MARGARET, ROSSO, AND PALICIO.

(From Act II., Scene V.)

Palermo : Room in Manuel's *House.* Palicio *sitting.*

Enter Margaret, *with* Rosso *blindfold.*

Mar. (*to* Rosso). You now are in the room. Stand
in your place.
While I make ready. (*To* Pal.) Let me wrap this cloth
About thy face. Lie ever still, and speak not.
(*To* Rosso.) Your eyes, sir, are at liberty.

Ros. (*unbandaging*). Coming hither,
I thought 'twould make a pretty poem to tell
Of one, whose cruel mistress ne'er allowed
The meanest favour, till he dreamed one night
That he was blind, and she, in pity of him,
Led him forth by the hand where he would go,
But left him suddenly ; whereat he awoke,
And wished no more to see . . .

Mar. Now, sir Apollo, come. Here lies your
patient.
Give him your aid, and tell your poem after.

Ros. Well, let us see. Ay, here is all I need.
Set them thus on the table, and here the light,
So. (*arranging.*) 'Tis the right arm. (*unbinding.*)
Ah ! when was this done ?

Mar. Have you forgot, sir ? questions are for-
bidden.

Ros. See, thou must hold his arm for me. Press here
Thy fingers ; firmly,—so. Thou dost not faint
At sight of blood ?

Mar. Nay, nay. And yet I know not.
If there be much, I faint.
Ros. (*operating.*) I had forgotten
I might not question ;—'tis a surgeon's habit.—
First,—for where all are eager with their tale,—
'Tis only courteous to invite the telling :—
But chiefly—that it stablishes his judgment—
Built on appearances,—and banishes
Conjecture from experience ;—as 'twould now
For me,—should this man say,—'twas yesterday
The wound was made :—and he that dealt it me
Stood on my left,—and thro' my arm outstretched,—
In attitude of striking at another,—
Thrust with—a sword.—Stir not, 'tis nearly done.—
But I withdrew my arm ere he his weapon,—
Loose not thy grasp : loose not !
Mar. Sir, my attention
Was taken by your story. Never speak :
'Twill mar your work.
Ros. 'Tis a small thing. 'Tis done.
Twas an unlucky lunge that lanced thee there.
(*To* MAR.) What thinkest thou of my story ?
Mar. 'Twas but guessing.
Ros. Nay, inference. 'Twere guess to say, the skill
Which staunched the running blood, but could no more,
Might be thy brother's : that this sunburnt arm,
Fine skin, and youthful fibre, were the body
Of John Palicio.
Pal. (*discovering.*) I am betrayed !
Ros. Not so :
Then had I held my tongue.
Pal. True.—What's thy name ?

Ros. My name is Rosso. Sling thine arm across
There must it rest until the wound be healed.
Mar. You have guessed the secret, sir, which we withheld
In your respect. This is my brother's house;
This is Palicio. Guard now what you have learned
As closely, I pray, as if we had freely told it.
Ros. Not to thee, lady, though in this and all
I am thy servant; yet not now to thee
I speak, but to Giovànn Palicio;
To whom I say he need not ask of me
Promise or oath. The good I am proud to have done
I shall not spoil by blabbing.
Pal. Thank thee, Rosso.
Ros. Noble and brave Palicio, mayst thou prosper.
[*Bandaging his own eyes.*
Pal. Thank thee, I thank thee, Rosso. So now my arm
Is mended. By heaven! this surgery hath a trick
Worth knowing, could one learn it easily.
Ros. (*blindfold*). Come, lady, and lead me forth.
Mar. Why, what is this?
You know your way: there's nothing now to hide.
Ros. Didst thou not bargain with me to lead me back?
Mar. But there's no need.
Ros. Yet will I claim my fee.
Where is thy hand?
Mar. Sir, you but trifle.
Ros. And thou
Refusest me in a trifle? Then I will dare (*unbandaging*)
To raise my terms. If I may kiss thy hand
I'll be content.

Mar. 'Tis I, sir, should kiss yours.
'Tis that hath earned the homage: and I'll be kind.
That hath done well; and thus I kiss it. (*Kisses* Rosso's *hand.*) Now,
Go, go in peace: thou'rt paid. [*Making him go out.*
[*Exit* Rosso.

Pal. (*sitting.*) Why didst thou that?

Mar. He loves me.

Pal. Wouldst thou be as kind to me,
If I should love thee?

Mar. But he sends me sonnets.

Pal. I could write sonnets.

Mar. Ah, but his are writ
In pure Sicilian.

Pal. 'Tis my proper tongue.

Mar. I have kept my promise, sir, and now must leave.
Your wound is healed.

Pal. I fear I scarce can thank thee,
If 'tis thy word to go. Or, if thou stayest
But to cure wounds,—I have another wound
I shewed thee not, which hath a deeper seat:
This hand may cure it.

Mar. Nay, what mean you, sir?

Pal. Margaret, I love thee. There, thou hast it all.
Thou hast stolen my soul. I thought—my pride, my hope—
O, I thought wrong—'tis nothing. All I have done,
Or would do, I cast aside: I love thee only.

Mar. Giovanni.

Pal. O, 'tis true, there's nothing noble,
Beautiful, sacred, dear, familiar to me,
I hold now at a straw's worth: body and soul
I am thine, Margaret, I am thine. O, answer me!

Mar. Giovanni, 'tis so strange. 'Tis best I go.
Pal. Thou didst kiss Rosso's hand.
Mar. For love of thee.
Didst thou not guess ?
Pal. O, then, my dearest, kiss me
Now for myself. Can it be true thou lovest me ?
Mar. Alas ! 'tis learned too quickly.
Pal. Can I think it,
Spite of my savage life, my outlawry,
My poverty ?
Mar. O, what are these ?
Pal. Indeed,
My blood is noble.
Mar. These are not the cheeks
Or lures of love. Nay, what is noble blood ?
What were't to be a lion, and to fly
The hunter like a hare ? And if man shew
Less fearless fierce and hungry for the right
Than doth a beast for food, what is his title
To be God's image worth ? That best nobility
Hath no more claim.
Pal. But canst thou share my life ?
Mar. I am restless for it.
Pal. Leave thy rank ? thy wealth ?
Mar. I have lived too long that counterfeit of life
I'll strive like thee : something I'll do, like thee,
To lessen misery. Nay, if man's curse
Hang in necessity, I have the heart
To combat that, and find if in some part
Fate be not vulnerable.
Pal. O joy, my dearest :
I wronged thee ages by a moment's thought
That thou wouldst shrink. . . . Then is our marriage fixed
Mar. There's none can hinder it.

Pal. O, blessed joy!
Yet how can I be sure, love, that thou knowest,
Finding the word so easy, what a mountain
There lies to lift? Pledging to me and mine
Thy heart this hour, a hundred thousand stings
Will plague thee from this moment, to drive thee back.
Mar. Try me, Giovanni,
Pal. Wilt thou aid me, love,
To fly to-night? By morning I may meet
My men at San Martino: all my schemes
May yet be saved.
Mar. Ah! wilt thou go, Giovanni?
Thou'rt yet too weak.
Pal. My presence, not my strength,
Is needed.
Mar. Alas! I fear.
Pal. What, Margaret, dost thou fear?
Mar. Only for thee. Yet go; I can be with thee
By noon. My brother has a little house
At Monreale, where I am used to stay
When the wish takes me. There I'll go to-morrow,
And thence can visit thee. Thou didst not mean
I should not come? I shall not hinder thee.
Pal. Nay, nay.
Mar. I'll let thee from the house to-night,
And give thee money which will aid thee well.
My brother need know nothing. I can make
The journey thither in an hour, and choose
My time to beg his grace.
Pal. What do I owe thee!
Freedom, and life, and love,—thy love . . . O, Margaret,
What I shall do will pay thee.
Mar. I must leave:
For Manuel else will question of my stay.

Pal. My treasure lost so soon!
Mar. I go to save
What we have won. Farewell.
Pal. Say at what hour
I may go hence; and how.
Mar. At dead of night:
'Tis safest then.
Pal. And wilt thou come thyself?
Mar. When the church bell with double stroke hath toll
The death-knell of to-morrow's second hour,
While its last jar yet shelters in the ear,
Listen: and at thy door when thou shalt catch
A small and wakeful noise, such as is made
By the sharp teeth of an unventurous mouse,
Scraping his scanty feast when all is still,
Come forth. Thou'lt meet my hand, and at the gate
I'll give thee what I have. Tied in thy bundle
Will be a letter shewing thee the place
Where thou must send me tidings. Now, farewell.
Pal. Yet not farewell.
Mar. To-night I shall not see thee:
Nor must thou speak. So, till to-morrow's sun
Lasts our farewell.
Pal. Then with to-morrow, Margaret,
My life begins.
Mar. O, 'tis the greater joy
For me than thee.
Pal. Ay, for the giver ever
Hath the best share. And thus I kiss thee, love.
Farewell.
Mar. Be ready.
Pal. Trust me.
Mar. And take thy dagger.
Farewell. [*Going.*

THE CHRISTIAN CAPTIVES.

1886.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

THE DEATH OF ALMEH.

(From Act V.)

A garden of the castle of the King of Fez *by the sea.*

Moonlight. Almeh *entering, followed by* Zapel.

Za. My lady, I pray come back.
The night is sharp and cold : thou art not clad
To encounter its brisk sting.
Al. Nay, I must breathe.
I fell into a stifling slumber, Zapel ;
And woke affrighted in a sweat of terror.
Za. For heaven's sake, lady, let thy spirit be soothed :
Thou killest thyself.
Al. Air, air ! that from the thousand frozen founts
Of heaven art rained upon the drowsy earth,
And gathering keenness from the diamond ways
Of faery moonbeams visitest our world
To make renewal of its jaded life.
Breathe, breathe ! 'Tis drunken with the stolen scents
Of sleeping pinks : faint with quick kisses snatched
From roses, that in crowds of softest snow
Dream of the moon upon their blanchèd bowers.
I drink, I drink.
Za. If thou wilt tarry here,
Let me go fetch thy cloak.
Al. Where is my father ?
Za. He is not in the castle.
Al. Where is Sala ?
I must speak with him.

Za. They are both sallied forth
To assault the Christian camp.
Al. O then 'twas true
The noise I heard. They are fighting: 'twas the guns,
The shouts I heard. I thought 'twas in my ears.
—I have had strange visions, Zapel, these last days:
'Twere past belief what I have seen and heard.
I'll tell thee somewhat when I have time—O love,

If thou wouldst be my muse,
I would enchant the sun;
And steal the silken hues,
Whereof his light is spun:
And from the whispering way
Of the high-arching air
Look with the dawn of day
Upon the countries fair.

Za. See I will fetch thy cloak. [*Exit.*
Al. This is the reason
Why all's so quiet. Sweet peace, thou dost lie.
Men steal forth silently to kill: they creep,
That they may spring to murder. Who would think,
Gazing on this fair garden, as it lieth
Lulled by the moonlight and the solemn music
Made everlastingly by the grave sea,
That 'twas a hell of villany, a dungeon
Of death to its possessors. Death.—
Za. (*re-entering.*) Here is thy cloak.
Al. Away! what dost thou think,
Zapel, of death? I'll tell thee. Nay, I promise
I've much to tell.—Thou'st heard, when one is dead
An angel comes to him where he lies buried,
And bids him sit upright, and questions him
Of Islam and Mohammet. 'Tis not so.
For in my dream I saw the spirits of men

Stand to be judged : along the extended line
Of their vast crowd in heaven, that like the sea
Swayed in uncertain sheen upon the bounds
Of its immensity, nor yet for that
Trespassed too far upon the airy shores,
I gazed. The unclouded plain, whereon we stood,
Had no distinction from the air above,
Yet lacked not foothold to that host of spirits,
In all things like to men, save for the brightness
Of incorruptible life, which they gave forth.
Wondering at this I saw another marvel :
They were not clothed nor naked, but o'er each
A veil of quality or colour thrown
Showed and distinguished them, with bickering glance
And gemlike fires, brighter or undiscerned.
As when the sun strikes on a sheet of foam
The whole is radiant, but the myriad globes
Are red or green or blue, with rainbow light
Caught in the gauzy texture of their coats,—
So differed they. Then, as I gazed, and saw
The host before me was of men, and I
In a like crowd of women stood apart,
The judgment, which had tarried in my thought,
Began : from out the opposèd line of men
Hundreds came singly to the open field
To take their sentence. There, as each stepped forth,
An angel met him, and from out our band
Beckoned a woman spirit, in whose joy
Or gloom his fate was written. Nought was spoken,
And they who from our squadron went to judge
Seemed, as the beckoning angel, passionless.
Woman and man, 'twas plain to all that saw
Which way the judgment went : if they were blessed,

A smile of glory from the air around them
Gathered upon their robes, and music sounded
To guide them forward : but to some it happed
That darkness settled on them. As a man
Who hears ill tidings wraps his cloak about him,
For grief, and shrouds his face, not to be seen ;
So these by their own robes were swallowed up,
That thinned to blackness and invisible darkness,
And were no more. Thus, while I wondered much
How two fates could be justly mixed in one,
Behold a man for whom the beckoning angel
Could find no answering woman, and I watched
What sentence his should be ; when I myself
Was 'ware that I was called. A radiant spirit
Waited for me. I saw prince Ferdinand :—
Go tell him that I am here.

Za. I cannot, lady.

Al. The king and Sala are gone forth to fight :
There's none can know. Be not afraid. Obey.

Za. Alas ! alas !

Al. Why dost thou stand and wail ?

Za. Oh, I would serve thee ; alas ! but 'tis too late.

Al. Too late ! how is't too late ? If he were dead . . .

Za. Lady, bear up, I pray thee : for 'tis sure
Thy dream betrayed the truth.

Al. The truth ! Alas !
Thou dost believe he is dead. Why, folly, think
How could I then be living ? It could not be
That I, a feeble woman, full of faintings
And fears, were more enduring to outlast
The pangs of hunger than is he, a man
Whom hardship hath inured. Nay, while I live
He must be living.

Za. True it is he is dead.

Al. Thou art suborned: thou liest, thou dost. Confess.

Za. O nay.

Al. Now God have pity, or thou hast lied. But thou hast lied. Didst thou not say the king Sent for him forth? Didst thou not know the cause? His brother has returned in force to take him. Didst thou not see the dungeon door set wide? And dar'st lie thus?

Za. (*aside.*) Alas! what can I say? (*To A.*) Here is a chair: I pray thee sit awhile, I will go find him if I may.

Al. (*aside.*) She lied. Now she will fetch him. (*To Za.*) Where's the seat?

Za. Here, here.

Al. I am dizzy. Lead me to it. Go fetch the prince.

Za. Be comforted.

Al. Who hath sat here, I say? Who hath sat here?

Za. Prithee be comforted.

Al. If this should be!

Za. Verily we are God's, And unto Him return.

Al. Thou, thou! Begone. Stay, Zapel, here: give me my cloak. I am cold. Since I must die . . . think not this strange, I pray. Bring food to me.

Za. Thank God. 'Tis the sea air Hath quickened thee.

Al. Thinkst thou that vexèd monster Hath any physic in his briny breath For grief like mine?

Za. Lady, have better heart.
Why, thou must live. When once thy tears have fallen
Thou wilt be comforted.
Al. How should I weep?
Bid men weep who with their light-hearted sin
Make the world's misery: bid women weep
Who have been untrue to love and hope: but I,
Why should I weep? Begone: bring me food here.
Za. O that I am glad to do. Thank God for this.
[*Exit.*
Al. Why did she lie to me? Had they a plot
To make me think he is dead? Sala's my friend:
Sala sent word of hope: and if he lives
All may be saved. Nay, if he be not gone,
If yet he is in the castle, I may find him.
I'll give him food: we will steal forth together:
I have marked the way: and by the rocks of the shore
We may lie hid till we may reach the camp.
Now would I had kept my strength. Had I foreseen
This chance. . . . There's none about. 'Tis not too late. [*Noise of guns and fighting heard.*
I may dare call. Prince Ferdinand! Good heart,
What noise of battle. Pray God he be not there.
Against my sire now I pray God: I pray
Our men be driven back: yet not too soon.
Ferdinand! Ferdinand! Heaven grant there's none
To hear but he: and he will never hear me
Calling so fearfully, so faintly. . . . Alas!
Better to seek him. Since he is not within,
He must be in this garden. He will have sought
Some shelter from the night.—Ah! the arbour . . . there . . . [*Goes to arbour.*

Why, here. Wake, Ferdinand, wake! Come, 'tis I,
We may escape. Come. Nay, this cannot be.
Ah, God!—not this. Have pity; undo it, revoke;
O let thy hand for once undo.
Thou mightest, O Thou mightest. Ah, how cold.
Ch! oh! he is murdered. Blood, his blood. 'Tis true.
Dead, and my dream, my fate, my love; 'tis done.
The end. Nay, God, as Thou art God, I trust Thee
Take me with him. Here in this bower of death
I leave my body,—to this pitiless world
Of hate: and to thy peaceful shores of joy
I arise. O Ferdinand! me thou didst love.
Thou didst kiss, once . . . and these thy lips so cold
I kiss once more. I have no fear: I come.

[*Dies, falling on* FERDINAND'S *body*.

ACHILLES IN SCYROS.

1887.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

I.—DEIDAMIA AND ACHILLES.

The Island of Scyros. In the gardens of the palace.

Enter DEIDAMIA, ACHILLES *as* PYRRHA, *with the chorus of maidens.*

Deidamia (*without*). Follow me, follow. I lead the race. [*Enters.*

Chor. Follow, we follow, we give thee chase. [*Entering.*

Deid. Follow me, follow!

Ch. We come, we come.

Deid. Here is my home;
I choose this tree: this is the ground
Where we will make our play. Stand all around,
And let us beg the dwellers in this glade
To bear us company. Be not afraid,
(I will begin) sweet birds, whose flowery songs
Sprinkle with joy the budding boughs above,
The airy city where your light folk throngs,
Each with his special exquisite of love,—
Red-throat and white-throat, finch and golden-crest,
Deep-murmuring pigeon, and soft-cooing dove,—
Unto his mate addrest, that close in nest
Sits on the dun and dappled eggs all day.—
Come red-throat, white-throat, finch and golden-crest,
Let not our merry play drive you away.

Ch. And ye brown squirrels, up the rugged bark
That fly, and leap from bending spray to spray,

And bite the luscious shoots, if I should mark,
Slip not behind the trunks, nor hide away.—
Ye earthy moles, that burrowing in the dark
Your glossy velvet coats so much abuse;—
Ye watchful dormice, and small skipping shrews,
Stay not from foraging; dive not from sight.—
Come moles and mice, squirrels and skipping shrews,
Come all come forth, and join in our delight.

Deid. Enough. Now while the Dryads of the hill
Interpret to the creatures our good will,
Listen, and I will tell you a new game
That we can play together.—As hither I came,
I marked that in the hazel copse below,
Where we so oft have hidden and loved to go
To hear the night-bird, or to take unseen
Our noontide walks beneath the tangled screen,
The woodcutter hath been with cruel blade,
And of the tasselled plumes his strewage made:
And now beside the mossy snags close shorn
The covert lies in swathe like autumn corn.
These ere he lop and into bundles bind,
Let us go choose the fairest we may find,
And of their feathered orphan saplings weave
A bowery dome, until the birds believe
We build a nest, and are come here to dwell.
Hie forth, ye Scyrian maids; do as I tell:
And having built our bower amid the green,
We will choose one among us for a queen,
And be the Amazons, whose maiden clan
By broad Thermodon dwells, apart from man
Who rule themselves, from his dominion free,
And do all things he doth, better than he.
First, Amazons, your queen: to choose her now:
Who shall she be?

Ch. Thyself, thou. Who but thou ?
Deidamia.
Deid. Where then were the play,
If I should still command, and ye obey ?
Ch. Choose thou for all.
Deid. Nor will I name her, lest
Ye say my favour sets one o'er the rest.
Ch. Thy choice is ours.
Deid. If then I gave my voice
For Pyrrha ?
Ch. Pyrrha, Pyrrha is our choice.
Hail, Pyrrha, hail : Queen of the Amazons !
Deid. (*to Ach.*). To thee I abdicate my place, and give
My wreath for crown. Long, my queen, mayst thou live !
Now, fellow-subjects, hie we off at once.
Achilles. Stay, stay ! Is this the privilege of the throne ?
Am I preferred but to be left alone ?
No guard, no counsellor, no company !
Deidamia, stay !
Deid. Thy word must be
My law, O queen : I will abide. But ye
Forth quickly, as I said ; ye know the place.
Ch. Follow me, follow : I lead the race.
Follow—we follow, we give thee chase.—
Follow me, follow.
We come, we come. [*Exeunt* Chor.
Ach. I could not bear that thou shouldst strain thy hands
Dragging those branches up the sunny hill ;
Nor for a thousand honours thou shouldst do me
Making me here thy queen, would I consent

To lose thy company, even for an hour.
See, while the maids warm in their busy play,
We may enjoy in quiet the sweet air,
And thro' the quivering golden green look up
To the deep sky, and have high thoughts as idle
And bright, as are the small white clouds becalmed
In disappointed voyage to the noon:
There is no better pastime.
Deid. I will sit with thee
In idleness, while idleness can please.
Ach. It is not idleness to steep the soul
In nature's beauty: rather every day
We are idle letting beauteous things go by
Unheld, or scarce perceived. We cannot dream
Too deeply, nor o'erprize the mood of love,
When it comes on us strongly, and the hour
Is ripe for thought.

II.—CHORUS: "THE EARTH LOVETH THE SPRING."

Chorus.

I.

THE earth loveth the spring,
Nor of her coming despaireth,
Withheld by nightly sting,
Snow, and icy fling,
The snarl of the North:
But nevertheless she prepareth
And setteth in order her nurselings to bring them forth,
The jewels of her delight,
What shall be blue, what yellow or white,
What softest above the rest,
The primrose, that loveth best
Woodland skirts and the copses shorn.

II.

And on the day of relenting she suddenly weareth
Her budding crowns. O then, in the early morn,
Is any song that compareth
With the gaiety of birds, that thrill the gladdened air
In inexhaustible chorus
To awake the sons of the soil
With music more than in brilliant halls sonorous
(—It cannot compare—)
Is fed to the ears of kings
From the reeds and hirèd strings.
For love maketh them glad;
And if a soul be sad,
Or a heart oracle dumb,
Here may it taste the promise of joy to come.

III.

For the Earth knoweth the love which made her,
The omnipotent one desire,
Which burns at her heart like fire,
And hath in gladness arrayed her.
And man with the Maker shareth,
Him also to rival throughout the lands,
To make a work with his hands
And have his children adore it;
The Creator smileth on him who is wise and dareth
In understanding with pride:
For God, where'er he hath builded, dwelleth wide,—
And he careth,—
To set a task to the smallest atom,
The law-abiding grains,
That hearken each and rejoice:
For he guideth the world as a horse with reins;
It obeyeth his voice,
And lo! he hath set a beautiful end before it.

IV.

Whereto it leapeth and striveth continually,
And pitieth nought, nor spareth :
The mother's wail for her children slain,
The stain of disease,
The darts of pain,
The waste of the fruits of trees,
The slaughter of cattle,
Unbrotherly lust, the war
Of hunger, blood, and the yells of battle,
It heedeth no more
Than a carver regardeth the wood that he cutteth away :
The grainèd shavings fall at his feet,
But that which his tool hath spared shall stand
For men to praise the work of his hand ;
For he cutteth so far, and there it lay,
And his work is complete.

V.

But I will praise 'mong men the masters of mind
In music and song,
Who follow the love of God to bless their kind :
And I pray they find
A marriage of mirth—
And a life long
With the gaiety of the Earth.

PEACE ODE.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

JUNE IST, 1902.

NOW joy in all hearts with happy auguries,
And praise on all lips; for sunny June cometh,
Chasing the thick war cloud, that outspread
Sulfurous and sullen over England.

Full thirty moons since unwilling enmity,
Since daily suspense for hideous peril
Of brethren unrescued, beleaguer'd
Plague stricken in cities unprovided,

Had quencht accustom'd gaiety, from the day
When first the Dutchman's implacable folly,
The country of Shakespeare defying,
Thought with a curse to appal the nation,

Whose threat to quell their kinsmen in Africa
Anger'd awhile our easy democracy;
That, reckless and patient of insult,
Will not abide arrogant defiance.

They called to arms; and war began evilly
From slily forestor'd, well-hidden armouries,
And early advantage, the despot
Stood for a time prevalent against us:

Till from the coil of slow-gathering battle
He rancorous, with full money bags hurried,
Peddling to European envy
His traffic of pennyworthy slander.

For since the first keel launch'd upon ocean
Ne'er had before so mighty an armament
O'errun the realm of dark Poseidon,
So resolutely measur'd the waters.

As soon from our ports in diligent passage
O'er half the round world plow'd hither and thither
The pathless Atlantic, revengeful
Soldiery pouring on Esperanza;

Nor shows the Argive story of Ilium,
With tale of ancient auxiliar cities,
So vast a roll of wide alliance
As, rallying to the aid of England,

Came from the swarming countries accoutering,
And misty highlands of Caledonia,
With Cambria's half-Celtic offspring,
And the ever-merry fighting Irish;

Came, too, the new world's hardy Canadians,
And from remote Australia champions
Like huntsmen, and from those twin islands
Lying off antipodal beyond her.

Under the old flag sailing across the sea;
For mighty is blood's empery, where honour
And freedom ancestral have upbuilt
Inheritance to a lovely glory.

Thee, France, love I, fair law-giver and scholar,
Thy lively grace, thy temper illustrious;
And thee, in all wisdom diviner,
Germany, deep melodist immortal;

Nor less have envied soft Italy's spirit,
In marble unveil'd and eloquent colour;
But best love I England, wer' I not
Born to her aery should envy also.

Wherefore to-day one gift above ev'ry gift,
Let us beseech that God will accord to her
Alway a right judgment in all things,
Ev'n to celestial excellencies.

And grant us in long peace to accumulate
Joy, and to 'stablish friendliness and commerce,
And barter in markets for unpriced
Beauty, the pearl of unending Empire.

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

EPISTLE TO L. M.

NOW in wintry delights, and long fireside meditation,
'Twixt studies and routine paying due court to the Muses,
My solace in solitude, when broken roads barricade me,
Mudbound, unvisited for months with my merry children,
Grateful t'ward Providence, and heeding a slander against me
Less than a rheum, think of me to-day, dear Lionel, and take
This letter as some account of Will Stone's versification.

* * * * *

History and SCIENCE our playthings are: what an untold
Wealth of inexhaustive treasure is stored up for amusement!
Shall the amassed Earth-structure appeal to me less than in early
Childhood an old fives ball, whose wraps I wondering unwound,
Untwining the ravel'd worsted that mere rubbish and waste
Of leather and shavings had bounded and moulded elastic
Into a perfect sphere? Shall not the celestial earth-ball
Equally entertain a mature enquiry, reward our
Examination of its contexture, conglomerated
Of layer'd debris, the erosion of infinite ages?
Tho' I lack the wizard Darwin's scientific insight
On the barren sea beaches of East Patagonia gazing,
I must wond'ring attend, may learn myself to decipher
Time's rich hieroglyph, with vast elemental pencil
Scor'd upon earth's rocky crust—minute shells slowly collecting,

Press'd to a stone, upraised to a mountain, again to a fine sand
Worn, burying the remains of an alien organic epoch,
In the flat accretion of new sedimentary strata;
All to be crush'd, crumpled, confused, contorted, abandon'd,
Broke as a child's puzzle is, to be recomposed with attention;
Nature's history book which she hath torn as ashamed of;
And lest those pictures on her fragmentary pages
Should too lightly reveal frustrate Antiquity, hath laid
Ruin upon ruin, revolution upon revolution;
Yet no single atom, no least insignificant grain,
But, having order alike of fate, and faulty disorder
Holds a record of time, very vestiges of creation;
Which, who will not attend, scorns blindly the only commandment
By God's finger of old inscribed on table of earth-stone.

* * * * *

I shall not seem a deserter
Where in an idle essay I have my fancy abandon'd
Praising others; rather while art and beauty delight us,
While hope, faith and love are warm and lively in our hearts.
Sweet our earthly desire and dear our human affection,
We may, joyfully despising the pedantries of old age,
Hold to the time, nor lose the delight of mortal attainment;
Keenly rejoicing in all that wisdom approves, nor allowing
Ourselves at the challenge of younger craft to be outsailed;
But trimming our old canvas in all change of weather and wind,
Freely, without fear, urge o'er seas our good vessel onward,
Piloting into the far unmapp'd futurity.—Farewell.

DEMETER—A MASK.

1905.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

I.—ACT II. CHORUS: BRIGHT DAY SUCCEEDETH.

(*a*)

BRIGHT day succeedeth unto day—
Night to pensive night—
With his towering ray
Of all-fathering light—
With the solemn trance
Of her starry dance.—

Nought is new or strange
In the eternal change.—

As the light clouds fly
O'er the tree-tops high,
So the days go by.

Ripples that arrive
On the sunny shore,
Dying to their live
Music evermore.

Like pearls on a thread,—
Like notes of a song,—
Like the measur'd tread
Of a dancing throng.

(*b*)

Ocëánides are we,
Nereids of the foam,
But we left the sea
On the earth to roam
With the fairest Queen
That the world hath seen.—

Why amidst our play
Was she sped away?—

Over hill and plain
We have sought in vain;
She comes not again.—

Not the Naiads knew
On their dewy lawns:—
Not the laughing crew
Of the leaping Fauns.—

Now, since she is gone,
All our dance is slow,
All our joy is done,
And our song is woe.—

II.—ACT III. CHORUS: SONG.

Lo, where the virgin veilëd in airy beams,
All-holy Morn, in splendor awakening,
Heav'n's gate hath unbarrèd, the golden
Aerial lattices set open.

With music endeth night's prisoning terror,
With flow'ry incense: Haste to salute the sun,
That for the day's chase, like a huntsman,
With flashing arms cometh o'er the mountain.

III.—ACT III.

Per. Where have I been, mother? what have I seen?
The downward pathway to the gates of death;
The skeleton of earthly being, stript
Of all disguise; the sudden void of night;
The spectral records of unwholesome fear;—
Why was it given to me to see these things?
The ruin'd godheads, disesteem'd, condemn'd
To toil of deathless mockery; conquerors
In the reverse of glory, doom'd to rule

The multitudinous army of their crimes:
The naked retribution of all wrong;—
Why was it given to me to see such things?
Dem. Not without terror, as I think, thou speakest,
Nor as one reconcil'd to brook return.
Per. But since I have seen these things, with salt and fire
My spirit is purged, and by this crystal crown
Terror is tamed within me. If my words
Seem'd to be tinged with terror, 'twas because
I knew one hour of terror (on the day
That took me hence), and with that memory
Colour'd my speech, using the terms which paint
The blindfold fears of men, who little reckon
How they by holy innocence and love,
By reverence and gentle lives may win
A title to the fair Elysian fields,
Where the good spirits dwell in ease and light
And entertainment of those fair desires
That made earth beautiful . . . brave souls that spent
Their lives for liberty and truth, grave seers
Whose vision conquer'd darkness, pious poets
Whose words have won Apollo's deathless praise,
Who all escape hell's mysteries, nor come nigh
The Cave of Cacophysia.
Dem. Mysteries!
What mysteries are these? and what the Cave?
Per. The mysteries of evil and the cave
Of blackness that obscures them. Even in hell
The worst is hidden, and unfructuous night
Stifles her essence in her truthless heart.

Gerard Hopkins.

1844—1889.

Gerard Manley Hopkins was born at Stratford, in Essex, July 28th, 1844. He was educated at the Cholmondeley School, Highgate, when Richard Watson Dixon was a master there, which was the beginning of a poetic friendship revived in later years; thence he took an exhibition at Balliol College, Oxford, and there a classical first class in 1867, in preparation for which he enjoyed the sympathetic tuition of Walter Pater. In October of the previous year he had been received into the Roman Catholic Church, and he left Oxford, his—

"Towery city, and branchy between towers,"

to be with Cardinal Newman at Birmingham, till, in 1868, he joined the Jesuits.

He never published any poems, but he took a school prize with verses, the loss of which is to be regretted, if their quality may be judged from the verses of the same date given below; and he was known as a poet at Oxford. When he entered on his novitiate in 1868 he burned what he had written, but he subsequently returned to the muse and devoted much attention to poetry. His early verse shows a mastery of Keatsian sweetnesses, but he soon developed a very different style of his own, so full of experiments in rhythm and diction that, were his poems collected into one volume, they would

appear as a unique effort in English literature. Most of his poems are religious, and marked with Catholic theology, and almost all are injured by a natural eccentricity, a love for subtlety and uncommonness, well denoted by the Greek term τὸ περιττόν. And this quality of mind hampered their author throughout life; for though to a fine intellect and varied accomplishments (he was both a draughtsman and musician) he united humour, great personal charm, and the most attractive virtues of a tender and sympathetic nature,—which won him love wherever he went, and gave him zeal for his work, —yet he was not considered publicly successful in his profession. When sent to Liverpool to do parish work among the Irish, the vice and horrors nearly killed him: and in the several posts, which he held in turn—he was once select preacher in London, and had for a while some trust at Oxford,—he served without distinction. Of this he was himself conscious, and in a sonnet on the words *Justus quidem tu es, Domine*, etc., he says:—

"Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend
With thee; but, sir, so what I plead is just,
Why do sínners' ways prosper? and why must
Dísappoíntment all I endeavour end?
Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend,
How couldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou dost
Defeat, thwart me? Oh, the sots and thralls of lust
Do in spare hours more thrive than I that spend,
Sir, life upon thy cause." . . .

In connection with which may be read the following undated fragment of a hymn.

"Thee, God, I come from, to thee go,
All day long I like fountain flow
From thy hand out, swayed about
Mote-like in thy mighty glow.

What I know of thee I bless,
As acknowledging thy stress
On my being, and as seeing
Something of thy holiness.

Once I turned from thee and hid,
Bound on what thou hadst forbid;
Sow the wind I would; I sinned:
I repent of what I did.

Bad I am but yet thy child.
Father, be thou reconciled.
Spare thou me, since I see
With thy might that thou art mild.

I have life left with me still
And thy purpose to fulfil;
Yes, a debt to pay thee yet:
Help me, sir, and so I will."

At length in 1884, he was elected Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland, and he seems to have entirely satisfied the Society as classical examiner at Dublin. That drudgery, however, and the political dishonesty which he was there forced to witness, so tortured his sensitive spirit that he fell into a melancholy state, vividly pictured in his last sonnets, in one of which his isolation and exile are thus told :—

"To seem the stranger lies my lot, my life
Among strángers. Father and mother dear,
Brothers and sisters are in Christ not near,
And he my peace my parting, sword and strife.
England, whose honour O all my heart wooes, wife
To my creating thought, would neither hear
Me were I pleading, plead nor do I, I weary,
Of idle a being but by where wars are rife."

* * * * *

These lines and others written at that time were his dirge; for he was attacked shortly after by the material contagions of the city, and making no effort for life, he died of the fever in his prime, June 8th, 1889.

The octetts above quoted are in his best style, the dated specimens below are from all periods of his writing. The first two of these he would not have wished to be printed, but it is necessary to give them in proof that the unusual and difficult rhythms of his later work were consciously sought after, and elaborated from the common types which he had set aside. Poems so far removed as his came to be from the ordinary simplicity of grammar and metre, had they no other drawback, could never be popular; but they will interest poets; and they may perhaps prove welcome to the critic, for they have this plain fault, that, aiming at an unattainable perfection of language (as if words—each with its twofold value in sense and in sound—could be arranged like so many separate gems to compose a whole expression of thought, in which the force of grammar and the beauty of rhythm absolutely correspond), they not only sacrifice simplicity, but very often, among verses of the rarest beauty, show a neglect of those canons of taste which seem common to all poetry.

Some syllables have been accented in the text, as a guide to the reader, where it seemed that the boldness of the rhythm might otherwise cause him to doubt the intended stress.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

POEMS.

GERARD HOPKINS.

I.—A VISION OF MERMAIDS.

1862.

(SELECTED LINES.)

Soon—as when Summer of his sister Spring
Crushes and tears the rare enjewelling,
And boasting "I have fairer things than these"
Plashes amid the billowy apple-trees
His lusty hands, in gusts of scented wind
Swirling out bloom till all the air is blind
With rosy foam and pelting blossom and mists
Of driving vermeil-rain; and, as he lists,
The dainty onyx-coronals deflowers,
A glorious wanton;—all the wrecks in showers
Crowd down upon a stream, and jostling thick
With bubbles bugle-eyed, struggle and stick
On tangled shoals that bar the brook—a crowd
Of filmy globes and rosy floating cloud:—
So those Mermaidens crowded to my rock.

* * * *

But most in a half-circle watched the sun;
And a sweet sadness dwelt on every one;
I knew not why, but know that sadness dwells
On Mermaids—whether that they ring the knells
Of sea-men whelm'd in chasms of the mid-main,
As poets sing; or that it is a pain
To know the dusk depths of the ponderous sea,
The miles profound of solid green, and be
With loath'd cold fishes, far from man, or what;—

I know the sadness but the cause know not.
Then they, thus ranged, gan make full plaintively
A piteous Siren sweetness on the sea,
Withouten instrument, or conch or bell,
Or stretch'd chords tuneable on turtle's shell:
Only with utterance of sweet breath they sung
An antique chaunt and in an unknown tongue.
Now melting upward through the sloping scale
Swell'd the sweet strain to a melodious wail;
Now ringing clarion-clear to whence it rose
Slumbered at last in one sweet, deep, heart-broken close.

II.—THE HABIT OF PERFECTION.

1866.

ELECTED Silence, sing to me
And beat upon my whorlèd ear,
Pipe me to pastures still and be
The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb:
It is the shut, the curfew sent
From there where all surrenders come
Which only makes you eloquent.

Be shellèd, eyes, with double dark
And find the uncreated light:
This ruck and reel which you remark
Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,
Desire not to be rinsed with wine:
The can must be so sweet, the crust
So fresh that come in fasts divine!

Nostrils, your careless breath that spend
Upon the stir and keep of pride,
What relish shall the censers send
Along the sanctuary side!

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet
That want the yield of plushy sward,
But you shall walk the golden street,
And you unhouse and house the Lord.

And, Poverty, be thou the bride
And now the marriage feast begun,
And lily-coloured clothes provide
Your spouse not laboured-at, nor spun.

III.—THE STARLIGHT NIGHT.

1877.

LOOK at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright bóroughs, the quivering citadels there!
The dim woods quick with diamond wells; the elf-eyes!
The grey lawns cold where quaking gold-dew lies!
Wind-beat white-beam; airy abeles all on flare!
Flake-doves sent floating out at a farmyard scare!—
Ah well! it is a purchase and a prize.

Buy then! Bid then!—What?—Prayer, patience, alms, vows.—
Look, look! a May-mess, like on orchard boughs;
Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow sallows.—
These are indeed the barn: within-doors house
The shocks. This piece-bright paling hides the Spouse
Christ, and the mother of Christ and all his hallows.

IV.—SPRING.

1877.

NOTHING is so beautiful as spring—
When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush:
Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush
Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring
The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing;
The glassy pear-tree leaves and blooms, they brush
The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush
With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling.

What is all this juice and all this joy?
A strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning
In Eden garden.—Have, get, before it cloy,
Before it cloud, Christ, lord, and sour with sinning,
Innocent mind and Mayday in girl and boy,
Most, O maid's child, thy choice and worthy the winning.

V.—THE CANDLE INDOORS.

1879.

SOME candle clear burns somewhere I come by.
I muse at how its being puts blissful back
With yellowy moisture mild night's blear-all black,
Or to-fro tender trambeams truckle at the eye.
By that window what task what fingers ply,
I plod wondering, a-wanting, just for lack
Of answer the eagerer a-wanting Jessy or Jack
There God to aggrándise, God to glorify.—

Come you indoors, come home; your fading fire
Mend first and vital candle in close heart's vault:
You there are master, do your own desire;
What hinders? Are you beam-blind, yet to a fault
In a neighbour deft-handed? Are you that liar,
And cast by conscience out, spendsavour salt?

VI.—SPRING AND FALL.

To a Young Child.

1880.

MARGARET, are you grieving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leáves like the things of man you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah! ás the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though world of wanhood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sorrow's springs are the same
Nor mouth had, no, nor mind expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

VII.—INVERSNAID.

1881

THIS darksome burn, horse-back brown,
His rollrock highroad roaring down,
In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam
Flutes and low to the lake falls home.

A windpuff-bonnet of fawn-froth
Turns and twindles over the broth
Of a pool so pitchblack, fell-frowning,
It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.

Degged with dew, dappled with dew
Are the groins of the braes that the brook treads thro',
Wiry heathpacks, flitches of fern,
And the beadbonny ash that sits over the burn.

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

VIII.—TO ——

1889.

THE fine delight that fathers thought; the strong
Spur, live and lancing like the blowpipe flame,
Breathes once and, quenchèd faster than it came,
Leaves yet the mind a mother of immortal song.
Nine months she then, nay years, nine years she long
Within her wears, bears, cares and moulds the same:
The widow of an insight lost she lives, with aim
Now known, and hand at work now never wrong.
Sweet fire, the sire of muse, my soul needs this;
I want the one rapture of an inspiration.
O then if in my lagging lines you miss
The roll, the rise, the carol, the creation,
My winter world, that scarcely breathes that bliss
Now, yields you, with some sighs, our explanation.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

1844—1881.

The incidents of Arthur O'Shaughnessy's life were few. He was born on March 14th, 1844, and in 1861 obtained a subordinate appointment in the Library of the British Museum. In 1863 he was transferred to the Natural History Department, a step which excited vehement remonstrance from naturalists. O'Shaughnessy, however, proceeded to acquire the scientific knowledge in which he was certainly deficient at the time, and before his death had come to be recognised as an authority on the class Reptilia, especially lizards and serpents, creatures always fascinating to persons of poetic temperament. In 1870 his "Epic of Women" won him a distinguished place among the promising poets of the day, a position hardly improved by his "Lays of France" (1872), or his "Music and Moonlight" (1874). In 1873 he married Eleanor, the gifted daughter of Westland Marston, whom he lost in 1879. He died on January 30th, 1881, after a very short illness occasioned by taking cold in severe weather. His posthumous poems were published in the same year under the title of "Songs of a Worker."

O'Shaughnessy is unquestionably a true poet, a born singer, bearing an inexhaustible spring of native melody in his breast, and owing nothing to artifice or mechanism. He would have been

a great as well as a genuine poet if this gift of music had been associated with the gifts of the thinker, or of the observer of mankind, or with a powerful creative imagination. In some instances, chiefly in his first volume, this latter alliance actually exists, and then the poem is an achievement. "The Daughter of Herodias" and "Bisclavaret" are instances; nor would it be easy to equal the finish of "Three Flowers of Modern Greece," or to outdo the gorgeous painting of "Palm Flowers." Where this objective element is absent, and the poem is the mere lyrical expression of a mood, O'Shaughnessy is still frequently most successful. "A Whisper from the Grave" and "The Fountain of Tears" are miracles of melody, and perhaps the pieces in which the poet's inward nature has most clearly expressed itself. Unfortunately he seemed to have not only expressed but exhausted himself, and his subsequent pieces dwell on the same themes with no variety of sentiment, though with no impairment of his faculty of verse. His posthumous poems confirm the impression that his poetical career was virtually closed while he was only beginning what might have been an important career as a critic and translator. Few were so well versed in modern French literature, and he wrote French with the perfection of an accomplished native. He will live in our literature as a remarkable instance of genuine inspiration as regards spontaneous and inimitable verbal music, and no less of the comparative inefficacy of even so choice a gift if unassociated either with creative imagination or deep and sympathetic insight into life.

RICHARD GARNETT.

THE EPIC OF WOMEN AND OTHER POEMS.

1870.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

I.—THREE FLOWERS OF MODERN GREECE.

(I. Ianoula.)

O SISTERS! fairly have ye to rejoice,
Who of your weakness wed
With lordly might; yea, now I praise your choice.
As the vine clingeth with fair fingers spread
Over some dark tree-stem,
So on your goodly husbands with no dread
Ye cling, and your fair fingers hold on them.

For godlike stature, and unchanging brow
Broad as the heaven above,
Yea, for fair mighty looks ye chose, I trow;
And prided you to see, in strivings rough,
Dauntless, their strong arms raised;
And little loth were ye to give your love
To husbands such as these whom all men praised.

But I, indeed, of many wooers took
None such for boast or stay,
But a pale lover with a sweet sad look:
The smile he wed me with was like some ray
Shining on dust of death;
And Death stood near him on my wedding day,
And blanched his forehead with a fatal breath.

I loved to feel his weak arm lean on mine,
Yea, and to give him rest,
Bidding his pale and languid face recline

Softly upon my shoulder or my breast,—
Thinking, alas, how sweet
To hold his spirit in my arms so press'd
That even Death's hard omens I might cheat.

I found his drooping hand the warmest place
Here where my warm heart is;
I said "Dear love, what thoughts are in thy face?
Has Death as fair a bosom, then, as this?"
—O sisters, do not start!
His cold lips answered with a fainting kiss,
And his hand struck its death chill to my heart.

II.—BISCLAVARET.

Bisclavaret ad nun en Bretan
Garwall l'apelent li Norman.
Jadis le poët-hum oïr,
E souvent suleit avenir,
Humes plusurs Garwall devindrent
E es boscages meisun tindrent.

MARIE DE FRANCE: *Lais.*

IN either mood, to bless or curse
God bringeth forth the breath of man;
No angel sire, no woman nurse
Shall change the work that God began:

One spirit shall be like a star,
He shall delight to honour one;
Another spirit he shall mar:
None shall undo what God hath done.

The weaker holier season wanes;
Night comes with darkness and with sins;
And, in all forests, hills, and plains,
A keener, fiercer life begins.

And, sitting by the low hearth fires,
I start and shiver fearfully;
For thoughts all strange and new desires
Of distant things take hold on me;

And many a feint of touch or sound
Assails me, and my senses leap
As in pursuit of false things found
And lost in some dim path of sleep.

But, momently, there seems restored
A triple strength of life and pain;
I thrill, as though a wine were poured
Upon the pore of every vein:

I burn—as though keen wine were shed
On all the sunken flames of sense—
Yea, till the red flame grows more red,
And all the burning more intense,

And, sloughing weaker lives grown wan
With needs of sleep and weariness,
I quit the hallowed haunts of man
And seek the mighty wilderness.

—Now over intervening waste
Of lowland drear, and barren wold,
I scour, and ne'er assuage my haste,
Inflamed with yearnings manifold;

Drinking a distant sound that seems
To come around me like a flood;
While all the track of moonlight gleams
Before me like a streak of blood;

And bitter stifling scents are past
A-dying on the night behind,
And sudden piercing stings are cast
Against me in the tainted wind.

And lo, afar, the gradual stir,
And rising of the stray wild leaves;
The swaying pine, and shivering fir,
And windy sound that moans and heaves

In first fits, till with other throes
The whole wild forest lolls about:
And all the fiercer clamour grows,
And all the moan becomes a shout;

And mountains near and mountains far
Breathe freely: and the mingled roar
Is as of floods beneath some star
Of storms, when shore cries unto shore.

But soon, from every hidden lair
Beyond the forest tracts, in thick
Wild coverts, or in deserts bare,
Behold they come—renewed and quick—

And splendid fearful herds that stray
By midnight, when tempestuous moons
Light them to many a shadowy prey,
And earth beneath the thunder swoons.

—O who at any time hath seen
Sight all so fearful and so fair,
Unstricken at his heart with keen
Whole envy in that hour to share

Their unknown curse and all the strength
Of the wild thirsts and lusts they know,
The sharp joys sating them at length,
The new and greater lusts that grow?

But who of mortals shall rehearse
How fair and dreadfully they stand,
Each marked with an eternal curse,
Alien from every kin and land?

—Along the bright and blasted heights
Loudly their cloven footsteps ring!
Full on their fronts the lightning smites,
And falls like some dazed baffled thing.

Now through the mountain clouds they break,
With many a crest high-antlered, reared
Athwart the storm: now they outshake
Fierce locks or manes, glossy and weird,

That sweep with sharp perpetual sound
The arid heights where the snows drift,
And drag the slain pines to the ground,
And all into the whirlwind lift

The heavy sinking slopes of shade
From hidden hills of monstrous girth,
Till new unearthly lights have flayed
The draping darkness from the earth.

Henceforth what hiding-place shall hide
All hallowed spirits that in form
Of mortal stand beneath the wide
And wandering pale eye of the storm?

The beadsman in his lonely cell
Hath cast one boding timorous look
Toward the heights; then loud and well,
—Kneeling before the open book—

All night he prayeth in one breath,
Nor spareth now his sins to own:
And through his prayer he shuddereth
To hear how loud the forests groan.

For all abroad the lightnings reign,
And rally, with their lurid spell,
The multitudinous campaign
Of hosts not yet made fast in hell:

And us indeed no common arm
  Nor magic of the dark may smite,
But, through all elements of harm,
  Across the strange fields of the night—
Enrolled with the whole giant host
  Of shadowy, cloud-outstripping things
Whose vengeful spells are uppermost,
  And convoyed by unmeasured wings,

We foil the thin dust of fatigue
  With bright-shod phantom feet that dare
All pathless places and the league
  Of the light shifting soils of air;

And loud, 'mid fearful echoings,
  Our throats, aroused with hell's own thirst,
Outbay the eternal trumpetings;
  The while, all impious and accurst,
Revealed and perfected at length
  In whole and dire transfigurement,
With miracle of growing strength
  We win upon a keen warm scent.

Before us each cloud fastness breaks;
  And o'er slant inward wastes of light,
And past the moving mirage lakes,
  And on within the Lord's own sight—

We hunt the chosen of the Lord;
  And cease not, in wild course elate,
Until we see the flaming sword
  And Gabriel before His gate!

O many a fair and noble prey
  Falls bitterly beneath our chase;
And no man till the judgment day,
  Hath power to give these burial place;

But down in many a stricken home
About the world, for these they mourn;
And seek them yet through Christendom
In all the lands where they were born.

And oft, when Hell's dread prevalence
Is past, and once more to the earth
In chains of narrowed human sense
We turn,—around our place of birth,

We hear the new and piercing wail;
And, through the haunted day's long glare,
In fearful lassitudes turn pale
With thought of all the curse we bear.

But, for long seasons of the moon,
When the whole giant earth, stretched low,
Seems straighting in a silent swoon
Beneath the close grip of the snow,

We well nigh cheat the hideous spells
That force our souls resistless back,
With langorous torments worse than hell's
To the frail body's fleshly rack:

And with our brotherhood the storms,
Whose mighty revelry unchains
The avalanches, and deforms
The ancient mountains and the plains,—

We hold high orgies of the things,
Strange and accursèd of all flesh,
Whereto the quick sense ever brings
The sharp forbidden thrill afresh.

And far away, among our kin,
Already they account our place
With all the slain ones, and begin
The Masses for our soul's full grace.

III.—PALM FLOWERS.

IN a land of the sun's blessing
Where the passion-flower grows,
My heart keeps all worth possessing;
And the way there no man knows.

—Unknown wonder of new beauty!
There my Love lives all for me;
To love me is her whole duty,
Just as I would have it to be.

All the perfumes and perfections
Of that clime have met with grace
In her body, and complexions
Of its flowers are on her face.

All soft tints of flowers most vernal,
Tints that make each other fade:
In her eyes they are eternal,
Set in some mysterious shade.

Full of dreams are the abysses
Of the night beneath her hair;
But an open dawn of kisses
Is her mouth: O she is fair.

And she has so sweet a fashion
With her languid loving eyes,
That she stirs my soul with passion
And renews my breath with sighs.

Now she twines her hair in tresses
With some long red lustrous vine;
Now she weaves strange glossy dresses
From the leafy fabrics fine:

And upon her neck there mingle
Corals and quaint serpent charms,
And bright beaded sea-shells jingle
Set in circlets round her arms.

There—in solitudes sweet smelling,
Where the mighty Banyan stands,
I and she have found a dwelling
Shadowed by its giant hands:

All around our banyan bowers
Shine the reddening palm-tree ranks,
And the wild rare forest flowers
Crowded on high purple banks.

Through the long enchanted weather
—Ere the swollen fruits yet fall,
While red love-birds sit together
In thick green, and voices call

From the hidden forest places
And are answered with strange shout
By the folk whose myriad faces
All day long are peeping out

From shy loopholes all above us
In the leafy hollows green,
—While all creatures seem to love us,
And the lofty boughs are seen

Gilded and for ever haunted
By the far ethereal smiles—
Through the long bright time enchanted,
In those solitudes for miles,

I and She—at heart possessing
Rhapsodies of tender thought—
Wander, till our thoughts too pressing
Into new sweet words are wrought.

And at length, with full hearts sinking
Back to silence and the maze
Of immeasurable thinking,
In those inward forest ways,

We recline on mossy couches,
Vanquished by mysterious calms,
All beneath the soothing touches
Of the feather-leaved fan-palms.

Strangely, with a mighty hushing,
Falls the sudden hour of noon;
When the flowers droop with blushing,
And a deep miraculous swoon

Seems subduing the whole forest
Or some distant joyous rite
Draws away each bright-hued chorist:
Then we yield with long delight

Each to each, our souls deep thirsting;
And no sound at all is nigh
Save from time to time the bursting
Of some fire-fed fruit on high.

Then with sudden overshrouding
Of impenetrable wings
Comes the darkness and the crowding
Mysteries of the unseen things.

O how happy are we lovers
In weak wanderings hand in hand!—
Whom the immense palm forest covers
In that strange enchanted land;

Whom its thousand sights stupendous
Hold in breathless charmed suspense
Whom its hidden sounds tremendous
And its throbbing hues intense

And the mystery of each glaring
Flower o'erwhelm with wonder dim;—
We, who see all things preparing
Some Great Spirit's world for him!

Under pomps and splendid glamour
Of the night skies limitless;
Through the weird and growing clamour
Of the swaying wilderness;

Through each shock of sound that shivers
The serene palms to their height,
By white rolling tongues of rivers
Launched with foam athwart the night;

Lost and safe amid such wonders,
We prolong our human bliss;
Drown the terrors of the thunders
In the rapture of our kiss.

By some moon-haunted savanna,
In thick scented mid-air bowers
Draped about with some liana,
O what passionate nights are ours!

O'er our heads the squadron dances
Of the fire-fly wheel and poise:
And dim phantoms charm our trances
And link'd dreams prolong our joys—

Till around us creeps the early
Sweet discordance of the dawn,
And the moonlight pales, and pearly
Haloes settle round the morn;

And from remnants of the hoary
Mists, where now the sunshine glows,
Starts at length in crimson glory
Some bright flock of flamingoes.

O that land where the suns linger
And the passion-flowers grow
Is the land for me the Singer:
There I made me years ago,

Many a golden habitation,
Full of things most fair to see;
And the fond imagination
Of my heart dwells there with me.

Now, farewell, all shameful sorrow!
Farewell, troublous world of men!
I shall meet you on some morrow,
But forget you quite till then.

IV.—THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

IF you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years;
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length,—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces:
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion
So gentle and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless
To him who hath suffered and hears—
You shall surely—without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long curb'd emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

For it grows and it grows, as though leaping
Up higher the more one is thinking;
And even its tunes go on sinking
More poignantly into the ears:
Yea, so blessèd and good seems that fountain,
Reached after dry desert and mountain,
You shall fall down at length in your weeping
And bathe your sad face in the tears.

Then, alas! while you lie there a season,
And sob between living and dying,
And give up the land you were trying
To find 'mid your hopes and your fears;
—O the world shall come up and pass o'er you
Strong men shall not stay to care for you,
Nor wonder indeed for what reason
Your way should seem harder than theirs.

But perhaps, while you lie, never lifting
Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,
Nor caring to raise your wet tresses
And look how the cold world appears,—
O perhaps the mere silences round you
All things in that place grief hath found you,
Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting
May soothe you somewhat through your tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
  Your face, as though some one had kissed you;
  Or think at least some one who missed you
Hath sent you a thought,—if that cheers;
  Or a bird's little song faint and broken,
  May pass for a tender word spoken:
—Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
  Brim over, and baffle resistance,
  And roll down bleared roads to each distance
Of past desolation and years;
  Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
  And leave you no Past and no morrow:
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of Tears?

But the floods of the tears meet and gather;
  The sound of them all grows like thunder:
  —O into what bosom, I wonder
Is poured the whole sorrow of years?
  For Eternity only seems keeping
  Account of the great human weeping:
May God then, the Maker and Father—
May He find a place for the tears!

V.—BARCAROLLE.

THE stars are dimly seen among the shadows of the bay,
The lights that win are seen in strife with lights that die away:

The wave is very still—the rudder loosens in our hand,
The zephyr will not fill our sail and waft us to the land;
O precious is the pause between the winds that come and go,
And sweet the silence of the shores between the ebb and flow.

No sound but sound of rest is on the bosom of the deep,
Soft as the breathing of a breast serenely hushed with sleep:
Lay by the oar; there is a voice at least to sing or sigh—
O what shall be the choice of barcarolle or lullaby?

Say shall we sing of day or night, fair land or mighty ocean,
Of any rapturous delight or any dear emotion,
Of any joy that is on Earth or life that is above—
The holy country of our birth, or any song of love?

One heart in all our life is like the hand of one who steers
A bark upon an ocean rife with dangers and with fears

The joys, the hopes, like waves or wings, bear up
this life of ours—
Short as a song of all these things that make up all
its hours.

Spread sail! for it is Hope to-day that like a wind
new-risen
Doth waft us on a golden wing towards a new
horizon,
That is the sun before our sight, the beacon for us
burning,
That is the star in all our night of watching and of
yearning.

Love is this thing that we pursue to-day, to-night,
for ever,
We care not whither, know not who shall be at
length the giver:
For Love,—our life and all our years are cast upon
the waves;
Our heart is as the hand that steers; but who is He
that saves?

We ply with oars, we strive with every sail upon
our mast—
We never tire, never fail—and Love is seen at last.
A low and purple mirage like a coast when day is
breaking—
Sink sail!—for such a dream as Love is lost before
the waking.

MUSIC AND MOONLIGHT.

1874.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

I.—I MADE ANOTHER GARDEN.

I MADE another garden, yea,
For my new love;
I left the dead rose where it lay,
And set the new above.
Why did the summer not begin?
Why did my heart not haste?
My old love came and walked therein,
And laid the garden waste.

She entered with her weary smile,
Just as of old;
She looked around a little while,
And shivered at the cold.
Her passing touch was death to all,
Her passing look a blight;
She made the white rose-petals fall,
And turned the red rose white.

Her pale robe, clinging to the grass,
Seemed like a snake
That bit the grass and ground, alas!
And a sad trail did make.
She went up slowly to the gate;
And there, just as of yore,
She turned back at the last to wait
And say farewell once more.

II.—HAS SUMMER COME WITHOUT THE ROSE.

HAS summer come without the rose,
Or left the bird behind?
Is the blue changed above thee,
O world? or am I blind?
Will you change every flower that grows,
Or only change this spot—
Where she who said, I love thee,
Now says, I love thee not?

The skies seemed true above thee;
The rose true on the tree;
The birds seemed true the summer through;
But all proved false to me:
World! is there one good thing in you—
Life, love, or death—or what?
Since lips that sang I love thee
Have said, I love thee not?

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall
Into one flower's gold cup:
I think the bird will miss me,
And give the summer up:
O sweet place, desolate in tall
Wild grass, have you forgot
How her lips loved to kiss me,
Now that they kiss me not?

Be false or fair above me;
Come back with any face,
Summer!—do I care what you do?
You cannot change one place—
The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew,
The grave I make the spot—
Here, where she used to love me,
Here, where she loves me not.

1881.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

I.—KEEPING A HEART. (To M—— D——.

IF one should give me a heart to keep,
With love for the golden key,
The giver might live at ease or sleep;
It should ne'er know pain, be weary, or weep,
The heart watched over by me.

I would keep that heart as a temple fair,
No heathen should look therein;
Its chaste marmoreal beauty rare
I only should know, and to enter there
I must hold myself from sin.

I would keep that heart as a casket hid
Where precious jewels are ranged,
A memory each; as you raise the lid,
You think you love again as you did
Of old, and nothing seems changed.

How I should tremble day after day,
As I touched with the golden key,
Lest aught in that heart were changed, or say
That another had stolen one thought away
And it did not open to me.

But ah, I should know that heart so well,
As a heart so loving and true,
As a heart that I held with a golden spell,
That so long as I changed not I could foretell
That heart would be changeless too.

I would keep that heart as the thought of heaven
To dwell in a life apart,
My good should be done, my gift be given,
In hope of the recompense there; yea, even
My life should be led in that heart.

And so on the eve of some blissful day,
From within we should close the door
On glimmering splendours of love, and stay
In that heart shut up from the world away,
Never to open it more.

II.—A LOVE SYMPHONY.

ALONG the garden ways just now
I heard the flowers speak;
The white rose told me of your brow,
The red rose of your cheek;
The lily of your bended head,
The bindweed of your hair:
Each looked its loveliest and said
You were more fair.

I went into the wood anon,
And heard the wild birds sing,
How sweet you were; they warbled on,
Piped, trilled the self-same thing.
Thrush, blackbird, linnet, without pause,
The burden did repeat,
And still began again because
You were more sweet.

And then I went down to the sea,
And heard it murmuring too,
Part of an ancient mystery,
All made of me and you.
How many a thousand years ago
I loved, and you were sweet—
Longer I could not stay, and so
I fled back to your feet.

Andrew Lang.

1844.

Mr. Andrew Lang was born at Selkirk, on the 31st of March, 1844. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy, St. Andrews University, and Balliol College, Oxford. In 1868 he was elected Fellow of Merton College, Oxford; and in 1888 was appointed Gifford Lecturer on Natural Religion at St. Andrews University.

Mr. Lang's volumes of verse include "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France" (1872), "XXII. Ballades in Blue China" (1880), "Helen of Troy" (1882), "Rhymes à la Mode" (1884), and "Grass of Parnassus" (1888). His principal prose works are "Custom and Myth" (1884), "Myth, Ritual, and Religion" (1887), "A Translation of the Odyssey" in conjunction with Professor Butcher (1879), one of "Theocritus" (1880), one of the "Iliad" in conjunction with Mr. E. Myers and Mr. W. Leaf (1883), "Books and Bookmen" (1886), "Letters to Dead Authors" (1886), "Letters on Literature" (1889), "Old Friends" (1890), "The Gold of Fairnilee" (1888), "Prince Prigio" (1889), "The Life, Letters, and Diaries of Sir Stafford Northcote, first Earl of Iddesleigh" (1890), "Essays in Little" (1891), the popular series of books of fairy tales known as "The Blue Fairy Book," "The Green Fairy Book," etc., "Homer and the Epic" (1893), etc., etc., etc.

In face of such a list—and it is far from complete—it needs some temerity to suggest that Mr. Lang's verse is the product of learned leisure; for it is very difficult to understand where leisure of any kind can have come into his experience. And yet the proportion his verse bears to his prose prevents us from regarding it as the serious business of his life, and gives support to the suggestion that both in point of quantity and quality, it bears the same relation to his severer efforts, as in general life recreation bears to labour. Mr. Lang's own modest estimate of his lyric work favours this view. In his "Grass of Parnassus, Rhymes Old and New" (1888) he regathered from his "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France" (1872) and other sources such of his verse as he had any care to preserve, with the exception of some of which, he said in his preface, "circumstances over which I have no control have bound up with Ballads and other Toys of that Sort." This "garland," both by the title he chose for it and by the sonnet with which he introduced it, he laid at the very foot of the sacred mountain, and this not with any claim for its intrinsic merits, but in record of old-time happiness and surviving friendships.

To make this clear, Mr. Lang said, in his preface, "I may as well repeat in prose what I have already said in verse: the Grass of Parnassus, the pretty autumn flower, grows in the marshes at the foot of the Muses Hill and other hills, not at the top by any means." But the sonnet is the better introduction.

"Pale star that by the lochs of Galloway,
In wet, green places 'twixt the depth and height
Dost keep thine hour while Autumn ebbs away,
When now the moors have doffed the heather bright,

Grass of Parnassus, flower of my delight,
How gladly with the unpermitted bay—
Garlands not mine, and leaves that not decay—
How gladly would I twine thee if I might!

"The bays are out of reach! But far below
The peaks forbidden of the Muses Hill,
Grass of Parnassus, thy returning snow
Between September and October chill
Doth speak to me of Autumns long ago,
And these kind faces that are with me still."

And yet Mr. Lang's verse may be said to crystallise the qualities which make his learning popular and his prose famous. There is the same lightness and precision of touch, the same strength of grasp and freedom of movement which, informed by accuracy of knowledge and sincerity of aim, carry us willingly and pleasantly through the discussion of serious subjects in prose, here applied sometimes as seriously to subjects no less severe, as in the poems on classical themes; at other times, animated by a gay wisdom or a sober mirth, applied to lighter subjects, as in the "Ballades," even here often suggesting a moral reflection none the less real because inferred rather than expressed; sometimes again treating of passing events, which do not pass, with a fine sense of the heroic, as in the lines on "The White Pasha," and in the sonnet on Colonel Burnaby; at other times, enshrining old associations and dead, unburied loves, as in "Almæ Matres," "The Last Cast," and other verses, at all times expressing a nervous sincerity which, while claiming to be counted serious, deprecates being taken too seriously.

In the following pages an attempt is made to represent Mr. Lang's verse in its variety, but we

may add here the "Ballade of his Choice of a Sepulchre," which, according to Mr. Stedman, "is Lang's highest mark as a lyrist":—

"Here I'd come when weariest!
Here the breast
Of the Windburg's tufted over
Deep with bracken; here his crest
Takes the west,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.
Silent here are lark and plover;
In the cover
Deep below the cushat best
Loves his mate, and croons above her
O'er their nest,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.
Bring me here, Life's tired-out guest,
To the blest
Bed that waits the weary rover,
Here should failure be confessed;
Ends my quest,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover!

ENVOY.

Friend, or stranger kind, or lover,
Ah, fulfil a last behest,
Let me rest
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover!"

In the edition of "Grass of Parnassus," published in 1892, the sub-title was altered from "Rhymes Old and New" to "First and Last Rhymes." This seems to indicate that Mr. Lang has no further intention of following the muses. Of occasional verse we shall, doubtless, have more from time to time, though we are not likely to have more than enough, but of the lighter efforts of his pen we must not expect many; and yet another volume of XXII. Ballades would find a surprised and eager public.

ALFRED H. MILES.

ALMÆ MATRES.

(*St. Andrews* 1862—*Oxford* 1865.)

ST. *ANDREWS by the Northern Sea,*
A haunted town it is to me!
A little city, worn and gray,
The gray North Ocean girds it round,
And o'er the rocks, and up the bay,
The long sea-rollers surge and sound.
And still the thin and biting spray
Drives down the melancholy street,
And still endure, and still decay,
Towers that the salt winds vainly beat.
Ghost-like and shadowy they stand
Clear mirrored in the wet sea-sand.

O, ruined chapel, long ago
We loitered idly where the tall
Fresh-budded mountain-ashes blow
Within thy desecrated wall:
The tough roots broke the tomb below,
The April birds sang clamorous,
We did not dream, we could not know
How soon the Fates would sunder us!

O, broken minster, looking forth
Beyond the bay, above the town,
O, winter of the kindly North,
O, college of the scarlet gown,
And shining sands beside the sea,
And stretch of links beyond the sand,
Once more I watch you, and to me
It is as if I touched his hand!

And therefore art thou yet more dear,
O, little city, gray and sere,
Though shrunken from thine ancient pride,
And lonely by thy lonely sea,
Than these fair halls on Isis' side,
Where Youth an hour came back to me.

A land of waters green and clear,
Of willows and of poplars tall,
And in the Spring-time of the year,
The white may breaking over all,
And Pleasure quick to come at call;
And summer rides by marsh and wold,
And Autumn with her crimson pall
About the towers of Magdalen rolled:
And strange enchantments from the past,
And memories of the friends of old,
And strong Tradition, binding fast
The flying terms with bands of gold,–
All these hath Oxford: all are dear,
But dearer far the little town,
The drifting surf, the wintry year,
The college of the scarlet gown,
St. Andrews by the Northern Sea,
That is a haunted town to me!

BALLADES.

ANDREW LANG.

I.—*BALLADE OF BLUE CHINA.*

THERE'S a joy without canker or cark,
There's a pleasure eternally new,
'Tis to gloat on the glaze and the mark
Of China that's ancient and blue;
Unchipp'd all the centuries through
It has pass'd since the chime of it rang,
And they fashion'd it, figure and hue,
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

These dragons (their tails, you remark,
Into bunches of gillyflowers grew),—
When Noah came out of the ark,
Did these lie in wait for his crew?
They snorted, they snapp'd, and they slew,
They were mighty of fin and of fang,
And their portraits Celestials drew,
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Here's a pot with a cot in a park,
In a park where the peach-blossoms blew,
Where the lovers eloped in the dark,
Loved, died, and were changed into two
Bright birds, that eternally flew
Through the boughs of the may as they sang
'Tis a tale was undoubtedly true
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

ENVOY.

Come, snarl at my ecstasies, do,
Kind critic, your "tongue has a tang,"
But—a sage never heeded a shrew
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

II.—BALLADE OF CRICKET.

TO T. W. LANG.

THE burden of hard hitting: slog away!
Here shalt thou make a "five" and there a "four,"
And then upon thy bat shalt lean, and say,
That thou art in for an uncommon score.
Yea, the loud ring applauding thee shall roar,
And thou to rival Thornton shalt aspire,
When lo, the Umpire gives thee "leg before."—
"This is the end of every man's desire!"

The burden of much bowling, when the stay
Of all thy team is "collared," swift or slower,
When "bailers" break not in their wonted way,
And "yorkers" come not off as heretofore.
When length balls shoot no more, ah never more,
When all deliveries lose their former fire,
When bats seem broader than the broad barn-door,
"This is the end of every man's desire!"

The burden of long fielding, when the clay
Clings to thy shoon in sudden shower's downpour,
And running still thou stumblest, or the ray
Of blazing suns doth bite and burn thee sore,
And blind thee till, forgetful of thy lore,
Thou dost most mournfully misjudge a "skyer,"
And lose a match the Fates cannot restore,
"This is the end of every man's desire!"

ENVOY.

Alas! yet liefer on Youth's hither shore,
Would I be some poor Player on scant hire,
Than King among the old, who play no more,—
"*This* is the end of every man's desire!"

III.—BALLADE OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

FAIR islands of the silver fleece,
Hoards of unsunned, uncounted gold,
Whose havens are the haunts of Peace,
Whose boys are in our quarrel bold;
Our bolt is shot, our tale is told,
Our ship of state in storms may toss,
But ye are young if we are old,
Ye Islands of the Southern Cross!

Aye, *we* must dwindle and decrease,
Such fates the ruthless years unfold;
And yet we shall not wholly cease,
We shall not perish unconsoled;
Nay, still shall Freedom keep her hold
Within the sea's inviolate fosse,
And boast her sons of English mould,
Ye Islands of the Southern Cross!

Old empires tumble—Rome and Greece—
Their swords are rust, their altars cold!
For us, the Children of the Seas,
Who ruled where'er the waves have rolled,
For us, in Fortune's books enscrolled,
I read no runes of hopeless loss;
Nor—while *ye* last—our knell is tolled,
Ye Islands of the Southern Cross!

ENVOY.

Britannia, when thy hearth's a-cold,
When o'er thy grave has grown the moss,
Still "*Rule Australia*" shall be trolled
In Islands of the Southern Cross!

IV.—BALLADE TO THEOCRITUS IN WINTER.

ἐσορῶν τὰν Σιχελὰν ἐς ἅλα.

Id. viii., 56.

AH! leave the smoke, the wealth, the roar
Of London, and the bustling street,
For still, by the Sicilian shore,
The murmur of the Muse is sweet.
Still, still, the suns of summer greet
The mountain-grave of Helikê,
And shepherds still their songs repeat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian Sea.

What though they worship Pan no more,
That guarded once the shepherd's seat,
They chatter of their rustic lore.
They watch the wind among the wheat:
Cicalas chirp, the young lambs bleat,
Where whispers pine to cypress tree;
They count the waves that idly beat,
Where breaks the blue Sicilian Sea.

Theocritus! thou canst restore
The pleasant years, and over fleet;
With thee we live as men of yore,
We rest where running waters meet:
And then we turn unwilling feet
And seek the world—so must it be.—
We may not linger in the heat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian Sea.

ENVOY.

Master,—when rain, and snow, and sleet
And northern winds are wild, to thee
We come, we rest in thy retreat,
Where breaks the blue Sicilian Sea!

GRASS OF PARNASSUS

ANDREW LANG.

I.—TWILIGHT ON TWEED.

THREE crests against the saffron sky,
Beyond the purple plain,
The kind remembered melody
Of Tweed once more again.

Wan water from the border hills,
Dear voice from the old years,
Thy distant music lulls and stills,
And moves to quiet tears.

Like a loved ghost thy fabled flood
Fleets through the dusky land;
Where Scott, come home to die, has stood
My feet returning stand.

A mist of memory broods and floats,
The Border waters flow;
The air is full of ballad notes,
Borne out of long ago.

Old songs that sung themselves to me,
Sweet through a boy's day-dream,
While trout below the blossom'd tree
Flashed in the golden stream.

* * * * *

Twilight, and Tweed, and Eildon Hill,
Fair and too fair you be;
You tell me that the voice is still
That should have welcomed me.

II.—NIGHTINGALE WEATHER.

"Serai-je nonnette, oui ou non?
Serai-je nonnette? je crois que non
Derrière chez mon père
Il est un bois taillis,
Le rossignol y chante
Et le jour et la nuit.
Il chante pour les filles
Qui n'ont pas d'ami;
Il ne chant pas pour moi,
J'en ai un, Dieu merci."—OLD FRENCH.

I'LL never be a nun, I trow,
While apple bloom is white as snow,
But far more fair to see;
I'll never wear nun's black and white
While nightingales make sweet the night
Within the apple tree.

Ah, listen! 'tis the nightingale,
And in the wood he makes his wail,
Within the apple tree;
He singeth of the sore distress
Of many ladies loverless;
Thank God, no song for me.

For when the broad May moon is low,
A gold fruit seen where blossoms blow
In the bough of the apple tree,
A step I know is at the gate—
Ah love, but it is long to wait
Until night's noon bring thee!

Between lark's song and nightingale's
A silent space, while dawning pales,
The birds leave still and free
For words and kisses musical,
For silence and for sighs that fall
In the dawn, 'twixt him and me.

III.—GOOD-BYE.

KISS me, and say good-bye;
Good-bye, there is no word to say but this,
Nor any lips left for my lips to kiss,
Nor any tears to shed, when these tears dry;
Kiss me, and say good-bye.

Farewell, be glad, forget;
There is no need to say "forget," I know,
For youth is youth and time will have it so,
And though your lips are pale, and your eyes wet,
Farewell, you must forget.

You shall bring home your sheaves,
Many, and heavy, and with blossoms twined
Of memories that go not out of mind;
Let this one sheaf be twined with poppy leaves
When you bring home your sheaves.

In garnered loves of thine,
The ripe good fruit of many hearts and years,
Somewhere let this lie, grey and salt with tears;
It grew too near the sea wind, and the brine
Of life, this love of mine.

This sheaf was spoiled in spring,
And over-long was green, and early sere,
And never gathered gold in the late year
From autumn suns, and moons of harvesting,
But failed in frosts of spring.

Yet was it thine, my sweet,
This love, though weak as young corn withered,
Whereof no man may gather and make bread;
Thine, though it never knew the summer heat;
Forget not quite, my sweet.

IV.—A DREAM.

WHY will you haunt my sleep?
You know it may not be,
The grave is wide and deep,
That sunders you and me;
In bitter dreams we reap
The sorrow we have sown,
And I would I were asleep
Forgotten and alone!

We knew and did not know,
We saw and did not see,
The nets that long ago
Fate wove for you and me;
The cruel nets that keep
The birds that sob and moan
And I would we were asleep
Forgotten and alone!

* * * * *

V.—THEY HEAR THE SIRENS FOR THE SECOND TIME.

THE weary sails a moment slept,
The oars were silent for a space,
As past Hesperian shores we swept
That were as a remembered face
Seen after lapse of hopeless years,
In Hades, when the shadows meet,
Dim through the mist of many tears,
And strange, and though a shadow, sweet.

So seemed the half-remembered shore,
That slumbered, mirrored in the blue,
With havens where we touched of yore,
And ports that over well we knew.

Then broke the calm before the breeze
That sought the secret of the west;
And listless all we swept the seas
Towards the Islands of the Blest.

Beside a golden sanded bay
We saw the Sirens, very fair
The flowery hill whereon they lay,
The flowers set upon their hair.
Their old sweet song came down the wind,
Remembered music waxing strong,—
Ah, now no need of cords to bind,
No need had we of Orphic song.

It once had seemed a little thing
To lay our lives down at their feet,
That dying we might hear them sing,
And dying see their faces sweet;
But now, we glanced, and passing by,
No care had we to tarry long;
Faint hope, and rest, and memory
Were more than any Siren's song.

VI.—MELEAGER.

I.

Heliodore.

POUR wine, and cry, again, again, again,
To Heliodore!
And mingle the sweet word ye call in vain
With that ye pour:
And bring to me her wreath of yesterday
That's dark with myrrh;
Hesternae Rosae, ah, my friends, but they
Remember her.

Lo! the kind roses, loved of lovers, weep,
As who repine;
For if on any breast they see her sleep,
It is not mine.

II.

Heliodore Dead.

Tears for my lady dead,
Heliodore!
Salt tears and ill to shed,
Over and o'er.
Tears for my lady dead,
Sighs do we send,
Long love rememberèd,
Mistress and friend.
Sad are the songs we sing,
Tears that we shed.
Empty the gifts we bring,
Gifts to the dead.
Go tears, and go lament!
Fare from her tomb,
Wend where my lady went,
Down through the gloom.
Ah, for my flower, my love
Hades hath taken!
Ah for the dust above
Scattered and shaken!
Mother of all things born,
Earth, in thy breast,
Lull her that all men mourn
Gently to rest!

SONNETS.

ANDREW LANG.

I.—HOMER.

HOMER, thy song men liken to the sea
With all the notes of music in its tone,
With tides that wash the dim dominion
Of Hades, and light waves that laugh in glee
Around the isles enchanted; nay, to me
Thy verse seems as the River of source unknown
That glasses Egypt's temples overthrown
In his sky-nurtured stream, eternally.

No wiser we than men of heretofore
To find thy sacred fountains guarded fast;
Enough, thy flood makes green our human shore,
As Nilus Egypt, rolling down his vast
His fertile flood, that murmurs evermore
Of gods dethroned, and empires in the past.

II.—HOMERIC UNITY.

THE sacred keep of Ilion is rent
By shaft and pit; foiled waters wander slow
Through plains where Simois and Scamander went
To war with Gods and heroes long ago.
Not yet to tired Cassandra, lying low
In rich Mycenæ, do the Fates relent:
The bones of Agamemnon are a show,
And ruined in his royal monument.

The dust and awful treasures of the Dead,
Hath Learning scattered wide, but vainly thee,
Homer, she meteth with her tool of lead,
And strives to rend thy songs; too blind to see
The crown that burns on thine immortal head
Of indivisible supremacy!

III.—THE ODYSSEY.

AS one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Ægean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,—
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on the western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

IV.—COLONEL BURNABY.

THOU that on every field of earth and sky
Didst hunt for Death, who seemed to flee and fear,
How great and greatly fallen dost thou lie
Slain in the Desert by some wandering spear
"Not here, alas!" may England say—"not here
Nor in this quarrel was it meet to die,
But in that dreadful battle drawing nigh,
To thunder through the Afghan passes sheer,

Like Aias by the ships shouldst thou have stood,
And in some glen have stayed the stream of flight,
The bulwark of thy people and their shield,
When Indus or when Helmund ran with blood,
And back, into the Northland and the Night,
The smitten Eagles scattered from the field.'

Samuel Waddington.

1844.

Among "the secretest walks of fame," there is none more exquisite than that of those whose loving care of some precious thing of Art has come to be rewarded by the survival of their names linked in fragrant association with the thing itself, as the name of Maréchal Neil passes down the summers on the breath of a rose.

Of such, those who have watched over various literary forms, and especially from time to time that of the sonnet, have been singularly fortunate. It was, perhaps, more because he loved much than achieved greatly that we still occasionally repeat the name of Guittone d'Arezzo, to whom Mr. Waddington, with scrupulous justice very pleasant to see, never forgets to accord that honour which one is accustomed to see the fame of Petrarch absorb, the formulation and first successful cultivation of the sonnet. Bowles, again—though Coleridge did copy him in manuscript as we have lately been transcribing Omar—what is there to plead against oblivion for his name, unless we forget that he wrote but few sonnets and only remember that he laid bare once more that "scanty plot" lost so long beneath forgetful brambles, which if he did not cultivate himself, was thus left ready for Wordsworth?

Such, till a year or two ago, was the reputation of Mr. Samuel Waddington. The mention of his name conjured up one association, we thought of three or four dainty anthologies of the sonnet; though one did not really forget how much we also owed him on behalf of the author of the wonderful "Bothie."

But since then he has won a still more vital association with the sonnet, that of being himself a sonneteer. His "Sonnets and Other Verse," in 1884, was his first original volume. A "Century of Sonnets" (George Bell & Sons) was not published until five years later.

These sonnets have just the charm that one would look for in the work of one with Mr. Waddington's particular artistic passion, just that careful workmanship, that proportion of means with material, that meditative mood and that reticence of manner, which belong by nature to this well-bred form, but also instinct with that thought and fancy without which all form is vain. Of his "Century of Sonnets" a writer in the *Athenæum* (April 5th, 1890) observes: "It is not too much to say that of his hundred sonnets there is not one which is not admirable for completeness and finish. The skilful strictness with which he obeys the laws to which he submits himself is noteworthy, and shows that the management of verse has no difficulties left for him. . . . All his sonnets are good in thought and expression, and some are beautiful." The following sonnet, which is perhaps one of the most successful of Mr. Waddington's compositions, was contributed by him to the Beatrice Exhibition held at Florence in 1890, and is not included in either of his volumes:—

BEATA BEATRIX.

"Ella ha perduta la sua Beatrice:
E le parole ch'uom di lei può dire
Hanno virtù di far piangere altrui."
VITA NUOVA.

"AND was it thine, the light whose radiance shed
Love's halo round the gloom of Dante's brow?
Was thine the hand that touched his hand, and thou
The spirit to his inmost spirit wed?
O gentle, O most pure, what shall be said
In praise of thee to whom Love's minstrels bow?
O heart that held his heart, for ever now
Thou with his glory shalt be garlanded.
Lo 'mid the twilight of the waning years,
Firenze claims once more our love, our tears:
But thou, triumphant on the throne of song—
By Mary seated in the realm above—
O, give us of that gift than death more strong,
The loving spirit that won Dante's love."

As was to be expected, Mr. Waddington tries various experiments with his vehicle. Thus his volumes contain examples in lines of six, eight, and eleven syllables; also others in which the first line occurs throughout as a refrain making the fifth, ninth, and last lines. It is to be questioned, however, whether the latter, at least, can strictly be regarded as sonnets at all, for whatever their effectiveness, it is not of specially sonnet quality—not to speak of the violation of the formal laws of their rhythmical being. But such detailed criticism is hardly within the scope of a notice necessarily so brief as this. What has been said of Mr. Waddington's sonnets as a whole remains. His volume, "Collected Poems," was published in 1902.

Samuel Waddington was born at Boston Spa, Yorkshire, in the year 1844. His first School was

St. Peter's School, York, but he was soon taken thence to St. John's, Huntingdon, whence in course of time he passed to Brasenose College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1865.

His intention had been to enter the Church, but although Dr. Pusey was then at the height of his influence at Oxford, and though Mr. Waddington was among that privileged few who sat at those private lectures in the Doctor's own rooms, still more rationalistic impulses prevailed; and the idea of ordination was abandoned.

So, having obtained a nomination from the Duke of Richmond to a vacancy there he entered the Board of Trade, in course of time to make one of that charming Whitehall *coterie* destined, one must think, to live in literary history beside that other famous one at the India House.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

I.—"IS THERE LIGHT UPON THE UPLANDS?"

IS there light upon the uplands, breaks the dawn along the sea,—
Do the buds of promise blossom, is it well with thee and me?

What the herald prophets whisper doth the crowd with welcome greet,
Do the echoes of the mountains still their hallowed truths repeat?

Stars that shoot across the darkness vanish where we may not see;
And if still the darkness lingers, what, O soul, is that to thee?

Though the creeds of Folly fail not, though the lamp of Truth burns low,
Though here still upon our altar loom the shades of long ago,—

Yet the day is waxing stronger, clearer light is shed around;
And with garlands of new worship soon Endeavour shall be crowned.

Though the waves that shoreward hasten vanish back into the sea,
Yet the flowing tide advances, and 'tis well with thee and me.

Fairer than the night of sorrow, hours of dolour undefined,
Comes the dawn of matin gladness bringing sunshine to the mind:

Fairer than the dream of Eden and the human-race condemned,
Is the gospel of Good-service, and all men by Man reclaimed:

Fairer than the suppliants kneeling, and the cries to heaven above,
Are the brave heart's honest Labour and the creed of Human Love:

'Mid the shadows though we wandered, phantom shadows of the brain,
Now earth's 'Jubilate' soundeth, and our hearts are glad again:

For we know that joy abideth with the soul that still is true,
And all men shall reap their harvest, every man shall have his due.

II.—MORS ET VITA.

WE know not yet what life shall be,
What shore beyond earth's shore be set;
What grief awaits us, or what glee,
We know not yet.

Still, somewhere in sweet converse met,
Old friends, we say, beyond death's sea
Shall meet and greet us, nor forget

Those days of yore, those years when we
Were loved and true—but will death let
Our eyes the longed-for vision see?
We know not yet.

III.—ON THE HEIGHTS.

HERE where the heather blooms
'Neath the blue skies,
Here let us rest awhile,
What if time flies,—
Joy yet awaiteth us
Ere the day dies.

See how the pathway creeps
Round the cliff side ;
Serpent-like seemeth it
Upward to glide :
Here 'mid the heather long
We will abide.

Nature around us lies
Placid and still,—
Nature ! thy children, we
Wait on thy will ;
Happy and silent here,
Here on thy hill.

Are we not part of thee,
Born of thee, thine ?
Shall we not come to thee,—
Kneel at thy shrine ?
Nature, we turn to thee,
Thou art divine.

Peace that is sweet to us,
Strife for its leaven,
Hate that is hell to us,
Love that is heaven,—
These for our good, we know,
Us hast thou given.

Self-love, a secret force
  Goading us on ;
Sympathy holding us
  Bound-fast in one,—
Creature to creature linked,
  Father to son.

Hope in the morning, and
  Strength at the noon,
Rest in the eventide,
  These are thy boon ;
Sleep, with the darkness, thou
  Sendest, and soon.

Full well thou teachest us
  Where'er we turn,
All that is meet for us
  Earthborn to learn,—
From what is evil here
  Good to discern.

This, too, we learn of thee,
  This to be true,—
All things about us, both
  Old things and new,
Pass, and the power of them
  Fades as it grew.

While in the manifold
  Births that unroll,
Shaping the universe,
  Breathes but one soul,—
One long existence,—one
  Infinite whole.

IV.—THE INN OF CARE.

AT Nebra, by the Unstrut,—
So travellers declare,—
There stands an ancient tavern,
It is the 'Inn of Care.'
To all the world 'tis open;
It sets a goodly fare;
And every soul is welcome
That deigns to sojourn there.

The landlord with his helpers,
(He is a stalwart host,)
To please his guest still labours
With 'bouilli' and with 'roast';—
And ho! he laughs so roundly,
He laughs, and loves to boast
That he who bears the beaker
May live to share the 'toast.'

Lucus a non lucendo—
Thus named might seem the inn,
So careless is its laughter,
So loud its merry din;
Yet ere to doubt its title
You do, in sooth, begin,
Go, watch the pallid faces
Approach and pass within.

To Nebra, by the Unstrut,
May all the world repair,
And meet a hearty welcome,
And share a goodly fare;
The world! 'tis worn and weary—
'Tis tired of gilt and glare!
The inn! 'tis named full wisely,
It is the 'Inn of Care.'

V.—NATURE.

THIS mount shall be our fane, a holy place!
No acolyte shall swing the thurible,
Nor whispering worshipper his rosary tell;
No priest shall here stand robed in lawn and lace;
But the Eternal shall look down through space,
And we will gaze and wonder:—it is well!
Here where the heath-flower and the wild thyme dwell,
How sweet is life, how fair, how full of grace!

In place of prayer we'll chant our joyous praise,
And with glad voices sing in Nature's choir:
These lines of fir shall see on Sabbath-days
Our faces flushing with our heart's desire,
As up the mountain side through wooded ways,
We seek that peace to which our souls aspire.

VI.—"FROM NIGHT TO NIGHT."

FROM night to night, through circling darkness whirled
Day dawns, and wanes, and still leaves, as before,
The shifting tides and the eternal shore:
Sources of life, and forces of the world,
Unseen, unknown, in folds of mystery furled,
Unseen, unknown, remain for evermore;—
To heaven-hid heights man's questioning soul would soar,
Yet falls from darkness unto darkness hurled!

Angels of light, ye spirits of the air,
Peopling of yore the dreamland of our youth,
Ye who once led us through those scenes so fair,
Lead now, and leave us near the realm of Truth:
Lo, if in dreams some truths we chanced to see,
Now in the truth some dreams may haply be.

VII.—SOUL AND BODY.

WHERE wert thou, Soul, ere yet my body born
Became thy dwelling place? Didst thou on earth,
Or in the clouds, await this body's birth?
Or by what chance upon that winter's morn
Didst thou this body find, a babe forlorn?
Didst thou in sorrow enter, or in mirth?
Or for a jest, perchance, to try its worth
Thou tookest flesh, ne'er from it to be torn?

Nay, Soul, I will not mock thee; well I know
Thou wert not on the earth, nor in the sky;
For with my body's growth thou too didst grow;
But with that body's death wilt thou too die?
I know not, and thou canst not tell me, so
In doubt we'll go together—thou and I.

VIII.—NIGHT-FALL.

THE shades of evening lengthen,—let us close
The latticed window, and draw down the blind;
These shadows seem as spirits, and the wind
Moans in its wandering; mournfully it goes
As some poor soul that grievous sorrow knows,
Or homeward traveller fearful lest he find
Beside his hearth the doom that haunts his mind,
And o'er his pathway its grim visage shows.

As haunted houses are our haunted hearts,
Wherein pale spirits of past sorrows dwell!
Wherein, as players that play many parts,
Presentiments their tragic tales foretell!
Draw close the curtain,—ay, shut out the night;
The night is dark, let love then be our light.

IX.—"THROUGH THE NIGHT WATCHES."

THROUGH the night-watches, Sleep, we picture thee,
Now as a bridge that links two neighbouring lands,
One worn and barren as the sea's bare sands,
One sown and fruitful with all things to be:—
Now as a mist that spreadeth silently,
We see thee hiding with thy vaporous hands
The good that gladdens, and the guilt that brands,
The griefs that follow, and the joys that flee.

And now a seraph, an angelic guide,
Thy white wings reaching to thy noiseless feet,
We see thee leading to each loved one's side
The longed for figure that each loves to greet:
Oh, while the darkness and the night abide,
Be thou love's guide, and guide me to my Sweet.

X.—SELF-SACRIFICE.

WHAT though thine arm hath conquered in the fight,—
What though the vanquished yield unto thy sway,
Or riches garnered pave thy golden way,—
Not therefore hast thou gained the sovran height
Of man's nobility! No halo's light
From these shalt round thee shed its sacred ray;
If these be all thy joy,—then dark thy day,
And darker still thy swift approaching night!

But if in thee more truly than in others
Hath dwelt love's charity;—if by thine aid
Others have passed above thee, and if thou,
Though victor, yieldest victory to thy brothers,
Though conquering conquered, and a vassal made,—
Then take thy crown, well mayst thou wear it now.

Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

1845.

This poet was born in London, in January 1845. He received his education in France and Germany, proceeded in 1864 to Oxford, and five years afterwards entered the diplomatic service. After working at the English Embassy in Paris, and taking part in the Alabama arbitration at Geneva, he was appointed Secretary of the Legation at Lisbon. Here his health broke down in 1873. He became subject to a cerebro-spinal malady, which has forced him, like Heine in his latter years, to assume the attitude of supine inactivity, a condition he makes pathetic reference to in the following sonnet "To the Muse":—

"To keep through life the posture of the grave,
While others walk and run and dance and leap;
To keep it ever, waking or asleep,
While shrink the limbs which Nature goodly gave;
In summer's heat to breast no more the wave,
Nor tread the cornfield where the reapers reap;
To wade no more through tangled grasses deep,
Nor press the moss beneath some leafy nave;
In winter days no more to hear the ring
Of frozen earth, the creak of crisp, fresh snow;
No more to roam where scarlet berries cling
To leafless twigs, and pluck the ripe blue sloe—
'Tis hard, 'tis hard, but thou dost bring relief,
Fair, welcome Muse, sweet soother of all grief."

Under these painful conditions the poet awoke in him; and though he now can only dictate what the

ardent brain indites, though he can scarcely bear to receive verbal communications in more than sentences of a few words at a time, the many years which have passed across his manhood stretched upon a couch of suffering, are marked by a succession of volumes testifying to the ever vivid and unconquerable spirit of the man. "Poems and Transcripts" (1878), "Gods, Saints, and Men" (1880), "The New Medusa" (1882), "Apollo and Marsyas" (1884), "Imaginary Sonnets" (1888), "The Fountain of Youth" (1891), are the titles of six milestones on his road to a well-earned place in English poetry. It only remains to add that Mr. Lee-Hamilton is half-brother to Miss Violet Paget, famous to all students of our literature under the name of Vernon Lee.

Toward the criticism of Mr. Lee-Hamilton's poetry I cannot perhaps advance anything beyond what I wrote in *The Academy* upon the appearance of "Apollo and Marsyas." At that time the study of these earlier volumes had enabled his readers to form a definite conception of his peculiar ability. His most salient quality appeared to be a power of identifying himself through the imagination with abnormal personalities, exposed to the pressure of unusual circumstance or exceptional temptation. Without being formally dramatic, he makes the men and women of his fancy tell their own tale, or tells it for them in narrative that has the force of a confession. The reality of his studies of character not unfrequently amounts to revelation; so completely, so painfully, has he absorbed the psychical nature of the subject he is dealing with into his own. While forcing the reader to see what he has

seen in mental vision, he is aided by a vivid faculty of picture-painting. This faculty of suggesting scenes and images is always potent in his work; most remarkably so when it is employed in creating the environment of some dark psychological tragedy. As a fine example of its simple strength I may cite the "Letter addressed to Miss Mary Robinson" (p. 251). It is still more prominent in a poem called "The Raft," and in the ballad of "The Death of the Duchess Isabella." These powers of dramatic insight and pictorial presentment are further qualified by a pronounced partiality for the horrible, the well-nigh impossible, the fantastically weird. His imagination delights in realising states of mind and caprices of the fancy which lie outside healthy human experience. "The New Medusa" may be cited as an illustration. Sometimes, too, he dwells on subjects which, in naked prose, are too revolting to bear the application of descriptive art in poetry. Such is the ballad of "The Sack of Prato." Such, too, is the acutely painful study of an anatomist preparing for the vivisection of a man, called "A Rival of Fallopius." Here Mr. Lee-Hamilton might claim Poe for master; but Poe's dry manner lent itself more appropriately to literature which aims at being ghastly or uncanny. The disciple's dissection of cruelty and madness is too subjective to be otherwise than repellent.

Technically, Mr. Lee-Hamilton commands a wide and picturesque vocabulary, and is not without considerable power over both rhyme and metre. His language is direct, spontaneous, unrestrained. But, in diction and versification alike, he is apt, when not working under severe restraints of form, to be more

careless than befits an artist in the present age. His effects suffer also, in my opinion, from a want of reserve, an inattention to the advantages of compression. This accounts for the fact that he succeeds so well in the sonnet, which imposes limitations on his luxuriance. His volumes contain some of the best pictorial and dramatic sonnets in our language.

In illustration of the pictorial quality we may quote the sonnet "Louis de Ligny to Leonora Altamura, 1495," from "Imaginary Sonnets" (1888).

"The amber battlements of castled cloud;
The phantom isles that fool a ship at sea;
The congregated minarets that flee
And cheat the caravan's worn thirsty crowd;

All those lost towns which fishermen have vowed
They saw in lakes whose fathoms countless be,
While from the depths there rose up solemnly
The sound of bells, as on their oars they bowed:

There will we live together, thou and I;
Fit dwelling for such happiness as ours,
Which lasts but for a moment, and must die;

Our palace with its evanescent towers
Melts back into the waters on the sky
As quickly as a dream that Dawn devours."

The volume entitled "Apollo and Marsyas" takes its name from the Greek legend of the rivalry between the Satyr and the Olympian. Marsyas, for Mr. Lee-Hamilton, symbolises all that is remote, wild, pain-compelling, orgiastic, in the music of the world. Apollo represents its pure, defined, and chastened melodies. To Marsyas belongs the thrilling Phrygian, to Apollo the bracing Dorian mood. Of his personal susceptibility to the influence of Marsyas Mr. Lee-Hamilton makes no secret; and one of the

most striking of his poems in this book, "Sister Mary of the Plague," illustrates the extent to which he has submitted to that fascination of the terrible. Sister Mary is a nurse in a Belgian hospital, assiduous in her duties, and venerated by the people. Yet her patients, in spite of her best care, are apt to die of slow exhaustion. We soon perceive that all is not right; nay, that there is something horribly wrong about her. The power of the poem consists in this: that Sister Mary herself awakes with agony to the conviction that she is a vampire, one who had died of the plague, and has arisen to protract a hideous existence by draining the life-blood of the living. This motive would be too repulsive but for the tragic moral situation thus created. The vampire is herself the victim of a destiny she abhors, and obeys somnambulistically. So her story becomes an allegory of those psychological aberrations which are known as moral insanity, where the sufferer from some abnormal appetite is terror-stricken in his lucid intervals by what his morbid impulses have forced him to enact. A somewhat similar study of the tormented conscience is attempted in "The Wonder of the World" and "Ipsissimus." Owing to the length of Mr. Lee-Hamilton's poems it is exceedingly difficult to represent him adequately in a work like this. The last-named poem "Ipsissimus" is given in the following pages, not because it is the best, but because it is shorter than others, and therefore more easily included.

While reviewing Mr. Lee-Hamilton in 1889 I ventured to express the hope that in the future he would pay his vows with greater assiduity to Apollo; Marsyas had controlled him long enough, and not

without some detriment to his artistic faculty. His volume, "Imaginary Sonnets," has to a large extent shown that he can submit to the saner impulse of the Olympian deity. It consists entirely of sonnets, each written upon a noticeable personality in the world's history, setting forth some decisive incident or turning-point of action in the individual's life. Considered as a *tour-de-force*, the series must be reckoned remarkable in a very high degree. It illustrates the poet's leading faculty for penetrating and expressing moods, and for presenting these dramatically and pictorially. Still, there is a sense of effort, a want of rest, in this long picture-gallery of thrilling moments. We feel, when we close the book, the force of that Greek proverb: "The half is more than the whole." "The Fountain of Youth, a Fantastic Tragedy in Five Acts" (1891) deals with the legend of Ponce de Leon, well known for its romantic fascination. Here the poet appears to have concentrated all his faculties and qualities on the production of the work; the lyrical passages showing a variety of form and a freedom of handling which had hardly been anticipated in previous performances.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

I.—IPSISSIMUS.

THOU priest that art behind the screen
Of this confessional, give ear:
I need God's help, for I have seen
What turns my vitals limp with fear.
O Christ, O Christ, I must have done
More mortal sin than anyone
Who says his prayers in Venice here!

And yet by stealth I only tried
To kill my enemy, God knows;
And who on earth has ere denied
A man the right to kill his foes?
He won the race of the Gondoliers;
I hate him and the skin he wears;
I hate him and the shade he throws.

I hate him through each day and hour
All ills that curse me seem his fault
He makes my daily soup taste sour,
He makes my daily bread taste salt
And so I hung upon his track
At dusk to stab him in the back
In some lone street or archway vault.

But oh give heed! As I was stealing
Upon his heels, with knife grasped tight,
There crept across my soul a feeling
That I myself was kept in sight;
Each time I turned, dodge as I would,
A masked and unknown watcher stood,
Who baffled all my plan that night.

What mask is this, I thought and thought,
Who dogs me thus when least I care?
His figure is nor tall nor short,
And yet has a familiar air.
But oh, despite this watcher's eye,
I'll reach my man yet by-and-by,
And snuff his life out yet, elsewhere.

And though compelled to still defer,
I schemed another project soon;
I armed my boat with a hidden spur
To run him down in the lagoon.
At dusk I saw him row one day
Where lone and wide the waters lay,
Reflecting scarce the dim white moon.

No boat, as far as sight could strain,
Loomed on the solitary sea;
I saw my oar each minute gain
Upon my death-doomed enemy,
When lo, a black-masked gondolier,
Silent and spectre-like, drew near,
And stepped between my deed and me.

He seemed from out the flood to rise,
And hovered near to mar my game;
I knew him and his cursed guise,
His cursed mask: he was the same.
So, balked once more, enraged and cowed
Back through the still lagoon I rowed
In mingled wonder, wrath, and shame.

Oh, were I not to come and pray
Thee for thy absolution here
In the confessional, to-day,
My very ribs would burst with fear.

Leave not, good Father, in the lurch,
A faithful son of Mother Church,
  Whose faith is firm and soul sincere.

Behind St. Luke's, as the dead men know,
  A pale apothecary dwells,
Who deals in death both quick and slow,
  And baleful philters, withering spells
He sells alike to rich and poor,
Who know what knock to give his door
  The yellow dust that rings the knells.

Well, then, I went and knocked the knock
  With cautious hand, as I'd been taught
The door revolved with silent lock,
  And I went in, suspecting nought.
But oh, the selfsame form stood masked
Behind the counter, and unasked
  In silence proffered what I sought.

My knees and hands like aspens shook
  I spilt the powder on the ground;
I dared not turn, I dared not look;
  My palsied tongue would make no sound,
Then through the door I fled at last,
With feet that seemed more slow than fast,
  And dared not even once look round.

And yet I am an honest man
  Who only sought to kill his foe:
Could I sit down and see each plan
  That I took up frustrated so,
When as each plan was marred and balked,
And in the sun my man still walked,
  I felt my hate still greater grow?

I thought, "At dusk with stealthy tread
I'll seek his dwelling, and I'll creep
Upstairs and hide beneath his bed,
And in the night I'll strike him deep."
And so I went; but at the door,
The figure, masked just as before,
Sat on the step as if asleep.

Bent, spite all fear, upon my task,
I tried to pass: there was no space.
Then rage prevailed; I snatched the mask
From off the baffling figure's face,
And oh, unutterable dread!
The face was mine, mine white and dead,
Stiff with some frightful death's grimace.

What sins are mine, O luckless wight,
That doom should play me such a trick,
And make me see a sudden sight
That turns both soul and body sick?
Stretch out thy hands, thou priest unseen,
That sittest there behind the screen,
And give me absolution quick!

O God, O God, his hands are dead!
His hands are mine, O monstrous spell!
I feel them clammy on my head,
Is he my own dead self as well?
Those hands are mine—their scars, their shape:
O God, O God, there's no escape,
And seeking Heaven, I fall to Hell.

II.—A LETTER.

To A. Mary F. Robinson.

A PROMISE is the frailest thing I know:
A very soap-bubble which rashness flings
On whatsoever breeze may chance to blow;
We watch it float, and in its iris-glow
See fair precarious things.

And you have promised to return and spend
A while with us ere Tuscan leaves be sere;
Oh break your promise not, nor grieve a friend
To whom the Fates but little pleasure send,
I ween, from year to year.

Come with the dying summer's golden mist;
Come with the ripeness of the autumn air;
Come when the sun aweary shall desist,
And when all Nature, long too fiercely kissed,
Lies weak, but not less fair.

Come when no more the endless noontide creeps,
And each hot tile-roof tremulously streams;
Come when no more the shrill cicala keeps
Sawing the empty air, and he who sleeps
Abhors it through his dreams.

Come when no more the vesper bell shall rouse
The inmates of each sun-entranced abode;
And when no more the peasant shades with boughs,
His slow, white oxen's fly-tormented brows,
Upon the glaring road.

Come when the hungry yellow wasp forestalls
The vintager, and mars the prosperous grape;
And when the vine leaves on the trellised walls
Take hectic patches ere the bunches fall
In hods of conic shape.

Come when the splitting wrapper of the maize
The massive golden lump no more can hold;
And when the meanest cottage front displays
A tapestry of ingots, which outweighs
All Eldorado's gold.

Come when the chestnut drops with rustling sound,
Through scanty leaves, and bursts its bristly husk
Just at your feet upon the mossy ground,
Where fragrant ferns and flowers wild abound
And scent the early dusk.

Oh, they are sweet, those chestnut woods where never
My foot, alas, can trample down the moss—
Those woods where others, full of health, may sever
The ferny stems, while I, debarred for ever,
Hold all, save strength, as dross.

The old, old chestnut-trees, whose trunks uncouth,
All gray with lichen and of monstrous girth,
Are hollowed out, and gnawed by each year's tooth,
Have bright green leaves, like impulses of youth
Which in old hearts take birth.

They cover the innumerable spurs
Of Apennine, the mighty boulders crowned
By village strongholds, walled, and black with years,
And penetrate the gullies where one hears
The storm-born torrents bound.

Which seek the limpid Lima, as it brings
Its waters to the Serchio, green and bright,
Beneath black bridges where the wall-flower clings
And where the mirrored kingfisher oft wings
His straight and rapid flight.

And you will see, as through an open door,
Where Serchio's gorges suddenly expand;
The Garfagnana rich with autumn's store,
Where Ariosto held command of yore—
A tract of faery land.

And watch the stream which, as the sun declines,
Winds like a glistening snake whose motion flags
Through ripeness-scented fields and reeds and vines,
Dividing from the cloud-capped Apennines
Carrara's marble crags.

But there are times, in later autumn's rains,
When that same stream is like no glistening snake,
But like a lion tawny flanked, which gains
In strength each moment, and whose roar retains
The anxious boor awake.

Then in its wrath, resistless Serchio tears
Through gorge and valley, threatening many a home;
Shaking with watery claws the great stone piers
Of each old bridge, against whose strength it rears
With mane of muddy foam.

A desperate hug, which sometimes rips asunder
The stoutest arch, though deep the piles were driven;
When, with a crack, which fills the hills with wonder,
The masonry, out-thundering the thunder,
Hurls up the flood to heaven.

But I must stop; or else I shall defeat
My only object, to attract you here;
And at the thought that you perhaps may meet
A sudden watery end, you will retreat
Elsewhere in haste and fear.

Be not afraid: but simply brush away
The picture I have held before your eyes.
I told you once that you were like a ray
Of sunshine; and so long as sunshine stay
The river will not rise.

III.—SEA-SHELL MURMURS.

THE hollow sea-shell which for years hath stood
On dusty shelves, when held against the ear
Proclaims its stormy parent; and we hear
The faint far murmur of the breaking flood.
We hear the sea. The sea? It is the blood
In our own veins, impetuous and near,
And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear
And with our feelings' every shifting mood.

Lo! in my heart I hear, as in a shell,
The murmur of a world beyond the grave,
Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.
Thou fool; this echo is a cheat as well,—
The hum of earthly instincts; and we crave
A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

IV.—SUNKEN GOLD.

IN dim green depths rot ingot-laden ships,
While gold doubloons that from the drowned hand fell
Lie nestled in the ocean's flower bell
With Love's gemmed rings once kissed by now dead lips.
And round some wrought-gold cup the sea-grass whips
And hides lost pearls, near pearls still in their shell,
Where seaweed forests fill each ocean dell,
And seek dim sunlight with their countless tips.

So lie the wasted gifts, the long-lost hopes,
Beneath the now hushed surface of myself,
In lonelier depths than where the diver gropes
They lie deep, deep; but I at times behold
In doubtful glimpses, on some reefy shelf,
The gleam of irrecoverable gold.

V.—PIA DEI TOLOMEI TO LOVE AND DEATH.

(1295.)

THE distant hills are blue as lips of death;
Between myself and them the hot swamps steam
In fetid curls, which, in the twilight, seem
Like gathering phantoms waiting for my breath;
While in the August heat with chattering teeth
I sit, and icy limbs, and let the stream
Of recollection flow in a dull dream;
Or weave, with marish blooms, my own death-wreath.
O Love that hast undone me, and through whom
I waste in this Maremma: King of Sighs,
Behold thy handmaid in her heavy doom!
Send me thy brother Death who so oft flies
Across these marshes in the semi-gloom,
To bear me to thy amber-tinted skies.

VI.—LUCA SIGNORELLI TO HIS SON.

(1500.)

THEY brought thy body back to me quite dead,
Just as thou hadst been stricken in the brawl.
I let no tear, I let no curses fall,
But signed to them to lay thee on the bed;
Then, with clenched teeth, I stripped thy clothes soaked red
And taking up my pencil at God's call,
All through the night I drew thy muscles all,
And writhed at every beauty of thy head;
For I required the glory of thy limbs
To lend it to archangel and to saint,
And of thy brow, for brows with halo rims;
And thou shalt stand, in groups which I will paint
Upon God's walls, till, like procession hymns
Lost in the distance, ages make them faint.

VII.—THE LAST DOGE TO FETTERED VENICE

(1799.)

I SAW a phantom sitting in her rags
Upon a throne that sea-gods wrought of old;
Her tatters, stamped with blazonry of gold,
Seemed made of remnants of victorious flags;
Her face was fair, though wrinkled like a hag's,
And in the sun she shivered as with cold;
While round her breast she tightened each torn fold
To hide her chains, more thick than felon drags.
O Venice, in the silence of the night,
I think of when thy vessels used to bring
The gems and spices of the plundered East
Up to thy feet, and like an endless flight
Of hurrying sea-birds, on a broad white wing,
Heaped up the gift that ever still increased.

William Canton.

1845.

William Canton was born in the Island of Chusan, off the coast of China, in the year 1845, but the greater part of his childhood was spent in Jamaica, which, while still a boy, he left for France, where he received his education. In Jamaica the scenery of the Blue Mountains awoke in him the love of nature; in France the sudden discovery of a cromlech in a corn-field inspired him with a passion for antiquity, and both enthusiasms give to his work much of its peculiar quality and charm. His education completed, he engaged in miscellaneous literary and educational work, accepting a post on the staff of the *Glasgow Herald*. While thus engaged he published his volume "A Lost Epic and other Poems" (1887).

There were few single-volume poets of that time whose work was so obviously distinguished by solidity and variety of intellectual interest as that of Mr. Canton. It is this distinction which differentiates him. Many of our versifiers have imagination, fancy, fluency, and music; but these things constitute the sum total of their endowment, and we feel the want of some substance behind. Mr. Canton has plenty to say. His poems are rich in art, but they are also rich in knowledge, in thought, in observation, in large experience of life. When "Through the Ages:

a Legend of a Stone Axe" was originally published in the *New Quarterly Magazine*, Professor Huxley noted it with admiring interest as the first attempt that had been made to use "the raw material of science" as a subject for poetry. Not only in this poem, however, but in many others, we feel the presence of the true scientific spirit. The poet feels the demands of the soul; he feels also the claim of the observed fact; and he strives after a reconciliation between them that shall have the satisfaction not merely of comfort but of truth. In the remarkable sonnet-sequence "The Latter Law," he tells how when he had ceased to yearn for his "lost Eden," and "knew no loving spirit brooded in the blue," he found solace in the discovery that "the stern new Law" revealed "Romance more rare than poetry creates"; that

> "All things, now whole, have parts of many been,
> And all shall be. A disk of Homer's blood
> May redden a daisy on an English lawn,
> And what was Chaucer glimmer in the dawn
> To-morrow o'er the plains where I have stood."

The longing for personal immortality had vanished; of what use were it if "Plato, Hypatia, Shakespeare had surceased . . . and God were but a mythos of the sky?"

> "And when I thought, o'ershadowed with strange awe,
> How Christ was dead—had ceased in utter woe,
> With that great cry 'Forsaken!' on the cross,
> I felt at first a sense of bitter loss,
> And then grew passive, saying, 'Be it so!
> 'Tis one with Christ and Judas. 'Tis the law!'"

So far the questions are answered, and the questioner is at least resigned.

"But when my child, my one girl-babe lay dead—
The blossom of me, my dream and my desire—
And unshed tears burned in my eyes like fire,
And when my wife subdued her sobs, and said—
Oh, husband, do not grieve, be comforted,
She is with Christ! I laughed in my despair.
With Christ! O God! and where is Christ, and where
My poor dead babe? And where the countless dead?
The great glad Earth—my kin—is glad as though
No child had ever died; the heaven of May
Leans like a laughing face above my grief.
Is *she* clean lost for ever? How shall I know?
O Christ! art Thou still Christ? And shall I pray
For fulness of belief or unbelief?"

Much of Mr. Canton's most winning work is to be found in the sections headed "Wayside Vignettes" and "Poems of Childhood." To nature-lovers and to child-lovers his verse will make a special appeal, as it expresses their own emotion as they would express it if they could, and testifies to an intimacy of knowledge which few of them can boast. This is specially of the nature-poems; few indeed of the singers of our generation have reaped so rich a harvest of a quiet eye as that stored in a granary of Mr. Canton's first volume. It is not that he finds or even seeks the unfamiliar, but that he renders the familiar—which is too often the neglected—with such single-eyed veracity, that a reflection in still water, a crow perched a-top of a naked tree, a stretch of meadow-land in early summer dawn, seems a thing of beauty, that is as new as it is beautiful. To him it may indeed be said, that the common pebble in virtue of its very commonness, is dearer than the rare gem; as he himself has written,

"Use teaches thankfulness a sinful thrift;
We prize the casual, slight the constant gift."

The "Poems of Childhood" speak everywhere the love and delight and wonder which inform the opening of the lovely "Laus Infantium."

"In praise of little children I will say
God first made man, then found a better way
For woman, but his third way was the best.
Of all created things the loveliest
And most divine are children. Nothing here
Can be to us more gracious or more dear.
And though when God saw all his works were good
There was no rosy flower of babyhood,
'Twas said of children in a later day
That none could enter Heaven save such as they."

The following selections are from Mr. Canton's shorter poems, of which "Woodland Windows" is a charming example:—

"Where tall green elm-trees in a row
Their boughs in Gothic arches pleach,
Two foliage-fretted lancets show
A warm blue sky, a summer beach.

One lancet holds a sunset sky,
And where the glossy ripple rolls,
An old man hanging nets to dry
In brown loops from the trestled poles.

And one, a patch with wild flowers gay,
A shoal where green sea-ribbons float
And two bright sunburnt tots at play
Beside an up-turned fishing-boat.

Within the woodland's pillared shade,
I seem from some dim aisle to see
That shore by whose blue waters played
The little lads of Zebedee."

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Mr. Canton has since published "The Invisible Playmate," 1894; "A Child's Book of Saints," 1898; "Children's Sayings," 1900; "True Annals of Fairyland," 1900; "In Memory of W.V.," 1901; and "The Comrades," 1902.

POEMS

1887.

WILLIAM CANTON.

I.—THE CROW.

WITH rakish eye and plenished crop,
  Oblivious of the farmer's gun,
Upon the naked ash-tree top
  The Crow sits basking in the sun.

An old ungodly rogue, I wot!
  For, perched in black against the blue,
His feathers, torn with beak and shot,
  Let woful glints of April through.

The year's new grass, and, golden-eyed
  The daisies sparkle underneath,
And chestnut-trees on either side
  Have opened every ruddy sheath.

But doubtful still of frost and snow,
  The ash alone stands stark and bare,
And on its topmost twig the Crow
  Takes the glad morning's sun and air.

II.—A DESERTED GARDEN.

A HIGHROAD white with the dust of May;
  An old red wall, and an iron gate;
A scent of Spring-time: a blossomy spray,
  Thrown over and bowed by the blossom's weight

An empty house, and a garden-ground
  That no one tended! The flowering trees
Had grown half wild. With a revel of sound
  The birds in flocks made merry at ease.

The gravelled pathways were blurred with green;
The flower-beds each into other had run;
'Twas all one ferment of colour and sheen,
And scent and song, in the glittering sun.

And yet the place had a rueful look
For lack of laughter and pattering feet;
The fruit-tree shadowed no maiden's book;
No greybeard dozed on the garden-seat.

Methought I saw, as I gazed within,
An idyl of youth with its bliss and pain—
The empty house of "what might have been"—
The garden of dreams that were dreamed in vain.

III.—DAY-DREAMS.

BROAD August burns in milky skies,
The world is blanched with hazy heat;
The vast green pasture, even, lies
Too hot and bright for eyes and feet.

Amid the grassy levels rears
The sycamore against the sun
The dark boughs of a hundred years,
The emerald foliage of one.

Lulled in a dream of shade and sheen,
Within the clement twilight thrown
By that great cloud of floating green,
A horse is standing, still as stone.

He stirs nor head nor hoof, although
The grass is fresh beneath the branch;
His tail alone swings to and fro
In graceful curves from haunch to haunch.

He stands quite lost, indifferent
To rack or pasture, trace or rein;
He feels the vaguely sweet content
Of perfect sloth in limb and brain.

IV.—LOVE AND LABOUR.

AT noon he seeks a grassy place
Beneath the hedgerow from the heat;
His wife sits by, with happy face,
And makes his homely dinner sweet.

Upon her lap their baby lies,
Rosy and plump and stout of limb—
With two great blue unwinking eyes
Of stolid wonder watching him.

The trees are swooning in the heat;
No bird has heart for song or flight;
The fiery poppy in the wheat
Droops, and the blue sky aches with light.

He empties dish, he empties can;
He coaxes baby till she crows;
Then rising up a strengthened man,
He blithely back to labour goes.

His hammer clinks through glare and heat—
With little thought and well content
He toils and splits for rustic feet
Fragments of some old continent.

Homeward he plods, his travail o'er,
Through sunset lanes, past fragrant farms,
Till—glimpse of heaven!—his cottage-door
Frames baby in her mother's arms.

V.—ANY FATHER.

WE talked of you; in happy dreams
Our hearts foretold you,
O little Blossom!
And yet how marvellous it seems
To see and hold you!
We guessed you boy, we guessed you maid,
Right glad of either;
How like, how unlike all we said,
Upon her knee there,
You lie and twit us,
O little Blossom!

VI.—ANY MOTHER.

SO sweet, so strange—so strange, so sweet
Beyond expression,
O little Blossom!
To sit and feel my bosom beat
With glad possession;
For you are ours, our very own,
None other's, ours;
God made you of *our* two hearts alone,
As God makes flowers
Of earth and sunshine,
O little Blossom!

VII.—A PHILOSOPHER.

YES, you may let them creep about the rug.
And stir the fire! Aha! that's bright and snug.
To think these mites—ay, nurse, unfold the screen!—
Should be as ancient as the Miocene;

That ages back beneath a palm-tree's shade
These rosy little quadrupeds have played,
Have cried for moons or mammoths, and have blacked
Their faces round the Drift Man's fire—in fact,
That ever since the articulate race began
These babes have been the joy and plague of man!

Unnoticed by historian and sage,
These bright-eyed chits have been from age to age
The one supreme majority. I find
Mankind hath been their slaves, and womankind
Their worshippers; and both have lived in dread
Of time and tyrants; toiled and wept and bled,
Because of some quaint elves they called their own.
Had little ones in Egypt been unknown,
No Pharaoh would have had the power, methinks,
To pile the Pyramids or carve the Sphinx.

Take them to bed, nurse; but before she goes
Papa must toast his little woman's toes.
Strange that such feeble hands and feet as these
Have sped the lamp-race of the centuries!

VIII.—SUSPIRIUM.

THESE little shoes!—How proud she was of these!
Can you forget how, sitting on your knees,
She used to prattle volubly, and raise
Her tiny feet to win your wondering praise?
Was life too rough for feet so softly shod,
That now she walks in Paradise with God,
Leaving but these—whereon to dote and muse—
These little shoes?

IX.—BIRTH AND DEATH.

SHE came to us in storm and snow—
The little one we held so dear—
And all the world was full of woe,
And war and famine plagued the year;
And ships were wrecked and fields were drowned,
And thousands died for lack of bread;
In such a troubled time we found
That sweet mouth to be kissed and fed.

But oh, we were a happy pair,
Through all the war and want and woe;
Though not a heart appeared to care,
And no one even seemed to know.

She left us in the blithe increase
Of glowing fruit and ripening corn,
When all the nations were at peace,
And plenty held a brimming horn—
When we at last were well to do,
And life was sweet, and earth was gay;
In that glad time of cloudless blue
Our little darling passed away.

And oh, we were a wretched pair
In all the gladness and the glow;
And not a heart appeared to care,
And no one even seemed to know.

George Barlow.

1847.

Mr. George Barlow was born June 19th, 1847, in Great George Street, Westminster. He is the son of Mr. George Barnes Barlow, master of the Crown Office, and was educated at Harrow and Exeter College, Oxford. His first volume, "Poems and Sonnets," was published in 1871, while he was still at college. This was followed by "A Life's Love" (1873), "Under the Dawn" (1875), "The Two Marriages" (1878), "Through Death to Life" (1878), "Marriage before Death" (1878), "Song Bloom" (1881), "Song Spray" (1882), "An Actor's Reminiscences and Other Poems" (1883), "Poems Real and Ideal" (1884), a Love trilogy, including "Love's Offering" (1883), "An English Madonna" (1884), and "Loved beyond Words" (1885), "The Pageant of Life" (1888), and "From Dawn to Sunset" (1890), "Poetical Works" (1902), and other volumes

Mr. Barlow is a poet with an undoubted lyrical gift and a facility in its use which is responsible for a great deal. Like many another writer, he would have stood higher as a poet if he had written less. Fluency always means weakness when it is not directed by even judgment and held in wise restraint; and there is abundant evidence in Mr. Barlow's work that in words and measures he has horses that are apt to run away

with him, to the peril of the chariot he rides. "The Pageant of Life," miscalled an epic, contains a number of poems on a variety of themes, written in lyric form. Many of these, especially the shorter ones, are sweet and pathetic expressions of natural feeling; and if we cannot accept Mr. Barlow as the interpreter of mysteries which profounder men have failed to reveal, we can at least welcome some of these songs as graceful and tender presentations of emotions common to us all. That there are some powerful passages in the more serious numbers of this work, as for instance that entitled "Satan" in Book V., is undoubtedly true: and that in some of the satirical dialogues of Book III. the poet passes far beyond the limits of good sense and good taste can hardly be gainsaid. And yet, taking away all that can thus be deprecated, there remains in this book and in the "Dawn to Sunset" volume a large body of lyrical work which is without reproach, and which entitles its author to rank among lyrists. Such poems as "The Blue-bells," "The Old Maid," "The Blind Poet," "The Dead Child"—

"She dropped no toys to show the road she went"—

and many others awaken ready response in natural hearts, and are worth much more to humanity than the cynical and superficial remarks of Satan upon things he does not appear to understand. For these reasons we much prefer Mr. Barlow's volume "From Dawn to Sunset," in which he has gathered many of the songs and sonnets of his earlier volumes. In this book there are beyond those we quote from it many poems which will repay perusal.

ALFRED H. MILES.

1888.

GEORGE BARLOW.

I.—BLUE-BELLS.

"ONE day, one day, I'll climb that distant hill
And pick the blue-bells there!"
So dreamed the child who lived beside the rill
And breathed the lowland air.
"One day, one day, when I am old I'll go
And climb the mountain where the blue-bells blow!"

One day! one day! The child was now a maid,
A girl with laughing look;
She and her lover sought the valley-glade
Where sang the silver brook.
"One day," she said, "love, you and I will go
And reach that far hill where the blue-bells blow!"

Years passed. A woman now with wearier eyes
Gazed towards that sunlit hill.
Tall children clustered round her. How time flies!
The blue-bells blossomed still.
She'll never gather them! All dreams fade so.
We live and die, and still the blue-bells blow.

II.—TWO NIGHTS.

LAST night he kissed my hair, and kissed my face,
And laughed, and praised my figure's supple grace.
My soul was dazzled as with sudden flame:
Star behind star my sweet star-bridesmaids came:
To-night, to-night,
No soft starlight,
But gloom profound that veils the heaven and sea.

Last night the world was full of light and fire:
Star throbbed to star, and burned with sweet desire.
There was no heaven,—for earth was heaven instead!
No immortality,—for death was dead!
To-night, to-night,
Dead is delight,
And pain awakes and lives eternally.

Last night I thought before God's throne I stood,
And knew, knew once for all, that God was good.
To-night how vast a darkness clothes me round:
I madden for love's footfall. Not a sound!—
Last night, last night,
My love took flight:
Cloud sobs to cloud, and whispers, "Where is he?"

III.—THE OLD MAID.

SHE gave her life to love. She never knew
What other women give their all to gain.
Others were fickle. She was passing true.
She gave pure love, and faith without a stain.

She never married. Suitors came and went.
The dark eyes flashed their love on one alone.
Her life was passed in quiet and content.
The old love reigned. No rival shared the throne.

Think you her life was wasted? Vale and hill
Blossomed in summer, and white winter came:
The blue ice stiffened on the silenced rill:
All times and seasons found her still the same.

Her heart was full of sweetness till the end.
What once she gave, she never took away.
Through all her youth she loved one faithful friend:
She loves him now her hair is growing grey.

IV.—RETROSPECT.

"O CONQUERING poet, thou that hast
The whole world at thy feet,
What laurel-garlands crown thy past!
Is not the present sweet?"

Poet.

"I'd fling away my crown of bay,
Lose it without one throe,
To feel beside my own to-day
The tender heart I flung away
Long, long ago!"

"O statesman, thou that guidest things
With godlike strength of will,
Thou art more regal than earth's kings
They hear thee, and are still."

Statesman.

"I shape the world continually,
I lay its monarchs low,
And yet I'd give the world to see
The dead eyes smile that smiled at me
Long, long ago!"

"O warrior, thou that carriest high
Thy grey victorious head,
What pæans echo to the sky
At thy war-horse's tread!"

Warrior.

"I heed them not. I long to hear
The child's speech, soft and slow,
That used to sound upon my ear,
So sweet, so pure, so silver-clear,
Many and many and many a year
Ago!"

V.—THE DEAD CHILD.

BUT yesterday she played with childish things,
With toys and painted fruit.
To-day she may be speeding on bright wings
Beyond the stars! We ask. The stars are mute.

But yesterday her doll was all in all;
She laughed and was content.
To-day she will not answer, if we call:
She dropped no toys to show the road she went.

But yesterday she smiled and ranged with art
Her playthings on the bed.
To-day and yesterday are leagues apart!
She will not smile to-day, for she is dead.

VI.—THE BLIND POET.

WITHIN a humble London room
A poet lived and wrought:
He saw the sweet spring-blossoms bloom
But only in his thought.

His eyes were darkened. But his soul
Had power to see the skies:
Of Nature's lore he read the whole
With his heart's loving eyes.

A thousand spirits walk the earth,
Yet have no power to see:
They miss its sorrow, miss its mirth,
Its beauty. Not so he!

For him the sun was full of light,
And blue the bright sea-wave;
The wind-tost woods returned delight
For music that he gave.

The rosebud in his song was red ;
The sun-kissed hills were green :
The daisy to his door was led,
As proud as any queen !

For to each flower he gave a life
Beyond the life of time,
And by his music made the strife
Of wrestling storms sublime.

* *

Aye, all hearts loved him. But the dead,
They loved him best, it seems.
They hovered round about his bed,
And drew him through his dreams.

They drew his spirit towards the land
Where all who love shall see.
They took the blind man by the hand :
He followed fearlessly.

They led him from this land of ours,
And promised him a boon :
"Thine eyes shall feast on heavenly flowers,
On heavenly sun and moon ;

"Thou shalt see heavenly stars," they said ;
"Thou shalt breathe heavenly air ;
Thou shalt know rapture 'mid the dead,
Who, living, knewest despair :

"Follow."—He listened to the voice,
And left us here in gloom.
Yet has he made the wiser choice :
He has left his darkened room.

He saw on earth pale ghosts of stars ;
But that dim life is done :
Death bursts his darkness' prison-bars ;
To-day he sees the sun.

VII.—THE POET.

O ARTIST dreaming thus thy life away,
There is a higher life than thou canst guess.
Art thou a poet? sweet love answers, "nay."
Was Christ a poet? woman answers, "yes."

The highest poethood is ever this:
To love as Christ loved, and to save the race.
Not to spend wild years, seeking kiss on kiss,
But to draw forth the soul in woman's face.

To aid the weary, and to lift the low:
To show God's pity in the human sphere:
Besought by sorrow, never to say "no":
To lend the helpless heart a ready ear:

To honour woman, and, if woman slip,
To stand by ready, with strong outstretched hand,
As God sends starlight to the struggling ship,
Or the staunch life-boat pulling from the land:

This is true poethood.—Aye, not to love
The rose the less, but to love virtue more:
Not to love earth less in that, far above,
The poet sees the stars that sail or soar.

Hast thou God's vision? art thou part of him?
Can thine eye, steady, mocking at fatigue,
Traverse vast spaces where man's eye grows dim,
Pursuing phantom star-ships, league on league?

Art thou so near to God thou canst not pray,
Since prayer is offered to a distant form?
Thy church, heaven's blue dome on a summer day?
Thy hymns, the staves that thunder through a storm?

* * * * *

Canst thou see what no common eye can see,
And, penetrating far past space and time,
Be clothed upon with God's eternity—
And, as he made the ebon night sublime

With countless stars, make generations bright
With songs that breathe through ages yet to be
The passionate fragrance of one summer night,
The scent of sea-weed on a mortal sea?

Then, being more than man in thought and frame,
Be more than man in noble act as well;
Be poet in thy deeds, not only in name;
Flash down song's sunshine to the depths of hell.

Thou wilt not reverence Christ? Be more than he
He is not jealous. He will stand aside.
Thou hardly carest for God? He cares for thee;
And he is greater, having less of pride.

If thou canst light one brief torch, he can light
The watch-fires glimmering through the camps of space
One lyric song perchance thine hand can write:
He writes the Epics of the human race.

And yet he cares for thee.—Be like to him.
Be God, if yet thou dream'st this thing can be.
Drink deep of God's life, let the cup o'er brim.
Deem that thy wine-glass can contain the sea!

Thou wilt not own a Master? Be thou lord.
So long as thou doest justice, all is well.
Thou hast to slay wrong with a fiery sword:
What Christ's tongue left unspoken, thou must tell.

Yet, stars and suns and sunlike songs above,
Sits the eternal Father, God unseen.
Love is the Father. Be thou perfect love
And thou shalt be God's Son, as Christ has been.

FROM DAWN TO SUNSET.

1890.

GEORGE BARLOW.

I.—"IF ONLY THOU ART TRUE."

IF only a single Rose is left,
Why should the Summer pine?
A blade of glass in a rocky cleft;
A single star to shine.
—Why should I sorrow if all be lost,
If only thou art mine?

If only a single Bluebell gleams
Bright on the barren heath,
Still of that flower the Summer dreams,
Not of his August wreath.
—Why should I sorrow if thou art mine,
Love, beyond change and death?

If only once on a wintry day
The sun shines forth in the blue,
He gladdens the groves till they laugh as in May
And dream of the touch of the dew.
—Why should I sorrow if all be false,
If only *thou* art true?

II.—THEE FIRST, THEE LAST.

BECAUSE thou wast the first
To waken passion's thirst,
When all the morning youthful air was sweet;
Because, while skies were blue
And fern-fronds fresh with dew,
Thine eyes were morning's eyes for me to meet,
Thy name first, last, in song-land I repeat.

Because the seas were fair
With breath of morning air,—
Because enchanted sunlight filled the bays;
Because in vale and dell
Young spring-like petals fell
And dreams were sweet in many a woodland maze
Thee first, thee last, in song to heaven I raise.

Because the woods were green,
Because thou wast my queen
Long ere pale Sorrow haunted with sad eyes
The autumn desolate rills,
And thunder-smitten hills,
And wild moors which the purple-heather dyes,
Song's light outlives the sunshine of the skies.

Because thou wast my Bride,
Young, beautiful, soft-eyed,
Long ere the voice of other woman spoke;
Because thou wast the flower
First sent in life's first hour,
White as the seas that round our footsteps broke,
Both first and last I bow me to thy yoke.

Because no woman's face
Had, then, the same sweet grace,
Nor had the eyes of woman magic then
To lead astray my heart;
Because the crown of Art
Thou wast, and my life's mission among men
Thou madest plain, I hymn thee, love, again.

I hymn, sweet lady, thee,
With voice of our old sea,
With passionate surge of song-wave on the shore
Of fast-receding time;
I seek thee in my rhyme,
Beautiful, tender as thou wast, once more.
I loved thee in silence. Now my songs adore.

Because in the early glow
Of morning thou didst throw
A glamour o'er my life that never yet
Hath faded quite away,
Though shades of evening grey
Are in the West, and cold years must be met,
Upon thy brow this wreath of song I set.

I bring thee, love, again
A soft memorial strain;
A memory as of morning o'er the sea:
Pale flowers for thee to wind,
With love-glance flung behind,
Within thy tresses ere swift years that flee
Banish the morning thoughts, and thoughts of me.

Thee first, thee last, I crown
And lay my singing down
Just as of old for blessing of thine hand;
Again, in dreams, a boy,
Full of love's fiery joy,
Watching the sea-shades of thine eyes I stand,
While miles of meadow-sweet scent all the land.

III.—DEATH.

THE mantle of a vast exceeding peace
Over the lonely wandering poet fell:
The noises of the worldly war did cease,
And all was well.

Some understood him better, now that death
Had folded round him its embrace secure,
And breathed upon him with its awful breath,
Most sweet, most pure.

The women who had followed through wild ways
With love and longing in most tender hands,
Brought him his roses and his wreath of bays,
Plucked in lone lands.

But over him fell sweet unbroken sleep,
And rest divine that nought could change or mar;
One woman watched his grave with great grand deep
Gaze like a star.

Nought moved her from his grave. His other queens
Sought other pleasures—bought and sold and slept
But still, where over him the grey stone leans,
This woman wept.

They found her there one summer morning dead
Beneath the solemn marriage-sealing sun,
To his live endless deathless spirit wed,—
So these were one.

SONNETS.

GEORGE BARLOW.

I.—SONNET: THE POET'S MISSION.

BE gentle with me; for thou knowest not yet
The utter need there is in me of love.
Oh! though the poets' brows, bay-crowned above,
Shine famously,—look close, their eyes are wet.
The sorrow of all the earth God's hand has set
Upon them for a wreath,—and in strange fashion
To understand in soul earth's every passion:
For this it is that earth is in their debt.

What the slow heartless lover cannot feel,
The poet feels for him; and tear-drops steal
Adown his cheeks when others cannot sorrow.
What wonder then if sometimes in his heart
There is a yearning he cannot impart,
And sweet would seem a night without a morrow!

II.—THE FINAL LONELINESS.

IF God be dead, and Man be left alone,
And no immortal golden towers be fair,
And nothing sweeter than earth's summer air
Can ever by our yearning hearts be known;
If every altar now be overthrown,
And the last mistiest hill-tops searched and bare
Of Deity,—if Man's most urgent prayer
Is just a seed-tuft tossed about and blown:—

If this be so, yet let the lonely deep
Of awful blue interminable sky
Thrill to Man's kingly unbefriended cry:
Let Man the secret of his own heart keep
Sacred as ever;—let his lone soul be
Strong like the lone winds and the lonelier sea.

Edmund Gosse.

1849.

Mr. Edmund William Gosse is the son of the late Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. He was born in London, September 21st, 1849, and educated in Devonshire. In 1867 he was appointed assistant-librarian at the British Museum, and in 1875 translator to the Board of Trade. In the years 1872 and 1874 he visited Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, for the purpose of studying Scandinavian literature; and in 1877 spent some time in Holland on a similar literary quest. He has published "Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets" (in conjunction with Mr. J. A Blaikie) (1870); "On Viol and Flute," lyrical poems (1873); "King Erik," a tragedy (1876); "The Unknown Lover," a drama (1878); "New Poems" (1879), and "Firdausi in Exile," and other poems (1886). He wrote the "Masque of Painters," which was performed by the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, May 19th, 1885, and subsequent evenings, with great success. A collected edition of his early poems was published in 1890 under the former title "On Viol and Flute." His chief prose works include "Northern Studies," the result of his continental researches (1879); a "Life of Gray" (1882): followed later by an edition of Gray's works in four volumes; "Seventeenth Century Studies," a contribution to the history of English poetry (1883); a "Life of

Congreve" (1888); a "History of Eighteenth Century Literature" (1889); a "Life of Philip Henry Gosse," the naturalist, his father (1891); a volume of essays, "Gossip in a Library" (1891); a prose romance, "The Secret of Narcisse" (1892); and "In Russet and Silver" poems (1894). In 1884-5 Mr. Gosse visited America, lecturing at Harvard and Yale. On his return he became Clarke lecturer in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge (1885-9).

The first thing that strikes one, in face of such a list, and it is far from complete, is the extraordinary industry which has accomplished so much in so short a space of time. Surely this were a sufficient record for a whole lifetime, and yet Mr. Gosse has, presumably, many years before him in which to round off the period of his achievements. For ourselves, at least, we may express the hope that during these years of opportunity he will be more the pipe, and less the pen, of the muses. He has already paid the penalty all poets pay who largely occupy themselves with prose. There are those who will never call a man a poet if they can possibly call him anything else, and so it has been said of Mr. Gosse, as it has been said of many others, from Walter Scott to George Meredith, that he is not so much a poet as a prose-writer who affects poetry.

Whatever may be the merits of Mr. Gosse's prose, his poetry is far too excellent to be allowed to remain in the shadow thrown by it. There is surely not one of the poems included in the following selection which can be read without a sense of pleasure, a feeling of music, and a throb of sympathy. "Lying in the Grass" is a beautiful English

pastoral, "full of young blood and tuneful impulse," as Mr. Stedman said of the volume in which it first appeared, and yet showing due restraint, wisdom beyond the years of youth, and the broad sympathy that can hunger for a

> "heart in unison with all mankind."

"The Farm," again, another English idyl, full of English feeling and description, broadening into the wider sympathy that can say—

> "Nor seems it strange indeed
> To hold the happy creed
> That all fair things that bloom and die
> Have conscious life as well as I;
>
> "That not in vain arise
> The speedwell's azure eyes,
> Like stars upon the river's brink,
> That shine, unseen of us, and sink;
>
> "That not for Man is made
> All colour, light and shade,
> All beauty, ripened out of sight,—
> But to fulfil its own delight."

"The Gifts of the Muses" is a classical story, and yet one that is full of human interest. How great a contrast to its prototypes of a hundred years ago! Here tender sympathy turns poetry into pathos, and delicate manipulation turns pathos into poetry. Of another form, "The Cruise of the *Rover*," a spirited ballad, written in a free flowing measure, is vigorous, picturesque, and full of colour, and irresistibly enkindles the reader's sympathy for the heroes' fate; albeit, they are but pirates paying the penalty of lawlessness.

"King Erik," which we are unable to quote at length, has some charming scenes and many graceful

passages, and one specially successful lyric which may represent it here:—

"Autumn closes
Round the roses,
Shatters, strips them, head by head;
Winter passes
O'er the grasses,
Turns them yellow, brown and red;
Can a lover
E'er recover
When the summer love is dead?

"Yet the swallow
Turns to follow
In the northward wake of spring,
To refashion
Wasted passion
With a sweep of his dark wing,
As returning
Love flies burning
To these stricken lips that sing!"

Mr. Gosse's poetry is alike faithful to nature and to art. His pictures of pastoral life are English in spirit, colour, and atmosphere; his classical poems, classical in thought, tone, and form. Whether of the one class or the other they show the beating of the sympathetic pulse of true feeling, none the less real because held under wise restraint.

ALFRED H. MILES.

ON VIOL AND FLUTE.

1873.

EDMUND GOSSE.

LYING IN THE GRASS.

BETWEEN two golden tufts of summer grass,
I see the world through hot air as through glass,
And by my face sweet lights and colours pass.

Before me, dark against the fading sky,
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie:
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,
Rich glowing colour on bare throat and head,
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead!

And in my strong young living as I lie,
I seem to move with them in harmony—
A fourth is mowing, and that fourth am I.

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep,
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood,
That gushes through my veins a languid flood,
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,
A dark-green beech-wood rises, still and fair,
A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her head,
And clean white apron on her gown of red,—
Her even-song of love is but half-said :

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes ;
Her cheeks are redder than a wild blush-rose :
They climb up where the deepest shadows close.

But though they pass, and vanish, I am there.
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair,
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer.

Ah ! now the rosy children come to play,
And romp and struggle with the new-mown hay ;
Their clear high voices sound from far away.

They know so little why the world is sad,
They dig themselves warm graves and yet are glad ;
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad !

I long to go and play among them there ;
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair.
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair.

The happy children ! full of frank surprise,
And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies ;
What godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes !

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays
That Tuscan potters fashioned in old days,
And coloured like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and loves portrayed,
Through ancient forests wandering undismayed,
And fluting hymns of pleasure unafraid.

They knew, as I do now, what keen delight
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight
Of little children playing in his sight;

What pure sweet pleasure, and what sacred love,
Comes drifting down upon us from above,
In watching how their limbs and features move.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind
I only wish to live my life, and find
My heart in unison with all mankind.

My life is like the single dewy star
That trembles on the horizon's primrose-bar,—
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death
Should come behind and take away my breath
I should not rise as one who sorroweth;

For I should pass; but all the world would be
Full of desire and young delight and glee,
And why should men be sad through loss of me?

The light is flying; in the silver-blue
The young moon shines from her bright window through:
The mowers are all gone, and I go too.

NEW POEMS.

1879.

EDMUND GOSSE.

I.—THE GIFTS OF THE MUSES.

AGAINST a platan's root,
Blowing a rustic flute,
Young Daphnis lay, the careless herdsman blithe;
His nervous fingers ran
Along the tuneful span,
While languor held his well-shaped limbs and lithe;
Down on his head there rained in wayward flight
A sparkling shower of green reflected light.

He piped an oaten strain
Of math and loaded wain,
Of harvest triumphs drawn along the vales;
Of songs of wood and hill,
The frail cicala shrill,
And shepherds challenging the nightingales,
Of heifers straying among orchard fruits
And wanton kids that gnaw the fig-tree shoots.

Thoughts of this simple kind
Held all his pastoral mind,
Unlearned in the painful lore of life,
Song and the flute's bright sound
Gilded his rustic round
Of works and ways, with nature ne'er at strife;
No waters fling their snows down mossy heights
More joyously than he his lyric flights.

Beside him, in the shade,
Stood tall a rosy maid,
The sweet Lycoris of the glistering hair·
From baskets hung hard by,
She piled an altar high,
With woodland rites and many an artless prayer,
Laid roses on it to the Muses nine,
And laurel to the Pythian more divine.

Then soon, her offering done,
She rested from the sun,
Leaning her locks against a leopard's hide;
While Daphnis in a dream
Let slip away the stream
Of flute-notes, till their echo wholly died;
Brown head by golden and brown limbs by white,
Sleep folded round them both its noon-delight.

But while in sleep they lie,
The Muses wander by,
Serene and stately, with their robes of song;
The dewy flowers they found,
And rustic altar crowned
With homely gifts that did their godhead wrong,
Yet smiled and took them, turned and smiled again
To find their suppliants in a drowsy vein.

Between them passed a sign,
And one among the Nine
Lift up the shepherd's roughly-carven flute,
And from Lycoris' breast,
Turned back the saffron vest,
And, signalling her sisters to be mute,
Took thence the humble amulet that lay
Close by that virgin heart's pure swing and sway.

And then they passed from sight,
Far up the hills of light,
Seeking their sire in many an upland lair,—
With voices hushed and low,
Lest he should came and go,—
Shivering to feel the laurel-scented air,—
Trembling lest every stir of wind and tree
Should lightly turn to music and be He.

But soon, on the cool ground,
Lycoris woke and found
An opal burning on her zoneless breast,
And sought in vain to find
The ring her mother kind
Kissed every night before she bade her rest;
New hopes sprang up, new passions dim and wild
She rose bewildered, and no more a child.

Out of that shining glade
Slow passed the dreaming maid,
And sought a pool, still as a wingless thought,
So pensively she fared,
A drinking hart was scared,
And woodwards fled, and yet she knew it not;
Intent in her own imaged form to find
The answering echo of her wakening mind.

And, bending o'er the wave
The mirrored shape it gave
Was taller, fairer than her memory knew;
From virgin coif to hem
The god's gift of the gem
Flashed mellow radiance, beaming through and through
Till, shrinking back a little in distress,
She blushed, oppressed with her own loveliness.

But soon her pride returned,
And o'er the pool she burned,
Glowing with pleasure at her own fair face,
And thought no more of him
Who, through the forest dim,
Was fain to vaunt her earliest simple grace;
Who now lay dreaming, while his fingers missed
The pipe he often in her praise had kissed.

So, idly wandering,
She met a conquering king,
High-charioted and garlanded with bays;
And from his fiery hand,
Took queenship of the land,
And sat, his consort, through her length of days,
Far-famed for peerless beauty, and the frost
Of glittering pomp when love and hope are lost.

But Daphnis, too, distraught,
In wakening hands had caught
No rustic flute rough-hewn of beech-wood light,
But, past his whole desire,
A massive ivory lyre,
Gold-strung and meet to hymn a king's delight;
As if a snake had made his hand its nest,
He thrust the plectrum from his throbbing breast.

But soon the sighing chords,
Half whispered into words,
Decoyed his fancy with their wayward charm;
Subtle the notes and strange
With mystic interchange
Of tones that might the wildest heart disarm,
He stooped to take the lovely breathing lyre,
And, as he touched it, all his soul took fire.

He tries a pastoral lay
Of goats that tramp in play,
And mar the treasuries of the thrifty bee;
But ah! do what he can
He peals a hymn to Pan,
And wakes the woods with dulcet harmony;
Prophetic strains to none before revealed
Pour out in music from his lips unsealed.

Then he arose and went,
Like one on mission sent,
Through many a vine-hung village of white walls;
Singing from door to door,
As never sang before
The deftest minstrel under coronals—
His hair unbound, a common shepherd lad,
But for a certain majesty he had.

Maidens and youths began
To haunt the tuneful man,
Following his lyre and him from town to town,
And oft when noon was hot,
In some secluded spot,
The bard would turn and bid them all lie down,
And then while in the pine-tops sigh the wind,
Some thrilling tale of passion he would find.

His praises flew before;
Men hailed him more and more;
They loaded him with garlands and with gold;
Some prayed him to abide
Still in that country-side,
A princely office in the state to hold;
He thanked them, and with level glance severe
Passed on; and they were dumb with shame and fear.

For yet with all his fame
Some secret inward flame
Fretted his heart, and made him grave and sad;
There was no joy or rest
In that god-haunted breast;
A grand but melancholy face he had,
And women gazing as he passed them by
Drew back, lest they should meet his glance and die.

High up a mountain-side,
Aweing the champaign wide,
The crowning city of that land is set;
Olive and poplar meet
Along its sun-white street,
And o'er the joyous folk their branches fret.
Against the myrtles, dark above the town,
The palace of an ancient line looks down.

And Daphnis comes at last,
After long years are past,
To smite his lyre before the victor king;
The people shout and crowd,
And call his name aloud,
Great poet, first of all that chaunt and sing!
He heeds them not nor bows his lovely head,
But steps like Orpheus through the gibbering dead

About his hair he sets
A wreath of violets,
Tears out the cooling lilies from his lyre
Reaches the palace door,
And treads the marble floor,
And wins the inmost chamber, fairer, higher,
Where deep transparent shadows fall and meet
Around the despot on his porphyry seat.

They gave him ear for song;
The courtiers, in a throng,
Applauded lightly when the feat was o'er;
The king, more apt and wise,
Vowed, by the Titan's eyes,
No loftier ode had reached his sense before,
And shouting, swore, for rapture so divine,
The queen herself should pour a meed of wine.

So, with cool fingers white,
She poured, like rosy light,
The sparkling wine that laughed to see the sun;
Gravely she gazed at him
Across the twinkling brim,
And praised the victory over music won,
Nor drooped the lids of her large eyes, nor sank,
When from her hand he took the bowl and drank.

'O more than queen,' he cried,
'Ripe to be deified,
The godhead blossoms in those eyes and lips!
Each minor mortal star
Thou dost excel as far
As must this opal other gems eclipse!
She shuddered inwardly, she knew not why,
And silence fell, and they gazed eye to eye.

So memory stirred in each,
As o'er a tideless beach,
Some wandering wind may ape the loud sea-wave;
Then, in a moment's space,
Faded from either face
The shade of shades that dim remembrance gave.
She was a queen, erect and fair and cold,
And he a singer to be fee'd with gold.

Forth from that house he went,
With face and shoulders bent,
Burdened with song and faint with vague desire;
Across the glaring street
He passed, on faltering feet,
Into the temple of the Delian Sire,
And while the priests around him wondered, he
Poured out strange prayer to their great deity.

'Bitter the laurel leaf;
And harsh the barley-sheaf
Dipped in the blood of Niobe for wine:
More sad than any tears
The weight of rhythmic years;
More fierce than fire the light upon the shrine;
More tense the bow, more fell the shafts by far
Than Love's light arrows, though they poisoned are.

'Love hath no part in me,
And hopes before me flee,
As from Narcissus fled his own fair face;
The morning breaks in vain,
No pleasure and no pain
Its bodiless hours can on my being trace:
I am but as thy lyre! Oh! let there start
Immortal music from this hopeless heart.'

And then, uplift anew,
He passed that priesthood through,
And sought the light, fading to eventide,
Within the broad white square
Stood, flushed with roseate air,
While folk came crowding round from far and wide,
Then made great music to their hearts' delight,
Till the stars gathered fire and it was night.

And so from year to year,
Like some high upland drear,
His lofty spirit and lonely watched the skies,
While still his lips and hands
Wrung wonder from all lands,
Praise found no echo in his changeless eyes;
Like dawn-struck Memnon by Nile's lonely shore,
He poured his music and was stone once more.

But when his heart was old,
The people brought their gold,
And hewed out marble from the mountains hoar,
Under their hands arose,
Slow, as a cedar grows,
A glorious palace on the south sea-shore,
And there, with slaves and perfumes and fair weather,
He and his lyre were sorrowful together.

One night—so legends say—
The ancient poet lay,
Scaring faint sleep with many a weary thought,
When, through the pillared gold,
The curtains, fold on fold,
Blew out as though a wind for entrance sought,
And all the fragrant lamps were dimly stirred
Though no one moved and not a sound was heard.

Then, through the deepening night,
Clouding the lamps with light,
Into that house the radiant Pythian came;
The majesty he had
Was self-illumed, and clad
In naked beauty like a rose-red flame.
He spake and smiled; so keen, so fierce, so fair,
His voice was like a sword and cleft the air.

'Ah! poet, ah! my son,
What meed hast thou not won,
Renowned for song through all my spacious realm!
Ask now thy best desire;
I swear, on lips of fire,
My bounty shall thy wishes overwhelm!
Ask what thou wilt; a god before thee stands,
With all earth's honours heaped upon his hands.'

And Daphnis made reply:
'See, at thy feet I lie,
All fame concentres in this brilliant hour
Honours enough, and praise
Have crowned my length of days,
Yet that was but the bud and this the flower;
Give me no more; but let me dumbly rest,
Within thy radiance intimately blest.

'Yet one request I have,
And one desire to crave,
Since thy serenest godhead holds my fate,
Give back the homely flute,
Now long disused and mute,
The sovereign Muses stole to make me great;
And oh! my master, take this lyre again,
With all its passion, all its weight of pain!'

But when the full dawn broke,
And Daphnis stirred nor spoke,
The slaves in fear drew back the veils' eclipse;
There on the stately bed
The ancient bard lay dead,
A smile still hovering on his curvèd lips:
The lyre they found not, but his fingers tight
Were closed upon a flute of beech-wood tight.

II.—THE FARM.

FAR in the soft warm west
There lies an orchard-nest,
Where every spring the black-caps come
And build themselves a downy home.

The apple-boughs entwine,
And make a net-work fine
Through which the morning vapours pass
That rise from off the dewy grass.

And when the spring-warmth shoots
Along the apple roots,
The gnarled old boughs grow full of buds
That gleam and leaf in multitudes.

And then, first cold and white,
Soon flushing with delight;
The blossom-heads come out and blow,
And mimic sunset-tinted snow.

Just where my farm-house ends
A single gable bends,
And one small window ivy-bound,
Looks into this enchanted ground.

I sit there while I write,
And dream in the dim light
That floods the misty orchard through
A pale-green vapour tinged with blue.

And watch the growing year
The flowers that spring and peer,
The apple-bloom that melts away,
The colours of the changing day.

The falling blossom fills
The cups of daffodils,
That loll their perfume-haunted heads
Along the feathery parsley-beds.

And there the young girls come
To take the gold flowers home;
They stand there, laughing, lilac-white,
Within the orchard's green twilight.

The rough old walls decay
And moulder day by day;
The fern-roots tear them, stone by stone,
The ivy drags them, overgrown;

But still they serve to keep
This little shrine of sleep
Intact for singing birds and bees
And lovers no less shy than these.

Soft perfumes blown my way
Remind me day by day
How spring and summer flowers arrange
Their aromatic interchange.

For in the still warm night,
I taste the faint delight
Of dim white violets that lie
Far down in depths of greenery.

And from the wild white rose
That in my window blows,
At dawn an odour pure and fine
Comes drifting like the scent of wine.

I live in flower and tree;
My own life seems to me
A fading trifle scarcely worth
The notice of the jocund earth.

Nor seems it strange indeed
To hold the happy creed
That all fair things that bloom and die
Have conscious life as well as I.

That not in vain arise
The speedwell's azure eyes,
Like stars upon the river's brink,
That shine, unseen of us, and sink.

That not for Man is made
All colour, light and shade,
All beauty ripened out of sight,—
But to fulfil its own delight.

The black-caps croon and swing
Deep in the night, and sing
No songs in which man's life is blent
But to embody their content.

Then let me joy to be
Alive with bird and tree,
And have no haughtier aim than this,
To be a partner in their bliss.

So shall my soul at peace
From anxious carping cease,
Fed slowly like a wholesome bud
With sap of healthy thoughts and good.

That when at last I die,
No praise may earth deny,
But with her living forms combine
To chant a threnody divine.

III.—TO MY DAUGHTER TERESA.

THOU hast the colours of the Spring
The gold of kingcups triumphing,
The blue of wood-bells wild ;
But winter-thoughts thy spirit fill,
And thou art wandering from us still
Too young to be our child.

Yet have thy fleeting smiles confessed,—
Thou dear and much-desired guest,—
That home is near at last;
Long lost in high mysterious lands,
Close by our door thy spirit stands,
Its journey well-nigh past.

Oh sweet bewildered soul, I watch
The fountains of thine eyes, to catch
New fancies bubbling there.
To feel our common light, and lose
The flush of strange ethereal hues
Too dim for us to share!

Fade, cold immortal lights, and make
This creature human for my sake,
Since I am nought but clay;
An angel is too fine a thing
To sit beside my chair and sing,
And cheer my passing day.

I smile, who could not smile, unless
The air of rapt unconsciousness
Passed with the fading hours;
I joy in every childish sign
That proves the stranger less divine
And much more weakly ours.

I smile, as one by night who sees,
Through mist of newly budded trees,
The clear Orion set,
And knows that soon the dawn will fly
In fire across the riven sky,
And gild the woodlands wet.

FIRDAUSI IN EXILE AND OTHER POEMS.

1886.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE CRUISE OF THE "ROVER."

THEY sailed away one morning when sowing-time was over,
In long red fields above the sea they left the sleeping wheat;
Twice twenty men of Devonshire who manned their ship the *Rover*
Below the little busy town where all the schooners meet.

Their sweethearts came and waved to them, and filled with noise and laughter
The echoing port below the cliff where thirty craft can ride;
Each lad cried out "Farewell to thee," the captain shouted after,
"By God's help we'll be back again before the harvest tide."

They turned the Start and slipped along with speedy wind and weather;
Passed white Terceira's battlements, and, close upon the line,
Ran down a little carrack full of cloth, and silk, and leather,
And golden Popish images and good madeira wine.

The crew with tears and curses went tacking back
to Flores;
The English forty cut the seas where none before
had been,
And spent the seething purple nights in English
songs, and stories
Of England, and her soldiers, and her Spaniard-
hating queen.

At last the trade-wind caught them, the pale sharks
reeled before them,
The little *Rover* shot ahead across the western
seas;
All night the larger compass of a tropic sky passed
o'er them,
Till they neared the Mexique water's through a
strait of banyan-trees.

And then good luck befell them, for divers times they
sighted
The sails of Spanish merchantmen bound home-
ward with their wares;
And twice they failed to follow them, and once they
stopped benighted;
And thrice the flag of truce flew out, and the
scented prize was theirs.

But midsummer was on them, with close-reefed
gales and thunder,
Their heavy vessel wallowed beneath her weight
of gold;
A long highway of ocean kept them and home
asunder,
So back they turned towards England with a richly
laden hold.

But just outside Tampico a man-of-war was riding,
And all the mad young English blood in forty brains awoke,
The *Rover* chased the monster, and swiftly shorewards gliding,
Dipped down beneath the cannonade that o'er her bulwarks broke.

Three several days they fought her, and pressed her till she grounded
On the sandy isle of Carmen, where milky palm-trees grow;
Whereat she waved an ensign, a peaceful trumpet sounded,
And all the Spaniards cried for truce surrendering in a row.

Alas! the wiles and jesuitries of scoundrel-hearted Spaniards!
The scarlet woman dyes their hands in deeper red than hers,
For every scrap of white that decked their tackling and their lanyards,
Just proved them sly like devils and cowardly like curs.

For out from countless coverts, from low palm-shaded islands
That fledged in seeming innocence the smooth and shining main,
The pinnaces came gliding and hemmed them round in silence,
All manned with Indian bravos and whiskered dogs of Spain.

The captain darted forward, his fair hair streamed behind him,
He shouted in his cheery voice, "For home and for the queen!"
Three times he waved his gallant sword, but the flashes seemed to blind him;
And a hard look came across his mouth where late a smile had been.

We levelled with our muskets, and the foremost boat went under,
The ship's boy seized a trumpet and blew a merry blast;
The Spanish rats held off awhile and gazed at us in wonder,
But the hindmost pushed the foremost on, and boarded us at last.

They climbed the larboard quarter with their hatchets and their sabres;
The Devon lads shot fast and hard, and sank their second boat,
But the popish hordes were legion, and Hercules his labours
Are light beside the task to keep a riddled bark afloat.

And twenty men had fallen, and the *Rover's* deck was reeling,
And the brave young captain died in shouting loud "Elizabeth!"
The Spaniards dragged the rest away just while the ship was heeling,
Lest she should sink and rob them of her sailors' tortured breath.

For they destined them to perish in a slow and cruel slaughter,
A feast for monks and Jesuits too exquisite to lose;
So they caught the English sailors as they leaped into the water,
And a troop of horse as convoy brought them north to Vera Cruz.

They led them up a sparkling beach of burning sand and coral,
They dragged the brave young Englishmen like hounds within the leash;
They passed between an open wood of leaves that smelt of laurel,
Bound close together, each to each, with cords that cut the flesh.

And miles and miles along the coast they tramped beneath no cover,
Till in their mouths each rattling tongue was like a hard dry seed,
And ere they came to Vera Cruz when that long day was over,
The coral cut their shoes to rags and made them wince and bleed.

Then as they clambered up the town, the jeering crowd grew thicker,
And laughed to see their swollen feet, and figures marred and bent,
And women with their hair unloosed stood underneath the flicker
Of torch and swinging lantern, and cursed them as they went.

And three men died of weariness before they reached
the prison,
And one fell shrieking with the pain of a poniard
in the back;
And when dawn broke in the morning, three other
souls had risen
To bear the dear Lord witness of the hellish
Spaniard pack.

But the monks girt up their garments, the friars bound
their sandals,
They hurried to the market-place with faggots of
dry wood,
And the acolytes came singing, with their incense
and their candles,
To offer to their images a sacrifice of blood

But they sent a leech to tend them; with his pouch
and his long phial,
And the Jesuits came smiling, with honied words
at first,
For they dared not burn the heretics without some
show of trial;
And the English lads were dying of poisoned air
and thirst.

So they gave them draughts of water from a great
cold earthen firkin,
And brought them to the courtyard where the tall
hidalgo sat,
And he looked a gallant fellow in his boots and his
rough jerkin,
With the jewels on his fingers, and the feathers
in his hat.

And he spoke out like a soldier, for he said, "Ye
caught them fighting,
They met you with the musket, by the musket
they shall fall;
They are Christians in some fashion, and the pile
you're bent on lighting
Shall blaze with none but Indians, or it shall not
blaze at all."

So they led them to a clearing in the wood outside
the city,
Struck off the gyves that bound them, and freed
each crippled hand,
And dark-eyed women clustered round and mur-
mured in their pity,
But won no glance nor answer from the steadfast
English band.

For their lives rose up before them in crystalline
completeness,
And they lost the flashing soldiery, the sable
horde of Rome,
And the great magnolias round them, with wave on
wave of sweetness,
Seemed just the fresh profusion and hawthorn
lanes of home.

They thought about the harvests, and wondered who
would reap them;
They thought about the little port where thirty
craft can ride;
They thought about their sweethearts, and prayed
the Lord to keep them;
Then kissed each other silently, and hand in hand
they died.

William Ernest Henley.

1849—1903.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, who was distinguished both as a poet and a critic, and in a less degree, as a dramatist also, was born in 1849 at Gloucester, where he received his education. As a boy and young man he was a great sufferer, and in 1873 he journeyed to Edinburgh to place himself under the charge of the distinguished surgeon, Professor (afterwards Sir Joseph) Lister. After spending twenty months in the Old Edinburgh Infirmary—his experiences in which provided the raw material for his most striking series of poems—Mr. Henley found himself restored to comparatively good health, and resolved to settle in London. He became an active contributor to various well-known journals and magazines, and helped to found *London*, of which, for some time (1876—1878), he was the editor, many of the poems afterwards published in "A Book of Verses" (1887) making their first appearance in its columns. From 1882 to 1886 he edited the *Magazine of Art*: he was afterwards connected with the editorial department of the *Art Journal*: and his work on Millet and various scattered contributions to art criticism are the utterances of one who speaks with the authority of wide knowledge and fine judgment. In 1889, a year after he had gained instant fame as a poet

by the publication of his "Book of Verses," he became editor of the *Scots*—afterwards the *National —Observer*, and, at a subsequent period, of the *New Review*. In 1890 he published "Views and Reviews," selections from his journalistic criticism; in the same year appeared his admirable notes on the life and works of Sir Henry Raeburn; and, in addition to his other work, Mr. Henley collaborated with his beloved friend Mr. R. L. Stevenson in producing several plays, one of which, *Deacon Brodie*, a sombre and powerful drama, has had a successful run in the United States. Few of the writers of his time showed an output with such fine equality of varied excellence; but it is as a poet that Mr. Henley makes the strongest appeal to lovers of the good things of literary art. The series of poems in his earliest volume entitled "In Hospital: Rhymes and Rhythms," gave to the world assurance of a seer and a singer with a new vision, and a power of rendering it so intimate and exquisite that the effect produced had a unique attractiveness, compounded of the charms that belong to the delightfully familiar and the delightfully strange. In the kind of poetry which, for want of a better term may be called realistic, the central difficulty is that of grappling with those details which have a look of being irredeemably prosaic. Mr. Henley does not ignore or reject them, nor does he import them into his work in their native inertness of prose: by a fine magic he informs them with imaginative life, and without ceasing to be themselves, they become worthy poetic material. The opening poems of the series, "In Hospital," strike the keynote of the treatment. They are mainly devoted to the laying

in of a background, but it is not a *mere* background: it is made by subtle touches to give tone and value to the figures in front of it. The effect is largely achieved by an exquisiteness of frugal but not penurious epithet. "Enter Patient":—

"The morning mists still haunt the stony street;
The northern summer air is shrill and cold;
And lo, the Hospital, gray, quiet, old,
Where life and death like friendly chafferers meet.
Thro' the loud spaciousness and draughty gloom
A small strange child,—so aged yet so young!—
Her little arm besplinted and beslung,
Precedes me gravely to the waiting-room.

* * * * *

A tragic meanness seems so to environ
These corridors and stairs of stone and iron,
Cold, naked, clean—half-workhouse and half-jail."

Then comes the waiting-room,

"A square, squat room (a cellar on promotion)—
Drab to the soul, drab to the very daylight"

Where

"At their ease two dressers do their chores.
One has a probe—it feels to me a crowbar.
A small boy sniffs and shudders after bluestone.
A poor old tramp explains his poor old ulcers.
Life is (I think) a blunder and a shame."

How full of force and life is this. Crabbe could have done something very like it, but his movement would have been slow, his hand heavy: here every thing is swift and light. It is the instinctive eclecticism of the imagination: no touch is insignificant, and therefore every touch tells. Then on to the Interior where

"The gaunt brown walls
Look infinite in their decent meanness.
There is nothing of home in the noisy kettle,
The fulsome fire;"

and on again to the operating table, where the patient is to be initiated into "the thick, sweet mystery of chloroform, the drunken dark, the little death-in-life":—

"Then they bid you close your eyelids,
And they mask you with a napkin,
And the anæsthetic reaches
Hot and subtle through your being.

"And you gasp, and reel, and shudder
In a rushing, swaying rapture,
While the voices at your elbow
Fade—receding—fainter—farther.

"Lights about you shower and tumble,
And your blood seems crystallising—
Edged and vibrant, yet within you
Racked and hurried back and forward.

"Then the lights grow fast and furious,
And you hear a noise of waters,
And you wrestle, blind and dizzy,
In an agony of effort,

"Till a sudden lull accepts you,
And you sound an utter darkness . . .
And awaken . . . with a struggle . . .
On a hushed, attentive audience."

The hospital portraits—the staff-nurses of the old and new style, the lady probationers, the clinical professor, the suicide, the sailor, the ploughman, and the rest—are all wonderfully effective, not with the effectiveness of rhetorical pictorialism, but with the nakedly veracious rendering of a passionately observant imagination. Mr. Henley calls one of them "An Etching";—the title might be used for all; and though they are for the most part drawn in outline, with only the essential minimum of modelling, they gain rather than lose by his abstinence from elaboration. The poems entitled

"Pastoral" and "Music" come as delightful interludes; and no poet has given us a more finely expressive and interpretative utterance of the rapture of vividly realised life than is to be found in the poem "Discharged." The patient is emancipated from the gaunt brown walls, and is once more free of the wind and the sunshine; he has left the lazar-house for the beautiful world :—

> "O the wonder, the spell of the streets!
> The stature and strength of the horses,
> The rustle and echo of footfalls,
> The flat roar and rattle of wheels!
> A swift tram floats huge on us . . .
> It's a dream?
> The smell of the mud in my nostrils
> Is brave—like a breath of the sea!
>
> As of old,
> Ambulant, undulant drapery,
> Vaguely and strangely provocative,
> Flutters and beckons. O yonder—
> Scarlet!—the glint of a stocking!
> Sudden a spire,
> Wedged in the mist! O the houses,
> The long lines of lofty, gray houses!
> Cross-hatched with shadow and light,
> These are the streets. . . .
> Each is an avenue leading
> Whither I will!"

The series of poems grouped under the title "Life and Death" have so fine a lyrical feeling that in many of them Mr. Henley as a singer, pure and simple, is seen at his best. The section is rich in pleasant pictures, in happy fancies, in fine celebrations of emotional moments; and it contains one strong, intense, self-contained lyric of self-revelation, —the poem that opens with the stanza,

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul,"—

which is worthy of a place beside "The Old Stoic" of Emily Brontë.

The final section entitled "Bric-à-Brac," consisting of sonnets and poems in several of the old French forms, is perhaps on the whole less interesting, save to students of literary *technique*; but the quaint fancy of one *ballade*, "Of a Toyokuni Colour-Print," the imaginative glow in another, "Of Midsummer Days and Nights," and the perfect craftsmanship of both, indeed of all, gives to these exercises a distinction rare in a class of work where ingenuity often supersedes inspiration. Mr. Henley's second volume, "The Song of the Sword and other Verses" (1892), deepens and sharpens, but leaves otherwise almost unchanged, the impression struck by the "Book of Verses." The only new note is sounded by the fine rhetoric—the rhetoric of impassioned imagination, not of mere facile fluency—which makes itself heard in the title-poem and in the patriotic verses,

"What have I done for you,
England, my England?"

The "London Voluntaries" and most of the "Rhymes and Rhythms" sustain the artistic manner but enlarge the imaginative scope of the poems "In Hospital." The voice is the same, but in the ample spaciousness of a world that spreads itself gloriously under a sky, instead of revealing itself grimly under a roof, it displays a wider compass, a richer quality. Here is a passage from the second of the "Voluntaries":—

"For earth and sky and air
Are golden everywhere,
And golden with a gold so suave and fine
The looking on it lifts the heart like wine.
Trafalgar Square
(The fountains volleying golden glaze)
Gleams like an angel-market. High aloft
Over his couchant Lions in a haze
Shimmering and bland and soft,
A dust of chrysoprase,
Our Sailor takes the golden gaze
Of the saluting sun, and flames superb
As once he flamed it on his ocean round.
The dingy dreariness of the picture-place,
Turned very nearly bright,
Takes on a certain dismal grace,
And shows not all a scandal to the ground.
The very blind man pottering on the kerb,
Among the posies and the ostrich feathers
And the rude voices touched with all the weathers
Of all the varying year,
Shares in the universal alms of light.
The windows, with their fleeting, flickering fires.
The height and spread of frontage shining sheer,
The glistering signs, the rejoicing roofs and spires—
'Tis El Dorado—El Dorado plain,
The Golden City! And when a girl goes by,
Look! as she turns her glancing head,
A call of gold is floated from her ear!
Golden, all golden! In a golden glory,
Long lapsing down a golden coasted sky,
The day not dies but seems
Dispersed in wafts and drifts of gold, and shed
Upon a past of golden song and story
And memories of gold and golden dreams."

This is the imagination which sees and transfigures in seeing, and in the rendering of its vision Mr. Henley achieved his finest triumphs. Our final selection is from the "Rhymes and Rhythms"—a celebration of the autumnal glory:—

"Failing yet gracious,
Slow pacing, soon homing,
A patriarch that strolls
Through the tents of his children,
The Sun, as he journeys
His round on the lower
Ascents of the blue,
Washes the roofs
And the hillsides with clarity;
Charms the dark pools
Till they break into pictures;
Scatters magnificent
Alms to the beggar trees
Touches the mist-folk
That crowd to his escort
Into translucencies
Radiant and ravishing,
As with the visible
Spirit of Summer
Gloriously vaporised,
Visioned in gold.
Love, though the fallen leaf
Mark, and the fleeting light
And the loud, loitering
Footfall of darkness
Sign, to the heart
Of the passage of destiny,
Here is the ghost
Of a summer that lived for us,
Here is a promise
Of summers to be."

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

W. E. Henley also published "Lyra Heroica," a book of verses for boys (selected and arranged) (1892) and "Poems" (1898). He died on the 11th of July, 1903.

Philip Bourke Marston.

1850—1887.

It was a fortunate, and yet an unfortunate, thing for Philip Marston that when Fate set him to sing darkling (as men veil the cage of a songbird in order that it may more readily learn its note), the voice from the outer world which he could always the most easily distinguish, was the voice of Dante Rossetti. Fortunate, for the reason that Marston could scarcely have chosen a more consummate master of song under whom to perfect the gift with which he was endowed; unfortunate, for the reason that the blind poet's love and reverence for his master, and for his master's work, were so ardent that his thoughts became saturated and coloured with Rossetti's to an extent which tended to subordinate his own individuality. Hence there are passages in the poems of the younger singer which inevitably recall similar passages in those of the elder, and a comparison is thus instituted which it is no serious disparagement of Marston to say is not to his own advantage. In lyric loveliness, and grace, some of the blind poet's work is not unworthy of Rossetti, but we miss in Marston's lines the deep-mouthed volume of sound, the rhythmic splendour and sonority which are rarely absent from the Pre-Raphaelite's. Marston's voice, too, is, for all its sweetness, thin and shrill after Rossetti's, and the

framework of his poetry is slender, and lacking in intellectual robustness. Moreover he is diffuse and often painfully unequal, for although his lines are never wanting in grace and in fluency, he had that fatal facility for verse-making which often leads to the publication of much that is mediocre and immature. Melody is his one unfailing characteristic, and musical, at least, his lines always are. The harp he touched was strung with silver chords, attuned to subtle sweetness, but his range of music was narrow, and of bass notes he had but few. There were times when, under the influence of a stirring thought, he beat out a strain of solemn grandeur, but most of his melodies are set to a minor key, and are rendered more or less monotonous by an ever-recurrent note of sadness. His poems have been called "gloomy," and gloomy, indeed, many of them are; but as one sometimes hears ringing from a darkened chamber of mourning, cries which condense a whole life-history into half-a-dozen passionate words, so from the perpetual darkness in which the blind poet lived, there arose a voice athrill with such intensity of feeling, that men, hearing it, paused involuntarily to listen. Philip Marston's story is one of the most pathetic in the history of recent literature. He was born in London on August 13th, 1850, and was the only son of the late Dr. Westland Marston. At the age of four, he received an injury to one of his eyes, and inflammation setting in, it was evident that his sight was seriously affected. He did not, however, become absolutely blind until many years after, but increasing failure of vision made him dependent upon the devoted ministrations of his mother, whose

death was his first great grief. In 1871 his experimental volume, "Songtide," was published, and obtained immediate recognition as the work of a singer of exceptional promise; but even in the first flush of his success, a crushing calamity befell him in the death of Miss Mary Nesbit, a sister to Mrs. Bland, to whom he was engaged to be married. The death of his sister Cicely, in 1878, was scarcely less pathetic, for Cicely was the most devoted and self-sacrificing of sisters. Oliver Madox Brown had died while Marston was preparing for the press his second volume, "All in All," and the wrench had been terrible; but the loss of Cicely was the crowning catastrophe of the poet's life, and it was a catastrophe which was followed within a twelvemonth by the loss of his sister Nelly, and shortly afterward by that of his brother-in-law, Arthur O'Shaughnessy. The death of Rossetti filled his cup to the full, for in Rossetti Marston lost a friend of whom he could never speak without enthusiasm. But one friend he had remaining—the best beloved of all, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, the story of whose untiring and generous devotion to him will form, when it comes to be told, one of the most beautiful and touching chapters in the history of literary friendships. When, in 1883, Marston published his third volume "Wind Voices," it was to Mrs. Moulton, "True Friend and True Poet," that the book was dedicated; and it was Mrs. Moulton who, at his death, was appointed his literary executor. How self-sacrificingly and ably she has fulfilled her trust is too well known to need description. "Wind Voices" received immediate and hearty recognition, and deservedly so, but the book was the last work

which Marston lived to see through the press. From the date of its issue down to the time of his illness and death, he contributed to various periodicals, but his health was visibly failing, and in January 1887 he was stricken by serious illness, of which he died, on February 14th, in the same year.

If the name of Philip Bourke Marston is to live in English literature, it will be by his flower-poems or "Garden Secrets," and by a few of his sonnets and lyrics. A flower, especially a sweet-scented one, never failed to move him deeply. Time had robbed him of love, hope, and friends, and had plunged him into a mental gloom blacker even than the physical darkness in which he lived, as in a house of which he was the only tenant, and which seemed to him, at the last, like a charnel chamber strewn with the ashes of dead hope, dead love, and dead aspiration. But a flower, fair, fresh and immortal as in the days of his youth, and to him the one unchanging and perfect thing in a changing and decaying world, would call forth a new hope within him, and would waken in the heart of the blinded, sorrow-stricken poet, some memory of his happier self. Hence he could scarcely speak of flowers without his words rising into poetry, and he has personified them in language which recalls the ripple and run, the lightness and lilt of the Elizabethans.

Of the wind as well as of flowers, Marston has written with singular power and beauty. With the wind, indeed, he always had a strange sympathy: and one is tempted at times to fancy that it was to the accompaniment, and under the inspiration of Eolian music that certain of his poems were written; for in the wind harp's fitful strain—now sighing in

and out among the strings, soft, and low, and scarcely audible; now upswelling to a shrill and stormy cry of passionate sorrow, but always sweet, sad, and most musically mournful—there is that which strangely recalls the voice of the blind poet, and which seems to suggest the source and secret of his singing.

Not the least remarkable characteristic of Marston's mournful and musical verses is his constant anticipation of death. Even at the very outset of his life-journey, and as he was groping his way in his sunless, starless solitude, Philip Marston found that all the signposts of life which he chanced on, pointed always in one of two directions—"To Love" or "To Death"; nor was it long before, following the path to Love, he found it lead to, and lose itself in, that to Death, and so it came about that Death, and such thoughts as are expressed in the following poem "Alas," were never long absent from his mind:—

"Alas for all high hopes and all desires!
Like leaves in yellow autumn-time they fall.
Alas for prayers and psalms, and love's pure fires;
One silence and one darkness ends them all.

"Alas for all the world—sad, fleeting race!
Alas, my Love, for you and me Alas!
Grim Death will clasp *us* in his close embrace;
We, too, like all the rest, from earth must pass.

"Alas! to think we must forget some hours
Whereof the memory like Love's planet glows—
Forget them, as the year her withered flowers—
Forget them as the June forgets the rose.

"Our keenest rapture, our most deep despair,
Our hopes, our dreads, our laughter and our tears,
Shall be no more at all upon the air—
No more at all through all the endless years.

"*We* shall be mute beneath the grass and dew—
In that dark kingdom where Death reigns in state—

And you will be as I, and I as you—
One silence shed upon us, and one fate."

These lines of Marston's have a strange pathos to us who read them when the grass grows thick upon his grave. It seems as if he must be still alive, as if the man who wrote them was *too human to die*; as if death were not natural but unnatural; and as if it were scarcely less natural to tear a nestling babe from the bosom of its mother and to cast it out into the night, than to drag us from the familiar breast of this dear old earth to which we cling—this earth with its love and friendship and little children, its fields and flowers, sea and sky, sunlight and starshine, and sweet consolations of Art and Song—and hustle us away underground, where never a human voice nor ray of sunlight can reach us more.

And yet, in other moods, it seems to me as if death were less like an iron curtain, let down between us and our lost ones, than like the blinds we set in our windows,—blinds, which from the outside look black and impenetrable, but which from the inside, scarce serve to soften the light. And at such times, I seem to see—close-pressed against the windows of the House of Death which he has entered,—the face of Philip Marston loom out into the night, as he turns from the joyful greetings of sister, mother, father, and friends, and steals a wistful glance at the sweet vain world he has left behind. He is lonely now no longer, and sadness has gone forever from his brow, but in the sightless eyes—sightless never again—I seem to see a look of tender and infinite pity for us who have yet to face the mystery which he has solved.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

1871.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

THE ROSE AND THE WIND.

(GARDEN SECRETS.)

DAWN.

The Rose.

WHEN think you comes the Wind,
The Wind that kisses me and is so kind?
Lo, how the Lily sleeps! her sleep is light;
Would I were like the Lily, pale and white
Will the Wind come?

The Beech.

Perchance for you too soon.

The Rose.

If not, how could I live until the noon?
What, think you, Beech-tree, makes the Wind delay?
Why comes he not at breaking of the day?

The Beech.

Hush, child, and, like the Lily, go to sleep.

The Rose.

You know I cannot.

The Beech.

Nay, then, do not weep.
(*After a pause.*)
Your lover comes, be happy now, O Rose!
He softly through my bending branches goes.
Soon he shall come, and you shall feel his kiss.

The Rose.

Already my flushed heart grows faint with bliss;
Love, I have longed for you through all the night.

The Wind.

And I to kiss your petals warm and bright.

The Rose.

Laugh round me, Love, and kiss me; it is well.
Nay, have no fear, the Lily will not tell.

MORNING.

The Rose.

'Twas dawn when first you came; and now the sun
Shines brightly and the dews of dawn are done.
'Tis well you take me so in your embrace;
But lay me back again into my place,
For I am worn, perhaps with bliss extreme.

The Wind.

Nay, you must wake, Love, from this childish dream.

The Rose.

'Tis you, Love, who seem changed; your laugh is loud,
And 'neath your stormy kiss my head is bowed.
O Love, O Wind, a space will you not spare?

The Wind.

Not while your petals are so soft and fair.

The Rose.

My buds are blind with leaves, they cannot see,—
O Love, O Wind, will you not pity me?

EVENING.

The Beech.

O Wind, a word with you before you pass;
What did you to the Rose that on the grass
Broken she lies and pale, who loves you so?

The Wind.

Roses must live and love, and winds must blow.

1875.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

IN THE NOVEMBER NIGHT.

I WONDER, when the moonless night had come
On that November day,
And the street's roar subsided to a hum,
While winds upon their way
Sang of the coming winter, and the rain
Drove drearily against the window pane,
How felt she, knowing she was loved at length
As men but love when young,—
With all the untamed ardour and the strength
That overflow in song;
When the whole spirit has no hope but one,
Which, quenched, it grows a sky without a sun.
Was she more glad or sorry? Did she say,—
"This love but lives to die"?—
And sit and watch the firelight fairies play
About the room, and sigh,
Because her heart's surprise still left unproved,
Whether she pitied more, or more she loved?
Did she sit long that time, with gold brown hair
Shed over shoulders white,
Recalling each intense, unspoken prayer
Of his love-looks that night?
Did she think over words of his, it seem'd
That she in some past life of hers had dream'd?
Did she say, smiling to herself, "The song
He made then was of me?"
And as some rapt musician will prolong
The tune he plays, did she
Think of the days gone by, wherein her soul
But guess'd in part, what now it knew in whole?

Did she recall the night they met on first?—
Wonder, if even then
Love as a revelation on him burst,
While lesser aims of men
Died in his heart before his love at once,
As light of stars expires in light of suns?

Or grew his love upon him as a tune,
Which heard, we'd hear again,
And once more having heard, find sure and soon
Work in the heart and brain,
And dreaming of it, wake up in the night,
Half mad, because we cannot sing it right?

Oh the soul's rapture, when it has by rote
That melody complete;
When the voice, clinging to each separate note
Of each particular sweet,
Loses no jot or atom till the soul
Rest at the full completion of the whole!

Did she lie long awake that night to hear
The wind among the trees?
Did she say over his first song of her?
And was it pain or peace
To know she was beloved so? Who shall say?
But this I know, that, as deep natures may,

She shut that love of his within her breast,
Apart from vulgar eyes;
Let those who will, by look and voice attest
Their lesser victories:
Whether she bade it live or turn to dust,
She kept his love as a most sacred trust.

WIND VOICES.

1883.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

I.—PURE SOULS.

PURE souls that watch above me from afar,
To whom as to the stars I raise my eyes,
Draw me to your large skies,
Where God and quiet are.

Love's mouth is rose-red, and his voice is sweet,
His feet are winged, his eyes are as clear fire;
But I have no desire
To follow his winged feet.

Friendship may change, or friends may pass away,
And Fame's a bride that men soon weary of;
Since rest is not with Love,
No joy that is may stay.

But they whose lives are pure, whose hearts are high,—
Those shining spirits by the world untamed,—
May at the end, unshamed,
Look on their days gone by.

O pure, strong souls, so star-like, calm, and bright,
If even I before the end might feel,
Through quiet pulses, steal
Your pureness, with purged sight

I might Spring's gracious work behold once more,
Might hear, as once I heard, long, long ago,
Great waters ebb and flow;
Might smell the rose of yore;

Might comprehend the winds and clouds again,
The saintly, peaceful moonlight hallowing all,
The scent of leaves that fall,
The Autumn's tender pain.

Ah, this, I fear, shall never chance to me;
But though I cannot shape the life I would,
It surely still is good
To look where such lives be.

II.—AT PARTING.

I PUT my flower of song into thy hand,
And turn my eyes away,—
It is a flower from a most desolate land,
Barren of sun and day,
Even this life of mine.
As two who meet upon a foreign strand,
'Twas mine with thee to stray,—
I put this flower of song into thy hand
And turn my eyes away,
And look where no lights shine.

By phantom wings this desolate air seems fanned,
Where sky and sea show gray—
I put my flower of song into thy hand
And turn my eyes away,
But to no other shrine.
My hopes are like a little Christian band
The heathen came to slay—
I put this flower of song into thy hand
And turn my eyes away,—
Keep thou the song in sign.

Some day, it may be, thou by me shalt stand
When no word my lips say,
And, holding then this song-flower in thy hand,
Shalt turn thine eyes away,
And drop pure tears divine.
We part at Fate's inexorable command;
We name no meeting day—
I put my flower of song into thy hand,

And turn my eyes away,—
These eyes that burn and pine.
Thy way leads summerwards; thy paths are spanned
By boughs where spring winds play—
I put my flower of song into thy hand
To turn my eyes away
To Life's dark boundary line.
Fair are thy groves, thy fields lie bright and bland,
Where evil has no sway—
I put my flower of song into thy hand
And turn my eyes away
To meet Fate's eyes, malign.
Sometime, when twilight holds and fills the land,
And glad souls are less gay,
Take thou this song-flower in thy tender hand
Nor turn thine eyes away,
There in the day's decline.
My life lies dark before me, all unplanned;
Loud winds assail the day,—
I leave my song-flower folded in thy hand,
And turn my eyes away,
And turn my life from thine.

III.—THE OLD CHURCHYARD OF BONCHURCH.

[This old churchyard has been for many years slipping toward the sea, which it is expected will ultimately engulf it.]

THE churchyard leans to the sea with its dead,—
It leans to the sea with its dead so long.
Do they hear, I wonder, the first bird's song,
When the winter's anger is all but fled;
The high, sweet voice of the west wind,
The fall of the warm, soft rain,
When the second month of the year
Puts heart in the earth again?

Do they hear, through the glad April weather,
The green grasses waving above them?
Do they think there are none left to love them,
They have lain for so long there, together?
Do they hear the note of the cuckoo,
The cry of gulls on the wing,
The laughter of winds and waters,
The feet of the dancing Spring?

Do they feel the old land slipping seaward,—
The old land, with its hills and its graves,—
As they gradually slide to the waves,
With the wind blowing on them from leeward?
Do they know of the change that awaits them,—
The sepulchre vast and strange?
Do they long for the days to go over,
And bring that miraculous change?

Or love they their night with no moonlight,
With no starlight, no dawn to its gloom?
Do they sigh: "'Neath the snow, or the bloom
Of the wild things that wave from our night,
We are warm, through winter and summer;
We hear the winds rave, and we say,—
'The storm-wind blows over our heads,
But we, here, are out of its way'"?

Do they mumble low, one to another,
With a sense that the waters that thunder
Shall ingather them all, draw them under,—
"Ah, how long to our moving, my brother?
How long shall we quietly rest here,
In graves of darkness and ease?
The waves, even now, may be on us,
To draw us down under the seas!"

Do they think 'twill be cold when the waters
That they love not, that neither can love them?
Shall eternally thunder above them?
Have they dread of the sea's shining daughters,
That people the bright sea-regions
And play with the young sea-kings?
Have they dread of their cold embraces,
And dread of all strange sea-things?

But their dread or their joy,—it is bootless:
They shall pass from the breast of their mother;
They shall lie low, dead brother by brother,
In a place that is radiant and fruitless;
And the folk that sail over their heads
In violent weather
Shall come down to them, haply, and all
They shall lie there, together.

IV.—THE TWO BURDENS.

OVER the deep sea Love came flying;
Over the salt sea Love came sighing—
Alas, O Love, for thy journeying wings!
Through turbid light and sound of thunder,
When one wave lifts and one falls under,
Love flew, as a bird flies, straight for warm Springs.

Love reached the Northland, and found his own;
With budding roses, and roses blown,
And wonderful lilies, he wove their wreath:
His voice was sweet as a tune that wells,
Gathers and thunders, and throbs and swells,
And fails, and lapses in rapturous death.

His hands divided the tangled boughs;
They sat and loved in a moist, green house,
With bird-songs and sunbeams faltering through;
One note of wind to each least light leaf:

O Love, those days they were sweet but brief,—
  Sweet as the rose is, and fleet as the dew!
Over the deep sea Death came flying;
Over the salt sea Death flew sighing:
  Love heard from afar the rush of his wings,
Felt the blast of them over the sea,
And turned his face where the shadows be,
  And wept for a sound of disastrous things.
Death reached the Northland, and claimed his own;
With pale, sweet flowers, by wet winds blown,
  He wove for the forehead of one a wreath;
His voice was sad as the wind that sighs
Through cypress trees under rainy skies,
  When the dead leaves drift on the path beneath.
His hands divided the tangled boughs,
One lover he bore to a dark, deep house,
  Where never a bridegroom may clasp his bride,—
A place of silence, of dust, and sleep;
What vigil there shall the loved one keep,
  What cry of longing the lips divide?

V.—BEFORE AND AFTER FLOWERING.

BEFORE.

First Violet.

LO here! how warm and dark and still it is;
  Sister, lean close to me, that we may kiss.
Here we go rising, rising—know'st thou where?

Second Violet.

Indeed I cannot tell, nor do I care,
It is so warm and pleasant here. But hark!
What strangest sound was that above the dark?

First Violet.

As if our sisters all together sang,—
Seemed it not so?

Second Violet.

More loud than that it rang;
And louder still it rings, and seems more near.
Oh, I am shaken through and through with fear—
Now in some deadly grip I seemed confined!
Farewell, my sister! Rise, and follow, and find!

First Violet.

From how far off those last words seemed to fall!
Gone where she will not answer when I call!
How lost? how gone? Alas! this sound above me,—
"Poor little Violet, left with none to love thee!"
And now, it seems, I break against that sound!
What bitter pain is this that binds me round,
This pain I press into! Where have I come?

AFTER.

A Crocus.

Welcome, dear sisters, to our fairy home!
They call this Garden; and the time is Spring.
Like you I have felt the pain of flowering;
But, oh, the wonder and the deep delight
It was to stand here, in the broad sunlight,
And feel the Wind flow round me cool and kind;
To hear the singing of the leaves the Wind
Goes hurrying through; to see the mighty Trees,
Where every day the blossoming buds increase.
At evening, when the shining Sun goes in,
The gentler lights look down, and dews begin,
And all is still, beneath the quiet sky,
Save sometimes for the Wind's low lullaby

First Tree.

Poor little flowers!

Second Tree.

What would you prate of, now?

First Tree.

They have not heard; I will keep still. Speak low.

First Violet.

The Trees bend to each other lovingly.

Crocus.

Daily they whisper of fair things to be.
Great talk they make about the coming Rose,
The very fairest flower, they say, that blows!
Such scent she hath; her leaves are red, they say,
And fold her round in some divine, sweet way.

First Violet.

Would she were come, that for ourselves we might
Have pleasure in this wonder of delight!

Crocus.

Here comes the laughing, dancing, hurrying rain;
How all the Trees laugh at the Wind's light strain!

First Violet.

We are so near the earth, the Wind goes by
And hurts us not; but if we stood up high,
Like Trees, then should we soon be blown away.

Second Violet.

Nay; were it so, we should be strong as they.

Crocus.

I often think how nice to be a Tree;
Why, sometimes in their boughs the Stars I see.

First Violet.

Have you seen that?

Crocus.

I have, and so shall you
But hush! I feel the coming of the dew.

NIGHT.

Second Violet.

How bright it is! the Trees, how still they are!

Crocus.

I never saw before so bright a Star
As that which stands and shines just over us.

First Violet (*after a pause*).

My leaves feel strange and very tremulous.

Crocus and Second Violet together.

And mine, and mine!

First Violet.

O warm, kind Sun, appear

Crocus.

I would the stars were gone, and day were here!

JUST BEFORE DAWN.

First Violet.

Sister! No answer, sister? Why so still?

One Tree to Another.

Poor little Violet, calling through the chill
Of this new frost which did her sister slay,
In which she must herself, too, pass away!
Nay, pretty Violet, be not so dismayed;
Sleep only, on your sister sweet, is laid.

First Violet.

No pleasant Wind about the garden goes,
Perchance the Wind has gone to bring the Rose.
O sister! surely now your sleep is done.
I would we had not looked upon the Sun.
My leaves are stiff with pain. O cruel night!
And through my root some sharp thing seems to bite.
Ah me! what pain, what coming change is this?

(*She dies.*)

First Tree.

So endeth many a Violet's dream of bliss.

A LAST HARVEST.

1891.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

I.—GO, SONGS OF MINE.

GO, songs of mine to bring her on her way
With whisperings of love;
'Tis bleak March now, but then it shall be May,
With gentle skies above
And gentle seas below, what time she hears
Your little music chiming in her ears.

Cold, cold this day, and white the air with snow,
And dark this place wherefrom
My hastening music ever loves to go
To find its natural home,—
Its home with her to whom all charms belong;
Who is both Queen of Love and Queen of Song.

Shall glad spring come? Shall May come with warm hours
And laughter of clear light,
And blossoming trees, and festivals of flowers,
And nightingales by night,
That pour their shuddering sweetness on the air,—
The music of an exquisite despair?

And shall she come, who is my Spring of springs,—
Herself than May more fair?
Sweet is the song the Night's sad songster sings;
But her tones are more rare,—
Ah, shall she come, who is Spring and Summer in one,—
To my sad life its star, its moon, its sun?

II.—LOVE'S LOST PLEASURE-HOUSE.

LOVE built for himself a Pleasure-House,—
A Pleasure-House fair to see:
The roof was gold, and the walls thereof
Were delicate ivory

Violet crystal the windows were,
All gleaming and fair to see;
Pillars of rose-stained marble up-bore
That house where men longed to be.

Violet, golden, and white and rose,
That Pleasure-House fair to see
Did show to all; and they gave Love thanks
For work of such mastery.

Love turned away from his Pleasure-House,
And stood by the salt, deep sea:
He looked therein, and he flung therein
Of his treasure the only key.

Now never a man till time be done
That Pleasure-House fair to see
Shall fill with music and merriment,
Or praise it on bended knee.

III.—FLOWER FAIRIES.

FLOWER fairies—have you found them,
When the summer's dusk is falling,
With the glow-worms watching round them;
Have you heard them softly calling?

Silent stand they through the moonlight,
In their flower shapes, fair and quiet;
But they hie them forth by moonlight
Ready then to sing and riot.

I have heard them ; I have seen them,—
Light from their bright petals raying ;
And the trees bent down to screen them,
Great, wise trees, too old for playing.

Hundreds of them, all together,—
Flashing flocks of flying fairies,—
Crowding through the summer weather,
Seeking where the coolest air is.

And they tell the trees that know them,
As upon their boughs they hover,
Of the things that chance below them,—
How the rose has a new lover.

And the gay Rose laughs, protesting,
"Neighbor Lily is as fickle."
Then they search where birds are nesting,
And their feathers softly tickle.

Then away they all dance, sweeping,
Having drunk their fill of gladness.
But the trees, their night-watch keeping,
Thrill with tender, pitying sadness ;

For they know of bleak December,
When each bough left cold and bare is,—
When they only shall remember
The bright visits of the fairies,—

When the roses and the lilies
Shall be gone, to come back never
From the land where all so still is
That they sleep and sleep forever.

SONNETS.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

I.—NOT THOU BUT I.

IT must have been for one of us, my own,
To drink this cup and eat this bitter bread.
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
Thy tears had dropped on mine; if I alone
Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
My loneliness; and did my feet not tread
This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made moan;

And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain,
To think of thine eternity of sleep;
To know thine eyes are tearless though mine weep:
And when this cup's last bitterness I drain,
One thought shall still its primal sweetness keep,—
Thou hadst the peace and I the undying pain.

II.—NO DEATH.

I SAW in dreams a mighty multitude,—
Gathered, they seemed, from North, South, East, and West,
And in their looks such horror was exprest
As must forever words of mine elude.
As if transfixed by grief, some silent stood,
While others wildly smote upon the breast,
And cried out fearfully, "No rest, no rest!"
Some fled, as if by shapes unseen pursued.

Some laughed insanely. Others shrieking, said:
"To think but yesterday we might have died;
For then God had not thundered, 'Death is dead!'"
They gashed themselves till they with blood were red.
"Answer, O God; take back this curse!" they cried,
But "Death is dead," was all the voice replied.

III.—THE BREADTH AND BEAUTY OF THE SPACIOUS NIGHT.

THE breadth and beauty of the spacious night
Brimmed with white moonlight, swept by winds that blew
The flying sea-spray up to where we two
Sat all alone, made one in Love's delight,—
The sanctity of sunsets palely bright;
Autumnal woods, seen 'neath meek skies of blue,
Old cities that God's silent peace stole through,—
These of our love were very sound and sight.

The strain of labor; the bewildering din
Of thundering wheels; the bells' discordant chime;
The sacredness of art; the spell of rhyme,—
These, too, with our dear love were woven in,
That so, when parted, all things might recall
The sacred love that had its part in all.

IV.—LOVE ASLEEP.

I FOUND Love sleeping in a place of shade,
And as in some sweet dream the sweet lips smiled;
Yea, seemed he as a lovely, sleeping child.
Soft kisses on his full, red lips I laid,
And with red roses did his tresses braid;
Then pure, white lilies on his breast I piled,
And fettered him with woodbine sweet and wild,
And fragrant armlets for his arms I made.

But while I, leaning, yearned across his breast,
Upright he sprang, and from swift hand, alert,
Sent forth a shaft that lodged within my heart.
Ah, had I never played with Love at rest,
He had not wakened, had not cast his dart,
And I had lived who die now of this hurt

Hardwick Drummond Rawnsley.

1850.

The Rev. Hardwick Drummond Rawnsley is the second son of the Rev. R. D. B. Rawnsley, a Lincolnshire clergyman, a Fellow of Magdalen, and an early friend of Tennyson, his mother being a daughter of Sir Wellingham Franklin, a niece of Sir John Franklin, and a cousin of the late Laureate's wife. Mr. Rawnsley was born September 28th, 1850, at Shiplake-on-Thames, in the house from which Tennyson took his bride; and here he remained until the age of ten, when he went to live with his grandfather at the Old Rectory House, Halton Halegate, Spilsby, Lincolnshire. When he was eight he began to write verses, and continued to write them during his schooldays at Uppingham under his friend and godfather, the Rev. Edward Thring. From Uppingham, where he won fame as the writer of the school prize-poem, he proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford, and after graduating took holy orders, Bristol being the scene of his first clerical labours. While in this city he wrote and published "A Book of Bristol Sonnets" (1877), the first of various series of sonnets connected with different districts by which he is perhaps best known as a poet. A single selection from this volumne will suffice to show that Mr. Rawnsley, even at this

early period, had become a competent craftsman. The following is entitled "Moon-thirst":—

"Who knows—yon ancient planet waterless,
Once swayed with ocean; yonder caves whence night
Not ever is dispelled, were swum with light,
And floods and verdurous mountains felt the stress
Of winds that smote the shining capes, to bless
Woodlands with power and ships with men of might:
While cloud-encircled and more softly bright
The moon walked on in gleaming spotlessness?
Now, cold of heart, and evermore accursed
With death, white ashes strewn upon her head,
Blind on her course the haggard phantom moves;
But fierce and unallayable her thirst,
To Earth's far seas in vain her hands are spread;
She strains to tilt the ocean cup she loves."

Reverence for Wordsworth prompted Mr. Rawnsley to accept the small living of Wray, Windermere; and he afterwards became—at the wish of Bishop Goodwin of Carlisle—Vicar of Crosthwaite, Keswick, where he now occupies the house of which Southey was at one time the tenant. "Sonnets at the English Lakes" was published in 1881, and it reached a second edition in the following year; in 1887 appeared "Sonnets round the Coast"; in 1890 "Poems, Ballads, and Bucolics"; and in 1893 "Valete: Tennyson and other Memorial Poems."

[Later volumes are "Idyls and Lyrics of the Nile" (1894), "Ballads of Brave Deeds" (1896), "Sonnets in Switzerland and Italy" (1899), and "Ballads of the War" (1900).—ED.]

Like his early friend and critic, Charles Tennyson Turner, Mr. Rawnsley has chosen to cultivate mainly "the sonnet's scanty plot of ground"; and, though some of the ballads and other poems of the volume of 1890 are full of beauty, it is by his sonnets that he will probably be longest remembered. Turner's

art is at times more finished; the younger poet for example has written nothing so absolutely perfect as "The Lattice at Sunrise"; but in virtue of its prevailing objectiveness of theme and inevitable variety of impression Mr. Rawnsley's sonnet work has, we are inclined to think, more of impetus and momentum than that of the senior poet. To one section of his verse Wordsworth gave the title "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection": Mr. Rawnsley's most characteristic utterances might be described as "Sonnets of Observation and Reflection"; and the observing and reflecting faculties, being both raised to the imaginative plane, work in vital union. He is at his best when his inspiration comes from some clearly defined and outlined object of vision. First we have the object itself—a thing appealing to sensuous perception of form and colour, and in what may be called the draughtsmanship of poetic design Mr. Rawnsley is specially strong; but his observation is not *mere* observation, it is imaginative vision; and, while he gazes, the simple sense-impression is transfigured into an arresting image or an inspiring thought, as in the fine sonnet, "Service in the Old Parish Church, Whitby," which may be quoted here:—

"We climbed the steep where headless Edwin lies—
The king who struck for Christ, and striking fell;
Beyond the harbour, tolled the beacon bell;
Saint Mary's peal sent down her glad replies;
So entered we the Church: white galleries,
Cross-stanchions, frequent stairs, dissembled well
A ship's mid-hold,—we almost felt the swell
Beneath, and caught o'erhead the sailors' cries.
But as we heard the congregational sound,
And reasonable voice of common prayer

> And common praise, new wind was in our sails—
> Heart called to heart, beyond the horizon's bound
> With Christ we steered, through angel-haunted air
> A ship that meets all storms rides out all gales."

The most noticeable defect of Mr. Rawnsley's sonnet work is the result of a somewhat indiscriminating devotion to his favourite vehicle. When his sonnets fail, they fail because they ought not to be sonnets at all, but poems in some freer form. "We have heard," the present writer has elsewhere remarked, "of 'a metre-making argument,' and this, of course, must be present in every poem worthy of the name; but there is also a sonnet-making argument with which no sonnet can safely dispense. Some of Mr. Rawnsley's conceptions would have embodied themselves in bright lyrical or weighty elegiac stanzas. When expressed in sonnets they are not embodied but simply clothed, and if the truth must be told, the clothing is not always of the best fit." In the work of such a prolific sonneteer occasional lapses are, however, inevitable; and Mr. Rawnsley's successes deserve a place in the most select sonnet anthology. His ballads and other poems, though less known than the sonnets, are not less worth knowing. Most of them are celebrations of heroic deeds which have stirred the writer's heart and fired his imagination, and though they are rich in a fine sonorous rhetoric, they are clearly the work not of a mere rhetorician but of a poet. Some of the poems written in the Lincolnshire dialect, which has been made familiar by Lord Tennyson, have a vein of pleasant humour; and Mr. Rawnsley has written nothing that is not distinguished by elevation of feeling and grace of execution.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

SONNETS ROUND THE COAST.

1887.

HARDWICK DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY.

I.—PLYMOUTH HARBOUR—SUNDAY.

IS it not well that England sends her sons
From such proud harbours, such fair haunts as these,
To wage their battle with the roaring seas,
And shout for victory with their cloudy guns;
Here where the shifting wall of white foam runs
For ever Soundward, where baronial trees
Blend the waves' whisper with the hum of bees
And sweet church bells ring down their benisons?
Yes, when the sailor's heart is strung for fight
Thou, Edgecumbe, shalt be present in that hour,
The Hoe and Hamoaze, clear before his sight,
Shall nerve his arm and lend his spirit power;
And if he fall, yet falling will he smile,
Dead for the love of this his native Isle.

II.—CLEVELAND.

HOW free and fair the land from Esk to Tees,
Where Gower grew great, and Roger Ascham strolled,
Where that old Bible-rhymer, cloistered, told
His Saxon tale to sound of Whitby seas.
Fragrant of salt, the sunny upland lees
To purple moors, by lines of hedgé, are rolled;
The corn, plates all the seaward cliffs with gold,
And deep in streamlet hollows hide the trees.
Three harvests bless the labourer: fisher-sails
Hunt through the gleaming night the silver droves;
And though great Vulcan's stithy sweats and rings,
And men have bruised the hills and mined the coves,
Still by his long-backed farm the thatcher sings,
And in the barn is heard the sound of flails.

III.—AFTER THE HERRINGS, WHITBY.

THEY lie as they would never wake again,
Those weary fisher-boats, in slumber sound;
But, as one sees at times a dreaming hound
Stir, and believe his phantom quarry slain,
Sudden they start, and soon the ocean plain
Is studded o'er with sails. Away they bound!
Some keen sea-hawk the silver drove has found;
The wingèd huntsmen follow in her train.
With such an equal pace the swarthy keels,
Slipped from their moorings, hurry to the prey,
It seems as if the sky, the ocean, all
Move with their motion if they move at all;
And like a dream the quiet pageant steals,
To melt into the far horizon's grey.

IV.—THE JET WORKER.

CLOSE prisoner in his narrow dusty room,
He bends and breathes above his whirring wheel;
The treadle murmurs sad beneath his heel,
And sad he works his jewels of the tomb,
Emblems of sorrow from the darkened womb
Of woods on which the Deluge set its seal—
Offerings from death to death: he needs must feel
A little of his craft's incessant gloom.
But, as the pewter disk to brightness runs,
On Iris wings light shoots across the dusk,
And leaps out joyous from the heart of jet.
Lord of the Iris bow and thousand suns,
By wheels of work, if men will only trust,
In darkest souls Thy light and life are set.

1890.

HARDWICK DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY.

I.—DANIEL PERITON.

A Ballad of the Conemaugh Flood.

Daniel Periton is believed to have seen the first signs of the breaking of the Conemaugh dam. He took horse and dashed madly down in front of the certain deluge-wave, into and through Johnstown, crying, "To the hills, to the hills!" He was overwhelmed by the on-coming flood, and perished in an heroic attempt to warn his fellow-townsmen of their peril.

THE windows of Heaven were open wide,
The storm cloud broke, and the people cried
Will Conemaugh dam hold out?
But the great folks down at Johnstown played,
They ate, they drank, they were nought afraid,
For Conemaugh dam holds Conemaugh lake,
By Conemaugh dam their pleasure they take,
Fine catching are Conemaugh trout.

The four mile lake at the back of its wall
Is growing to five, and the rains still fall,
And the flood by night and by day
Is burrowing deep thro' buttress and mound,
Fresh waters spring and spurt from the ground;
While God is thundering out of His cloud
The fountain voices are crying aloud,
Away to the hills! away!

Away to the hills! leave altar and shrine,
Away to the hills! leave table and wine,
Away from the trade and your tills;
Let the strong man speed with the weakest child,
And the mother who just on her babe has smiled
Be carried, leave only the dead on their biers,
No time for the tomb, and no time for tears;
Away, away to the hills!

Daniel Periton heard the wail
Of the waters gathering over the vale,
With sorrow for city and field,—
Felt already the mountain quake
'Twixt living and dead. For the brethren's sake
Daniel Periton dared to ride
Full in front of the threatening tide,
And what if the dam do yield?

To a man it is given but once to die,
Though the flood break forth he will raise his cry
For the thousands there in the town.
At least, some child may be saved by his voice,
Some lover may still in the sun rejoice,
Some man that has fled, when he wins his breath,
Shall bless the rider who rode thro' Death,
For his fellows' life gave his own.

He leapt to his horse that was black as night,
He turned not left and he turned not right,
Down to the valley he dashed;
He heard behind him a thunderous boom,
The dam had burst and he knew his doom;
"Fly, fly for your lives!" it was all he spoke,
"Fly, fly, for the Conemaugh dam has broke!"
And the cataract after him crashed.

They saw a man with the God in his face,
Pale from the desperate whirlwind pace,
They heard an angel cry.
And the steed's black mane was flecked as he flew,
And its flanks were red with the spur's red dew,
Into the city and out of the gate,
Rider and ridden were racing with fate,
Wild with one agony.

"Flash on the news that the dam has burst,"[1]
And one looked forth, and she knew the worst,
"My last message!" she said.
The words at her will flashed on before
Periton's call and the torrent's roar;
And not in vain had Periton cried,
His heart had caught a brave heart to his side.
As bold for the saving he sped.

The flood came down and its strong arms took
The city, and all together shook,
Tower and church and street.
Like a pack of cards that a player may crush,
The houses fell in the whirlpool rush,
Rose and floated and jammed at the last,
Then a fierce flame fed by the deluge blast
Wove them a winding sheet.

God have mercy! was ever a pyre
Lit like that of the flood's fierce fire!
Cattle and men caught fast,
Prisoners held between life and death,
While the flame struck down with its sulphurous breath,
And the flood struck up with its strong cold hand,
No hope from the water, no help from the land,
And the torrent thundering past!

Daniel Periton, still he rides,
By the heaving flank and the shortening strides,
The race must be well-nigh won.
"Away to the hills!" but the cataract's bound

[1] Miss Ogle, a telegraph clerk, saw the waters coming down on the town, and died at her post. "This is my last message"—so ran her telegram—but the message was unfinished, the waters overwhelmed her.

Has caught and has dashed him from saddle to ground,—
And the man who saw the end of the race,
Saw a dark dead horse, and a pale dead face.
Did they hear Heaven's great "Well done?"

II.—IN A GARDEN.

THE cowslip glowed, the tulip burned,
The grass was green as green could be;
There, as in sweet content we turned,
Beneath the budding linden tree,
We saw the westering sunbeams shake
Large glory o'er the mountain lake.

The cushat cooed, the blackbird's cry
About the terrace garden rang;
Still as we wooed, my love and I,
The throstle still enraptured sang,
And still the waters danced with glee
Beneath the budding linden tree.

The tulips trembled still with flame,
The cowslips gleamed along the walk,
Yet, dear one, when the last word came
And silence only seemed to talk,
We looked and found the lake was gone,
Flowers dim, birds hushed, and one star shone.

Beloved! by many an up and down
O'er level lawns, unlevel ways,
Through weeds and flowers, when birds had flown,
And when birds sang, have passed the days
Since our new dawn forbade the night;
But, lo! o'erhead Love's star is bright.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

1850—1894.

Few recent writers have been born with a literary gift so pure and decided as Robert Louis Stevenson, who first saw light at Edinburgh on the 13th of November, 1850. He came of a family distinguished for very different qualities. His father, Thomas Stevenson, was an engineer, whose name is associated with many improvements in lighthouse apparatus. It was his grandfather Robert who built the Bell Rock Lighthouse; his uncle Allan who built Skerryvore. Louis was brought up to the same profession, and carefully trained in mathematics and drawing, combined with work in a carpenter's shop, a brass foundry, and a woodyard; but nothing could extinguish that spark of literary imagination which was kindled at his birth. At the age of six he dictated a "History of Moses"; he started a magazine at nearly all his schools; and at the Edinburgh University he took more interest in "The Speculative Society" than in all his work for the Science degree. Nevertheless, he obtained a prize from the Society of Arts for an improvement in lighthouse apparatus; and it was not till he came of age that he confessed to his father that he cared for nothing but literature. That this confession was not made without pain is evident from the beautiful

verses which form his *apologia* for abandoning the traditions of his family.

> "Say not of me that weakly I declined
> The labours of my sires, and fled the sea,
> The towers we founded and the lamps we lit,
> To play at home with paper like a child.
> But rather say: *In the afternoon of time*
> *A strenuous family dusted from its hands*
> *The sands of granite, and beholding far*
> *Along the sounding coast its pyramids*
> *And tall memorials catch the dying sun,*
> *Smiled well content, and to this childish task*
> *Around the fire addressed its evening hours.*"
>
> "Underwoods," xxxviii.

He now, at the wish of his father, read for the Bar, in order that he might have some position in case he did not succeed as an author. He was called in 1875 after some delay caused by ill-health and a winter at Mentone, but after a few briefs the attempt to combine law and literature was altogether abandoned.

During that winter at Mentone he composed the first two of his printed papers. The first ("Roads") appeared in the *Portfolio* signed L. S. Stoneven, the second ("Ordered South") in *Macmillan*.[1] In a letter written to a friend in America in 1887 he says that the latter took him nearly three months to write, and adds, "I imagine nobody had ever such pains to learn a trade as I had; but I slogged at it day in and day out; and I frankly believe (thanks to my dire industry) I have done more with smaller gifts than almost any man of letters in the world." All will agree, at least, that he "learnt his trade,"

[1] Reprinted in *Virginitus Puerisque*.

and the appearance in 1878 of his first book—"An Inland Voyage"—established his reputation as a master in the art of words. In the same year were composed many of the best of his shorter stories, including "Providence and the Guitar" and the first of the "New Arabian Nights," which were begun at Burford Bridge Inn, continued at London, Edinburgh, Paris, Barbizon, and finished at La Monastier. The name of this place recalls the "Travels with a Donkey," a book which may be said to close the first period of his literary career. He was always delicate, and nights spent in "God's green caravanserai," however stimulating to the imagination, were little calculated to strengthen his health, but still more grievous injury was done thereto in 1879 by a voyage to California as an emigrant. From that date the greater part of his life was spent at health-resorts or in travelling in search of health. "The Treasure Island," begun at Braemar, was finished at Davos; to Bournemouth belong "Kidnapped" and "Dr. Jekyll"; to Hyères, "Prince Otto" and "The Silverado Squatters"; and with other good gifts of recent years the "Master of Ballantrae" (that strongest and bitterest fruit of his genius) came to us from the South Sea Islands, where he died on December 3rd, 1894. His wandering life had its compensations; in exile he found health, and it was in California that he found his wife, Fanny Van de Grift Osbourne, his helpmeet in all things, including literature.

The poems of Louis Stevenson have also been written in divers places. The charming "Song of the Road," which expresses the very spirit of his life and genius, is dated from the Forest of Montargis,

the Horatian address "To a Gardener" from Hyères, those not less classical lines to Mrs. William H. Low from Paris, "In the States" from San Francisco, and there are few places where he has lived for long without writing verse. This means unfortunately that there are few such places where he has not been ill, for, with the exception perhaps of his last volume of "Ballads" (1890), he never made a serious business of his poems, writing them at odd moments and generally when unfit for his ordinary work. To this cause, however to be regretted, they owe at least one charm, which separates them distinctly from most of modern poetry—they are quite unprofessional, written not for fame and scarcely for art, but rather for the sake of love and friendship. So they are not only full of his individuality, which may be said of all his work, but they are pure expressions of his very self, fragments of autobiography which no future chronicler of his life should disregard.

It is not easy to test the lyrical gifts of one who has not attempted to show us the full measure of them. The level of his flight is limited by his subjects which are often of a slight and occasional character, and his more emotional verses are marked by restraint, sometimes approaching severity, reminding us rather of the cold clear chisel of a Landor than the deep-dyed pencil of a Keats. Of this temper are his stately verses to his father, to W. E. Henley, to N. V. Le G. S., to the cousin who once also lived in Arcadia,—verses which enshrine not only love but high regard and deep human sympathy. When he is most personal as in the poems which concern himself or most affectionate

as in the lines to his mother or his nurse, his tone is always far removed from common familiarity. If his verses are not always perfect in their rhythm they are frequently dignified in movement, and always fresh and just in diction. The but partial success of his longer ballads may seem to mark one limit to his poetical range, but even if we take his poems written "in Scots" only, this range must be allowed to be considerable. The true joy of life that inspires "'A mile an' a bittock,' the vivid satire of the Blast' and the 'Counter-blast,' the racy character of 'A Lowden Sabbath Morn,'" the lilt and feeling of "It's an owercome sooth for age an' youth," are alike rare in kind and degree; no one could have written these poems without an unusually fine sense of the value of verse as a special means of expression.

These remarks are applicable to the volume "Underwoods," published in 1887, but the other volume, "A Child's Garden of Verses," published in 1885, is outside the ordinary course of criticism. It is unique in English literature, and judgment fails from lack of comparison. It was not only written *for* children, but written *by* one, who though grown up to man's estate is no less a child. To him the memory of his nursery days is so vivid that he can recall the very mould of childish thought, the very mode of its utterance. We who fail to preserve such clear images of that early world can at least remember enough to testify to the accuracy of the pictures.

We have all known how hard it is "to go to bed by day" and see the long procession of "Young Night Thoughts":

"Armies and Emperors and Kings
All carrying different kinds of things
And marching in so grand a way
You never saw the like by day."

Most of us have gone through many times that awful "North-West Passage" to the land of Nod, with the terrible escort of

"The shadow of the balusters, the shadow of the lamp
The shadow of the child which goes to bed—
All the wicked shadows coming tramp, tramp, tramp,
With the black night overhead"—

We have all played at soldiers and ships and other games of "make-believe," but few of us have been stirred by an imagination so quick and delicate and alive, and a thirst for enterprise so keen and romantic. He was, indeed, a very pirate in his cradle. But he was also a good little boy who knew that

"A child should always say what's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table,
At least as far as he is able."

And it is not the least value of this precious volume that it is quickened by the two main spirits of Stevenson's genius, the love of adventure and the love of home.

The "Ballads" published in 1890 are remarkable for their bold semi-Homeric treatment of some legends of the South Sea Islands. The volume contains a poem in his best style called "Christmas at Sea," quoted in the following pages.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

1885.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I.—BED IN SUMMER.

IN winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

II.—THE SUN'S TRAVELS.

THE sun is not a-bed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head,
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea,
And all the children in the West,
Are getting up and being dressed.

III.—THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

WHEN I was sick and lay-a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

IV.—FOREIGN LANDS.

UP into the cherry-tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairyland,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

V.—MY SHADOW.

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see;
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow.
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

UNDERWOODS.

1887.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(Book I.—In English.)

I.—ENVOY.

(I.)

GO, little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore!

II.—A SONG OF THE ROAD.

(II.)

THE gauger walked with willing foot,
And aye the gauger played the flute;
And what should Master Gauger play
But *Over the hills and far away.*

Whene'er I buckle on my pack,
And foot it gaily in the track;
O pleasant gauger, long since dead,
I hear you fluting on ahead.

You go with me the self-same way—
The self-same air for me you play;
For I do think and so do you,
It is the tune to travel to.

For who would gravely set his face
To go to this or t'other place?
There's nothing under Heav'n so blue
That's fairly worth the travelling to.

On every hand the roads begin,
And people walk with zeal therein;
But wheresoe'er the highways tend,
Be sure there's nothing at the end.

Then follow you, wherever hie
The trembling mountains of the sky:
Or let the streams in civil mode
Direct your choice upon a road;

For one and all, or high or low,
Will lead you where you wish to go;
And one and all go night and day
Over the hills and far away!

III.—IT IS THE SEASON NOW TO GO.

(IV.)

IT is the season now to go
About the country high and low,
Among the lilacs hand in hand,
And two by two in fairy land.

The brooding boy, and sighing maid,
Wholly fain and half afraid,
Now meet along the hazel'd brook
To pass and linger, pause and look.

A year ago, and blithely paired,
Their rough-and-tumble play they shared;
They kissed and quarrelled, laughed and cried,
A year ago at Eastertide.

With bursting heart; with fiery face,
She strove against him in the race;
He unabashed her garter saw,
That now would touch her skirts with awe

Now by the stile ablaze she stops,
And his demurer eyes he drops;
Now they exchange averted sighs
Or stand and marry silent eyes.

And he to her a hero is,
And sweeter she than primroses;
Their common silence dearer far
Than nightingale and mavis are.

Now when they sever wedded hands,
Joy trembles in their bosom-strands,
And lovely laughter leaps and falls
Upon their lips in madrigals.

IV.—THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

(v.)

A NAKED house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot:
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
Your garden gloom and gleam again,
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendour; here
The army of the stars appear.

The neighbour hollows, dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset;
And oft the morning muser see
Larks rising from the broomy lea,
And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.
When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime;
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool,
And make the cart-ruts beautiful;
And when snow-bright the moor expands,
How shall your children clap their hands!
To make this earth, our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

V.—TO A GARDENER.

(VII.)

FRIEND, in my mountain-side demesne,
My plain-beholding, rosy, green,
And linnet-haunted garden-ground,
Let still the esculents abound.
Let first the onion flourish there,
Rose among roots, the maiden fair,
Wine scented and poetic soul
Of the capacious salad-bowl.
Let thyme the mountaineer (to dress
The tinier birds) and wading cress,
The lover of the shallow brook,
From all my plots and borders look.
Nor crisp and ruddy radish, nor
Peas-cods for the child's pinafore
Be lacking: nor of salad clan,
The last and least that ever ran

About great nature's garden-beds.
Nor thence be missed the speary heads
Of artichoke; nor thence the bean
That gathered innocent and green
Outsavours the belauded pea.

These tend, I prithee; and for me,
Thy most long-suffering master, bring
In April, when the linnets sing,
And the days lengthen more and more,
At sundown to the garden door.
And I, being provided thus,
Shall, with superb asparagus,
A book, a taper, and a cup
Of country wine, divinely sup.

VI.—REQUIEM.

(XXI.)

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

VII.—THE SICK CHILD.

(XXVI.)

Child.

O MOTHER, lay your hand on my brow!
O mother, mother, where am I now?
Why is the room so gaunt and great?
Why am I lying awake so late?

Mother.

Fear not at all: the night is still.
Nothing is here that means you ill.
Nothing but lamps the whole town through,
And never a child awake but you.

Child.

Mother, mother, speak low in my ear,
Some of the things are so great and near,
Some are so small and far away,
I have a fear that I cannot say.
What have I done, and what do I fear,
And why are you crying, mother dear?

Mother.

Out in the city, sounds begin
Thank the kind God, the carts come in!
An hour or two more, and God is so kind,
The day shall be blue in the window-blind,
Then shall my child go sweetly asleep,
And dream of the birds and the hills of sheep.

(Book II.—In Scots.)

VIII.—A MILE AN' A BITTOCK.

(IV.)

A MILE an' a bittock, a mile or twa,
Abüne the burn, ayont the law,
Davie an' Donal' an' Cherlie an' a',
An' the müne was shinin' clearly!

Ane went hame wi' the ither, an' then
The ither went hame wi' the ither twa men,
An' baith wad return him the service again,
An' the müne was shinin' clearly!

The clocks were chappin' in house an' ha',
Eleeven, twal an' ane an' twa;
An' the guidman's face was turnt to the wa',
An' the müne was shinin' clearly!

A wind got up frae affa the sea,
It blew the stars as clear's could be,
It blew in the een of a' o' the three,
An' the müne was shinin' clearly!

Noo, Davie was first to get sleep in his head,
"The best o' frien's maun twine," he said;
"I'm weariet, an' here I'm awa' to my bed."
An' the müne was shinin' clearly!

Twa o' them walkin' an' crackin' their lane,
The mornin' licht cam gray an' plain,
An' the birds they yammert on stick an' stane,
An' the müne was shinin' clearly!

O years ayont, O years awa',
My lads, ye'll mind whate'er befa'—
My lads, ye'll mind on the bield o' the law,
When the müne was shinin' clearly.

IX.—"IT'S AN OWERCOME SOOTH."

(XVI.)

IT'S an owercome sooth for age an' youth
And it brooks wi' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends
And the young are just on trial.

There's a rival bauld wi' young an' auld
And it's him that has bereft me;
For the sürest friends are the auldest friends
And the maist o' mines hae left me.

There are kind hearts still, for friends to fill
And fools to take and break them;
But the nearest friends are the auldest friends
And the grave's the place to seek them.

1890.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA.

THE sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked hand;
The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce could stand,
The wind was a nor'-wester, blowing squally off the sea;
And cliffs and spouting breakers were the only things a-lea.

They heard the surf a-roaring before the break of day;
But 'twas only with the peep of light we saw how ill we lay.
We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a shout,
And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to go about.

All day we tacked and tacked between the South Head and the North;
All day we hauled the frozen sheets, and got no further forth;
All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,
For very life and nature we tacked from head to head.

We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race roared;
But every tack we made we brought the North Head close aboard;
So 's we saw the cliffs and houses, and the breakers running high,
And the coastguard in his garden, with his glass against his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam;
The good red fires were burning bright in every 'longshore home;
The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volleyed out;
And I vow we sniffed the victuals as the vessel went about.

The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial cheer;
For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the year)
This day of our adversity was blessèd Christmas morn,
And the house above the coastguard's was the house where I was born.

O well I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces there,
My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair;
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves
Go dancing round the china-plates that stand upon the shelves.

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,
Of the shadow on the household and the son that went to sea;
And O the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind of way
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessed Christmas Day.

They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to fall.
"All hands to loose topgallant sails," I heard the captain call.
"By the Lord, she'll never stand it," our first mate Jackson cried.
. . . "It's the one way or the other, Mr. Jackson," he replied.

She staggered to her bearings, but the sails were new and good,
And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she understood.
As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the night,
We cleared the weary headland, and passed below the light.

And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on board but me,
As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to sea;
But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the cold,
Was just that I was leaving home and my folks were growing old.

Eric Mackay.

1851—1898.

ERIC MACKAY was the son of the late Dr. Charles Mackay, so well known for his songs of labour and other poems, and was born in London, January 25th, 1851. He was educated in Scotland, and subsequently passed many of his youthful years in Italy, where he studied the great Italian masters of song, who left their impression upon him. The son's genius, however, was very different in type from that of the father. Eric Mackay was, perhaps, more of the artist and less of the bard; he depended more on elaboration of form than on strong and stirring interpretation of common feelings, wants, and long, ings. He was more self-conscious and less spontaneous. Nevertheless, he represented a tendency of his day, and appealed to a growing class, and thus had a significance and a place of his own.

Eric Mackay was a poet with distinct individuality if of comparatively narrow range. He showed keenness and power in presenting what we may call single lines of emotion, with no little art in varying the point of view from which these are contemplated, and by happy devices of lyrical forms, and varied and not seldom subtle rhythms, secures such interest as, but for this, would often seem foreign to his subject-matter in itself. He was artistic; and, if not

sensuous, we may with safety say that he delighted in following up varied phases of one passion within a limited range, and in showing their bearing on the development of other gifts, as for instance, music, painting, etc. He certainly did not touch a jarring note, but his lyre, as used in his earlier years, seemed to have but a few strings, at once tense and sweet, however, which he touched with cultured and delicate skill rather than with free flowing, spontaneous inspiration.

These remarks, I think, characterise with truth, if not with complete exhaustiveness the two volumes titled "Love Letters of a Violinist," and "A Lover's Litanies,"—both of which are really more remarkable for certain technical qualities—*nuances* of metre and finish, than for broad grasp, or even for depth or dramatic apprehension. He needed to excite his genius, something that was already through association and exercise beautified by a radiance derived from some gift and aspiration outside itself; and putting aside altogether the question of what in relation to his work has been somewhat wrong-headedly named "erotic," we find the individualising element to lie here—love touched by his muse is almost always coloured, modified by ambition or aspiration, which gives, as it were, the set and general character to it.

"Gladys the Singer," which came between these two poems, is noticeable for its metrical skill as well as for its fancy and invention—in its movement now and then it recalls Keats, though there is no conscious imitation: it is full of beauty and high thought.

Such later pieces as "The Choral Ode to Liberty,"

however, show enlarging sympathies in certain directions: a keen clear view of the inspirations that may be derived from a study of disinterested actions, directed by high patriotic impulses. These stanzas have the *ictus* and piercing-clear, flute-like note, which could only come from broad and quickened sympathy running abreast with true imaginative feeling, and the nicest sense of artistic form.

In much of his earlier verse, indeed, we feel as if the poet had been experimenting merely—carefully, thoughtfully endeavouring to find the subject and the style that were best fitted for the expression of his genius. What he might have achieved had life been spared to him it is idle to speculate.

In 1891 the poet published a dramatic work entitled "Nero and Actæa," a very fine study of the conflict of influences in the Roman world, when Christianity first began to make itself felt. Nero prefers Actæa, a Greek slave, to Poppæa, and finally contrives to murder his wife as he had murdered others before her. A venerable Christian, whom Actæa succeeds in saving from death is the only creature from whom, in the end, after Nero has lost all hold on Rome, he can seek protection; and in the crises the movement and tragic colouring are admirably maintained. The gradual rise of adverse powers and combinations against Nero is skilfully suggested and traced in truly dramatic style; and the closing scene in which the final doom falls on the monster is at once finely and strongly conceived. Everywhere dialogue is carefully used in view of action. Indeed the whole play is a very skilful reproduction, whilst the movement of the blank verse is easy, flowing—familiar and dignified alternating with unobtrusive art. Unlike many literary dramas, it seems to us that it would need very

little modification to make it suitable for the stage—a point which, doubtless, the author had in view; and in Poppæa and Actæa—so finely contrasted in many ways—as well as in Sigellinus and Anselmus ample verge would be given for the expression of character and individuality in the actors. Eric Mackay died on the 2nd of June, 1898.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

ERIC MACKAY.

("Love Letters of a Violinist," ix.)

I.—TO-MORROW.

O LOVE! O Love! O Gateway of Delight!
Thou porch of peace, thou pageant of the prime
Of all God's creatures! I am here to climb
Thine upward steps, and daily and by night
To gaze beyond them, and to search aright
The far-off splendour of thy track sublime.

For, in thy precincts, on the further side,
Beyond the turret where the bells are rung,
Beyond the chapel where the rites are sung,
There is a garden fit for any bride.
O Love! by thee, by thee are sanctified
The joys thereof to keep our spirits young.

By thee, dear Love! by thee, if all be well—
And we be wise enough to own the touch
Of some bright folly that has thrill'd us much—
By thee, till death, we may regain the spell
Of wizard Merlin, and in every dell
Confront a Muse, and bow to it as such.

Love! Happy Love! Behold me where I stand
This side thy portal, with my straining eyes
Turn'd to the Future. Cloudless are the skies,
And, far adown the road which thou hast spann'd,
I see the groves of that elected land
Which is the place I call my paradise.

But what is this? The plains are known to me;
The hills are known, the fields, the little fence,
The noisy brook as clear as innocence,
And this old oak, the wonder of the lea,
Which stops the wind to know if there shall be
Sorrow for men, or pride, or recompense.

I know these things, yet hold it little blame
To know them not, though in their proud array,
The flowers advance to make the world so gay.
Ah, what a change! The things I know by name
Look unfamiliar all, and, like a flame,
The roses burn upon the hedge to-day.

The grass is velvet. There are pearls thereon,
And golden signs, and braid that doth appear
Made for a bridal. This is fairy gear
If I mistake not. I shall know anon.
Nature herself will teach me how to con
The new-found words to thank the glowing year.

This is the path that led me to the brook;
And this the mead, and this the mossy slope,
And this the place where breezes did elope
With giddy moths, enamour'd of a look;
And here I sat alone, or with a book,
Dreaming the dreams of constancy and hope.

I loved the river well; but not till now
Did I perceive the marvels of the shore.
This is a cave, and this an emerald floor;
And here Sir Eglantine might make a vow,
And here a king, a guilty king, might bow
Before a child, and break his word no more.

The day is dying. I shall see him die
And I shall watch the sunset, and the red
Of all that splendour when the day is dead.
And I shall see the stars upon the sky,
And think them torches that are lit on high
To light the Lord Apollo to his bed.

And sweet To-morrow, like a golden bark,
  Will call for me, and lead me on apace
  To where I shall behold, in all her grace,
Mine own true Lady, whom a happy lark
Did late salute, appointing, after dark,
  A nightingale to carol in his place.

Oh, come to me! Oh, come, belovéd day,
  O sweet To-morrow! Youngest of the sons
  Of old King Time, to whom Creation runs
As men to God. Oh, quickly with thy ray
Anoint my head, and teach me how to pray,
  As gentle Jesus taught the little ones.

I am aweary of the waiting hours,
  I am aweary of the tardy night.
  The hungry moments rob me of delight,
The crawling minutes steal away my powers;
And I am sick at heart, as one who cowers,
  In lonely haunts, remov'd from human sight.

How shall I think the night was meant for sleep,
  When I must count the dreadful hours thereof,
  And cannot beat them down, or bid them doff
Their hateful masks? A man may wake and weep
From hour to hour, and, in the silence deep,
  See shadows move, and almost hear them scoff.

Oh, come to me, To-morrow! like a friend,
  And not as one who bideth for the clock.
  Be swift to come, and I will hear thee knock
And though the night refuse to make an end
Of her dull peace, I promptly will descend
  And let thee in, and thank thee for the shock.

Dear, good To-morrow! in my life, till now,
I did not think to need thee quite so soon.
I did not think that I should hate the moon,
Or new or old, or that my fevered brow
Requir'd the sun to cool it. I will bow
To this new day, that he may grant the boon.

Yes, 'twill consent. The day will dawn at last.
Day and the tide approach. They cannot rest.
They must approach. They must by every test
Of all men's knowledge, neither slow nor fast,
Approach and front us. When the night is past,
The morrow's dawn will lead me to my quest.

Then shall I tremble greatly, and be glad,
For I shall meet my true-love all alone,
And none shall tell me of her dainty zone,
And none shall say how sweetly she is clad;
But I shall know it. Men may call me mad;
But I shall know how bright the world has grown.

There is a grammar of the lips and eyes,
And I have learnt it. There are tokens sure
Of trust in love; and I have found them pure.
Is love the guerdon then? Is love the prize?
It is! It is! We find it in the skies,
And here on earth 'tis all that will endure.

All things for love. All things in some divine
And wish'd for way, conspire, as Nature knows,
To some great good. Where'er a daisy grows
There grows a joy. The forest-trees combine
To talk of peace when mortals would repine;
And he is false to God who flouts the rose.

II.—THE WAKING OF THE LARK.

O BONNIE bird, that in the brake, exultant, dost prepare thee—
As poets do whose thoughts are true, for wings that will upbear thee—
Oh! tell me, tell me, bonnie bird,
Canst thou not pipe of hope deferred?
Or canst thou sing of naught but Spring among the golden meadows?

Methinks a bard (and thou art one) should suit his song to sorrow,
And tell of pain, as well as gain, that waits us on the morrow;
But thou art not a prophet, thou,
If naught but joy can touch thee now;
If, in thy heart, thou hast no vow that speaks of Nature's anguish.

Oh! I have held my sorrows dear, and felt, tho' poor and slighted,
The songs we love are those we hear when love is unrequited.
But thou art still the slave of dawn,
And canst not sing till night be gone,
Till o'er the pathway of the fawn the sunbeams shine and quiver.

Thou art the minion of the sun that rises in his splendour,
And canst not spare for Dian fair the songs that should attend her.
The moon, so sad and silver-pale,
Is mistress of the nightingale;
And thou wilt sing on hill and dale no ditties in the darkness.

For queen and king thou wilt not spare one note of thine outpouring;
Thou art as free as breezes be on nature's velvet flooring.
The daisy, with its hood undone,
The grass, the sunlight, and the sun—
These are the joys, thou holy one, that pay thee for thy singing.

Oh, hush! Oh, hush! how wild a gush of rapture in the distance,—
A roll of rhymes, a toll of chimes, a cry for love's assistance;
A sound that wells from happy throats,
A flood of song where beauty floats,
And where our thoughts, like golden boats, do seem to cross a river.

This is the advent of the lark—the priest in gray apparel—
Who doth prepare to trill in air his sinless Summer carol;
This is the prelude to the lay
The birds did sing in Cæsar's day,
And will again, for aye and aye, in praise of God's creation.

O dainty thing, on wonder's wing, by life and love elated,
Oh! sing aloud from cloud to cloud, till day be consecrated;
Till from the gateways of the morn,
The sun, with all his light unshorn,
His robes of darkness round him torn, doth scale the lofty heavens!

III.—MIRAGE.

'TIS a legend of a lover,
'Tis a ballad to be sung,
In the gloaming,—under cover,—
By a minstrel who is young;
By a singer who has passion, and who sways us with his tongue.

I, who know it, think upon it,
Not unhappy, tho' in tears,
And I gather in a sonnet
All the glory of the years;
And I kiss and clasp a shadow when the substance disappears.

Ah! I see her as she faced me,
In the sinless summer days,
When her little hands embraced me,
And I saddened at her gaze,
Thinking, Sweet One! will she love me when we walk in other ways?

Will she cling to me as kindly
When the childish faith is lost?
Will she pray for me as blindly,
Or but weigh the wish and cost,
Looking back on our lost Eden from the girlhood she has cross'd?

Oh! I swear by all I honour,
By the graves that I endow,
By the grace I set upon her,
That I meant the early vow,—
Meant it much as men and women mean the same thing spoken now.

But her maiden troth is broken,
And her mind is ill at ease,
And she sends me back no token
From her home beyond the seas;
And I know, though nought is spoken, that she thanks me on her knees.

Yes, for pardon freely granted;
For she wrong'd me, understand.
And my life is disenchanted,
As I wander through the land
With the sorrows of dark morrows that await me in a band.

Hers was sweetest of sweet faces,
Hers the tenderest eyes of all!
In her hair she had the traces
Of a heavenly coronal,
Bringing sunshine to sad places where the sunlight could not fall.

She was fairer than a vision;
Like a vision, too, has flown.
I, who flushed at her decision,
Lo! I languish here alone;
And I tremble when I tell you that my anger was mine own.

Not for her, sweet sainted creature!
Could I curse her to her face?
Could I look on form and feature,
And deny the inner grace?
Like a little wax Madonna she was holy in the place.

And I told her, in mad fashion,
That I loved her,—would incline
All my life to this one passion,

And would kneel as at a shrine;
And would love her late and early, and would teach
her to be mine.

Now in dreams alone I meet her
With my lowly human praise:
She is sweeter and completer,
And she smiles on me always;
But I dare not rise and greet her as I did in early days.

IV.—BEETHOVEN AT THE PIANO.

SEE where Beethoven sits alone—a dream of days
elysian,
A crownless king upon a throne, reflected in a vision—
The man who strikes the potent chords which make
the world, in wonder,
Acknowledge him, though poor and dim, the mouth-
piece of the thunder.

He feels the music of the skies the while his heart is
breaking;
He sings the songs of Paradise, where love has no
forsaking;
And, though so deaf he cannot hear the tempest as
a token,
He makes the music of his mind the grandest ever
spoken.

He doth not hear the whispered word of love in his
seclusion,
Or voice of friend, or song of bird, in Nature's sad
confusion;
But he hath made, for Love's sweet sake, so wild a
declamation
That all true lovers of the earth have claim'd him of
their nation.

He had a Juliet in his youth, as Romeo had before
him,
And, Romeo-like, he sought to die that she might
then adore him;
But she was weak, as women are whose faith has
not been proven,
And would not change her name for his—Guiciardi
for Beethoven.

O minstrel, whom a maiden spurned, but whom a
world has treasured!
O sovereign of a grander realm than man has ever
measured!
Thou hast not lost the lips of love, but thou hast
gain'd, in glory,
The love of all who know the thrall of thine im-
mortal story.

Thou art the bard whom none discard, but whom
all men discover
To be a god, as Orpheus was, albeit a lonely lover;
A king to call the stones to life beside the roaring
ocean,
And bid the stars discourse to trees in words of
man's emotion.

A king of joys, a prince of tears, an emperor of the
seasons,
Whose songs are like the sway of years in Love's
immortal reasons;
A bard who knows no life but this: to love and be
rejected,
And reproduce in earthly strains the prayers of the
elected.

O poet heart! O seraph soul! by men and maids adorèd!
O Titan with the lion's mane, and with the splendid forehead!
We men who bow to thee in grief must tremble in our gladness,
To know what tears were turned to pearls to crown thee in thy sadness.

An Angel by direct descent, a German by alliance,
Thou didst intone the wonder-chords which made Despair a science.
Yea, thou didst strike so grand a note that, in its large vibration,
It seemed the roaring of the sea in nature's jubilation.

O Sire of Song! Sonata-King! Sublime and loving master;
The sweetest soul that ever struck an octave in disaster;
In thee were found the fires of thought—the splendours of endeavour,—
And thou shalt sway the minds of men for ever and for ever!

V.—MARY ARDEN.

O THOU to whom, athwart the perish'd days
And parted nights, long sped, we lift our gaze,
Behold! I greet thee with a modern rhyme,
Love-lit and reverent as befits the time,
To solemnize the feast-day of thy son.

And who was he who flourish'd in the smiles
Of thy fair face? 'Twas Shakespeare of the Isles,
Shakespeare of England, whom the world has known
As thine, and ours, and Glory's, in the zone
Of all the seas and all the lands of earth.

He was un-famous when he came to thee,
But sound, and sweet, and good for eyes to see,
And born at Stratford, on St. George's Day,
A week before the wondrous month of May;
And God therein was gracious to us all.

He lov'd thee, Lady! and he lov'd the world;
And, like a flag, his fealty was unfurl'd;
And Kings who flourished ere thy son was born
Shall live through him, from morn to furthest morn,
In all the far-off cycles yet to come.

He gave us Falstaff, and a hundred quips,
A hundred mottoes from immortal lips;
And, year by year, we smile to keep away
The generous tears that mind us of the sway
Of his great singing, and the pomp thereof.

His was the nectar of the gods of Greece,
The lute of Orpheus, and the Golden Fleece
Of grand endeavour; and the thunder-roll
Of words majestic, which, from pole to pole,
Have borne the tidings of our English tongue.

He gave us Hamlet; and he taught us more
Than schools have taught us; and his fairy-lore
Was fraught with science; and he called from death
Verona's Lovers, with the burning breath
Of their great passion that has filled the spheres.

He made us know Cordelia, and the man
Who murder'd sleep, and baleful Caliban;
And, one by one, athwart the gloom appear'd
Maidens and men and myths who were revered
In olden days, before the earth was sad.

Aye! this is true. It was ordainèd so;
He was thine own, three hundred years ago;
But ours to-day; and ours till earth be red
With doom-day splendour for the quick and dead,
And days and nights be scattered like the leaves.

It was for this he lived, for this he died:
To raise to Heaven the face that never lied,
To lean to earth the lips that should become
Fraught with conviction when the mouth was dumb,
And all the firm, fine body turn'd to clay.

He lived to seal, and sanctify, the lives
Of perish'd maids, and uncreated wives,
And gave them each a space wherein to dwell;
And for his mother's sake he loved them well,
And made them types, undying, of all truth

O fair and fond young mother of the boy
Who wrought all this—O Mary!—in thy joy
Didst thou perceive, when, fitful from his rest,
He turn'd to thee, that his would be the best
Of all men's chanting since the world began?

Didst thou, O Mary! with the eye of trust
Perceive, prophetic, through the dark and dust
Of things terrene, the glory of thy son,
And all the pride therein that should be won
By toilsome men, content to be his slaves?

Didst thou, good mother! in the tender ways
That women find to fill the fleeting days,
Behold afar the Giant who should rise
With foot on earth, and forehead in the skies,
To write his name, and thine, among the stars?

I love to think it; and, in dreams at night
I see thee stand, erect, and all in white,
With hands out-yearning to that mighty form,
As if to draw him back from out the storm,—
A child again, and thine to nurse withal.

I see thee, pale and pure, with flowing hair,
And big, bright eyes, far-searching in the air
For thy sweet babe, and, in a trice of time,
I see the boy advance to thee, and climb,
And call thee "Mother!" in ecstatic tones.

Yet, if my thought be vain—if, by a touch
Of this weak hand, I vex thee overmuch—
Forbear the blame, sweet Spirit! and endow
My heart with fervour while to thee I bow
Athwart the threshold of my fading dream.

For, though so seeming-bold in this my song,
I turn to thee with reverence, in the throng
Of words and thoughts, as shepherds scann'd, afar,
The famed effulgence of that eastern star
Which usher'd in the Crown'd One of the heavens.

In dreams of rapture I have seen thee pass
Along the banks of Avon, by the grass,
As fair as that fair Juliet whom thy son
Endow'd with life, but with the look of one
Who knows the nearest way to some new grave.

And often, too, I've seen thee in the flush
Of thy full beauty, while the mother's "Hush!"
Hung on thy lip, and all thy tangled hair
Re-clothed a bosom that in part was bare
Because a tiny hand had toy'd therewith!

Oh ! by the June-tide splendour of thy face
When, eight weeks old, the child in thine embrace
Did leap and laugh, O Mary ! by the same,
I bow to thee, subservient to thy fame,
And call thee England's Pride for evermore !

VI.—A BALLAD OF KISSES.

THERE are three kisses that I call to mind,
And I will sing their secrets as I go.
The first, a kiss too courteous to be kind,
Was such a kiss as monks and maidens know;
As sharp as frost, as blameless as the snow.

The second kiss, ah God ! I feel it yet,
And evermore my soul will loathe the same
The toys and joys of fate I may forget,
But not the touch of that divided shame:
It clove my lips ; it burnt me like a flame.

The third, the final kiss, is one I use
Morning and noon and night ; and not amiss.
Sorrow be mine if such I do refuse !
And when I die, be love, enrapt in bliss,
Re-sanctified in Heaven by such a kiss.

VII.—THE LITTLE GRAVE.

A LITTLE mound of earth
Is all the land I own :
Death gave it me,—five feet by three,
And marked it with a stone.

My home, my garden-grave,
Where most I long to go !
The ground is mine by right divine,
And Heaven will have it so.

For here my darling sleeps,
Unseen,—arrayed in white —

And o'er the grass the breezes pass,
And stars look down at night.

Here Beauty, Love, and Joy,
With her in silence dwell,
As Eastern slaves are thrown in graves
Of kings remember'd well.

But here let no man come,
My mourning rights to sever.
Who lieth here is cold and dumb.
Her dust is mine for ever!

VIII.—A DIRGE.

ART thou lonely in thy tomb?
Art thou cold in such a gloom?
Rouse thee, then, and make me room,—
Miserere Domine!

Phantoms vex thy virgin sleep,
Nameless things around thee creep,
Yet be patient, do not weep,—
Miserere Domine!

O be faithful! O be brave!
Naught shall harm thee in thy grave;
Let the restless spirits rave,—
Miserere Domine!

When my pilgrimage is done,
When the grace of God is won,
I will come to thee, my nun,—
Miserere Domine!

Like a priest in flowing vest,
Like a pale, unbidden guest,
I will come to thee and rest,—
Miserere Domine!

Herbert E. Clarke.

1852.

HERBERT EDWIN CLARKE was born at Chatteris, in the Isle of Ely and county of Cambridge, on November 21st, 1852. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, sometimes called "Quakers," and he was educated at the denominational schools of that society. He has published several volumes of verse—"Songs of Exile" (1879), "Storm Drift" (1882), "Poems and Sonnets" (1895), and "Tannhäuser and other Poems" (1896).

Mr. Clarke's poetry is apparently the outcome of an ardent spirit as affected by the beauties of nature and the disappointments of life. In the fields and among the flowers, when the spring buds and the sun shines, there is a joyous abandon in his response to natural influences, which shows him kin with the object of his worship. "Under the roof of blue Ionian weather," he sings as the birds sing, for the same reason that they sing: they are in their natural element; he is in his:—

"There is a sound of church-bells borne from far,
  The beauteous land is wrapt in Sabbath calm;
More musical and sweet the flower-bells are,
  And the birds' songs than any human psalm.
O hills, O woods, O sunlight, O pure sky,
Ye are the temple of our God most high.
  Why soar these spires toward any outer star
  While our fair earth lies folded in His arm,
Who saith to me—'*Come forth, for here am I*'?"

When he turns to the contemplation of life the key changes. The poet is saddened by the realisation of "what man has made of man," and his feelings find expression in vigorous rebel-songs alike against kings and creeds. In the poem "Thanksgiving," addressed to "Souls of poets dead and gone," he sings his gratitude to the singers of old time for the solace of their song amid failure and disappointment. Here he writes:—

> "Love hath fled from me like a thing affrighted,
> Of all that men desire my life hath failed;
> By fame unvisited—by faith unlighted,
> By storms of passion and of doubt assailed."

If this is a real experience, it may be taken as a key to much that Mr. Clarke has written.

After this we are not surprised to come across such poems as "A Cry" (p. 403). and we expect the pessimistic strain that runs through others of Mr. Clarke's poems. In some of these, however, he has not made it clear whether he is speaking in his own person or attempting the dramatic presentation of the thoughts and feelings of others; hence he lays himself open to the suspicion of insincerity. There is of course no necessary contradiction between these two extremes of Mr. Clarke's verse; accepting them as sincere, they may be taken as representing the varying moods of the same ardent spirit beating against the bars of its own limitations, whether of height or depth. That Mr. Clarke can strike a true and healthy note is shown by such sonnets as those on "Life and Death" (p. 405). This is much more the tone for the times, and Mr. Clarke has all the necessary qualifications for sounding it with beauty and power. ALFRED H. MILES.

SONGS OF EXILE.

1879.

HERBERT E. CLARKE.

I.—A SPRING CHORUS.

AFTER her long sleep, by thy sweet kiss broken,
Nature does now arise,
A crown of gold upon her brows for token,
And sunlight in her eyes.
And on her lips a smile for thee
That wakes an answering smile on land and sea.

In the glad meadows violets are springing,
Tossed and half drowned in blithe and blowing grass,
That laughs to feel thy feet, and birds are singing
A joyful welcome as they hear thee pass,
And the wind woos thee and caresses,
And smells thereafter of thy odorous tresses.

And at thy advent the great sea rejoices;
The thunder of his welcome shakes the shore;
And everywhere the rivers lift their voices,
Made free once more.
Even men's sad hearts within their bosoms sing
To greet thee, Spring.

Take us with thee, O glad and winsome maiden,
And let us go,—
Our hearts are weary now and heavy laden
With worldly woe,—
Now from life's dusty battle let us flee
Away with thee.

Thou hast somewhere a cool and shady dwelling.
Where ferns uncurl and darker ivies climb ;
From fairy fountains, water ever welling
Fills all the air with liquid-rippling rhyme.
The bright light crocus and the snowdrop timid,
Bold daisies gazing ever on the sky,
And golden cups with dewy nectar brimmed,
About thy palace floor in myriads lie.
With new-waked life the busy air is teeming,
Flits the gay butterfly and hums the bee ;
In fitful sunlight the moist rocks are gleaming,
There comes a murmur of the distant sea.
Delicate tapestry the walls doth cover,
Of gossamer the fairies weave at morn :
Here thou dost woo the youthful year, thy lover,—
Here the flower-goddess does thy brows adorn.
And here thy nymphs upon soft moss are lying.
Shadow and sunshine o'er their bright limbs cast,
As up above the snow-white clouds go flying
Before a wanton wind that follows fast.
From out the murky midmost of the city,
Where scarce thy face is seen, we cry to thee,
O flower-crowned maiden-goddess, of thy pity
To set us free.

Lo last year's hopes, like last year's fruits are rotten,
Or past away,—
And last year's loves and leaves alike forgotten,
And last year's May ;—
New hopes are born, new leaves, new loves are springing,
May comes again,
And with the birds at sight of her are singing
The hearts of men

Flash out, O Sun, in splendour.
Roll on, O tide of Spring,
Whereon, like foam, the tender
White May is blossoming;

Thy goddess on thy bosom
Is wafted to the strand;
With bird and bud and blossom
Fill all the laughing land.

The woodland ways and alleys
Thy coming decked to greet,
And all the hills and valleys
On fire before thy feet.

Dryads and fauns go reeling
The joyous ways along,
With cymbal clash and pealing
Of laughter and of song.

Silenus shakes with laughter,
And Bacchus young and fair,
By panthers drawn, comes after,
With ivy crowned hair.

Near the wild train we hover
But silent for a space,
Until our eyes discover
Thy glorious form and face;—

Then the leaf-arches under,
While flowers fall thick as spray,
As swells the song in thunder,
We follow thee away.

II.—ON THE EMBANKMENT.

UNDER the mist and the moonlight I wander alone along
Between the hum of the city and the river's soothing song,
And the wind that blows from the water is keen like a sword, and strong.

I love to roam by the river in the grey of the winter nights,
Till I seem to be nought but a shadow among the shadowy sights,
Above, and below, and around me a dazzling tangle of lights—

Lights that glow in the water, lights that burn in the sky,
Lights that twinkle and change, lights that flicker and fly;
And the great moon over them all, ruling supreme on high.

Clothed by the shining mist with a wedding-garment of white;
And the tide of the Thames to left, and the city's tide to right,
Run swiftly out in the dimness, filling the ear of the night

With a musical, mingling murmur, that wakes in my dreaming brain
Thoughts that are sad for pleasure, and yet too soothing for pain,
And steals 'twixt the thoughts awakened like a far-off song's refrain.

There is passion, and pain, and sorrow, there is hope, and rest, and ease,
And Labour, with Love for guerdon, in the mingling melodies,
And my vague unrest is quiet, and I am content and at peace.

O toiling brothers and sisters,—O moon, O stars, O night,—
O rapid and restless river,—O mist of the midnight white,—
O colour, and sound, and silence—O darkness, and O light,—

I am glad of you, one with you, part of you—an atom of all am I,—
One with the mist and the river, and the courtezan strolling by,
And one with the great white moon in the solemn and splendid sky.

A glimpse of the dream's fulfilment, or ever the dream is done?
That the little imperfect lives, we may-flies live in the sun
Shall be gathered at last together and woven for ever in one!

One that is all-sufficing, where nothing of self can be,
And the strifes and struggles are ended, unravelled the mystery;
Yes, all is so very plain that we do not need to see.

Nought that is clean or unclean, nought that is low or high,
Nought that is evil or good, and nought that can change or die,—
Nought that is other than me, yet nought any more that is I.

III.—IN THE WOOD.

THROUGH laughing leaves the sunlight comes,
Turning the green to gold;
The bee about the heather hums,
And the morning air is cold
Here on the breezy woodland side,
Where we two ride.

Through laughing leaves on golden hair
The sunlight glances down,
And makes a halo round her there,
And crowns her with a crown
Queen of the sunrise and the sun,
As we ride on.

The wanton wind has kissed her face,—
His lips have left a rose,—
He found her cheek so sweet a place
For kisses, I suppose,—
He thought he'd leave a sign, that so
Others might know.

The path grows narrower as we ride
The green boughs close above,
And overhead, and either side,
The wild birds sing of Love:—
But ah, she is not listening
To what they sing!

Till I take up the wild bird's song
And word by word unfold
Its meaning as we ride along,—
And when my tale is told,
I turn my eyes to hers again,—
And then,—and then,—

(The bridle path more narrow grows,
The leaves shut out the sun ;—)
Where the wind's lips left their one rose
My own leave more than one :—
While the leaves murmur up above,
And laugh for love.

This was the place ;—you see the sky
Now 'twixt the branches bare ;
About the path the dead leaves lie,
And songless in the air ;—
All's changed since then, for that you know
Was long ago.—

Let us ride on ! The wind is cold.—
Let us ride on—ride fast !—
'Tis winter, and we know of old
That love could never last
Without the summer and the sun !—
Let us ride on !

IV.—ON THE PIER.

A CRASH of music, a blaze of light,
Where the dancers whirl in glee ;—
And out beyond the silent night
Over the sighing sea,
Whose waves sigh on, sigh on, sigh on,
Whose waves sigh on for ever.

So with its music, and mirth, and song,
Its glory of laughter and love,
To a madding measure Life whirls along,
But Death is around and above :
And still thro' the music we hear the rhyme,
The sorrowful song of the tide of Time,
Whose waves sigh on, sigh on, sigh on,
Whose waves sigh on for ever.

V.—AGE.

ALL the strong spells of Passion slowly breaking,
Its chains undone;
A troubled sleep that dreams to peaceful waking.
A haven won.

A fire burnt out unto the last dead ember,
Left black and cold;
A fiery August unto still September
Yielding her gold.

A dawn serene the windy midnight over,
The darkness past;
Now, with no clouds nor mists her face to cover,
The day at last.

Thou hast thy prayed-for peace, O soul, and quiet
From storm and strife;—
Now yearn for ever for the noise and riot
That made thy Life.

STORM-DRIFT.

1882.

HERBERT E. CLARKE.

I.—A NOCTURN AT TWILIGHT

THE broken lights flow in—
The broken lights flow in—
And the notes flow out, flow out;
Life with its sorrow and sin;
Death with its endless doubt;
And the same old weary din
Goes on in the street without.

But the soul of the twilight sings—
The soul of the twilight sings—
And I hear the din no more
But a sound as of laughing springs;
A murmur of waves on the shore,
And upward on rhythmic wings
Doth the mounting melody soar.

The rippling notes arise—
The rippling notes arise—
Meseems somewhere afar
In depths of sunset skies
Shines many a silver star
O'er a sea that moans and sighs
To be where the pale stars are.

But the mounting melody fails—
The mounting melody fails—
Or ever the goal is won;
The starshine sickens and pales
Over the sunken sun;
The twilight alone prevails,
But the twilight's soul is gone.

And the broken lights flow in—
The broken lights flow in—
And the white hands leave the keys;
So, e'er they well begin,
End all life's melodies;
And again arises the din
Outside that shall never cease.

II.—A VOLUNTARY.

AH, what a glorious land is this to-day,
Full of glad sunshine—wonderful with flowers.
Rise, my beloved, rise and come away,—
Whom should we envy while these gifts are ours?
The gold that summer heaps upon the lea,
The Danæ-showers of the laburnum tree,
The purple hills' imperial array,
The woods' leaf-turrets, terraces, and towers?
Oh come, my love, my fair one, come with me!

There is a sound of church-bells borne from far.
The beauteous land is wrapt in Sabbath calm;
More musical and sweet the flower-bells are,
And the birds' songs than any human psalm.
O hills, O woods, O sunlight, O pure sky,
Ye are the temple of our God most high.
Why soar these spires toward any outer star
While our fair earth lies folded in His arm,
Who saith to me—"*Come forth, for here am I*"?

Let us go forth unto Him, O my sweet,
Through this our Eden as in days of old
Two mortals by Him trod with fearless feet,
And communed with Him and were blithe and bold.

No church-wall then, or priest to come between—
Let us go forth—He shall again be seen,
And from the silence of the hills shall greet;
  And in His glorious garment us enfold.
Yea, to the holiest place shall lead us in.

* * * *

O Day, for ever to be marked with white,
  O perfect "bridal of the earth and sky,"
For thy most bounteous guerdon of delight
  I thought to praise thee e'er thou cam'st to die;
But lo, unto thee every thing doth raise
One mighty pean of exulting praise:
Man, trees, flowers—all; yea, even sable Night
  Takes thee to her dark bosom tenderly,
And scarce will let thee go, thou Day of Days.

III.—FAILURE.

LET my head lie quiet here upon your shoulder
  Once, once more;
Dead desires are round us, round us dead hopes moulder—
  All is o'er.

We were young and strong, dear, stout and hopeful-hearted—
  Who could know
What dark future lay before us when we started
  Long ago?

When we two joined hands, dear, in our life's bright morning,
  Heard the call,
Gladly rushed to join the strife, supineness scorning;
  Over all

Saw Hope's sunrise gleaming glorious and golden,
Knew no fear
Though beside us Failure marching unbeholden,
Was so near.

Now we know the secret—fight by failure ended,
Final fall;
Nothing good or great, dear, nothing grand or splendid
In at all.

Youth's bright morning passes, and for all its blossom,
Fruit is none;
Now my head lies quiet on your soft white bosom,
All is done.

And the haze is thickening round us, making dimmer
The bare room,
Lighted only by the charcoal's lurid glimmer
In the gloom.

To that brazier's glimmer hath the glory dwindled,
Fallen far,
Lo, the light whereat our hearts' high hope was kindled:
Lo, our star.

God-sent star we deemed it, sent to cheer and speed us,
Guide and save,
When 'twas but a pale corpse-candle, lit to lead us
To the grave.

Some will blame Fate's harshness, some our own demerit—
Shall we know?
Shall we feel it, shall we care for it, or hear it,
Where we go?

Some will mock as crazed, and some will curse as craven;
Let them lie.
Shall they mar the perfect quiet of our heaven
With their cry?

Though it rent high heaven, though the earth were shaken
And the deep—
Lo, not all the tumult there should ever waken
One from sleep.

Need we say farewell, dear—we who go together,
Hand in hand,
Through the night and darkness and the winter weather,
To Death's land?

Nay, but cheek by cheek, love, as in nights past over,
Breast to breast
We too gladly enter, lover clasping lover,
Into rest.

IV.—A CRY.

LO! I am weary of all,
Of men and their love and their hate;
I have been long enough Life's thrall
And the toy of a tyrant Fate.

I would have nothing but rest;
I would not struggle again;
Take me now to thy breast,
Earth, sweet mother of men.

Hide me and let me sleep,
  Give me a lonely tomb
So close and so dark and so deep—
  I shall hear no trumpet of doom.

There let me lie forgot
  When the dead at its blast are gone
Give me to hear it not,
  But only to slumber on.

This is the fate I crave,
  For I look to the end and see
If there be not rest in the grave
  There will never be rest for me.

SONNETS.

HERBERT E. CLARKE.

LIFE AND DEATH.

I.

HOLD not thy life too dear because of death;
Why wilt thou nought but labour all thy days?
Thou winnest, but shalt never wear the bays,
Thou sowest and another gathereth
The fruitage. Live thou then as one who saith:
I wait a summons, and with prayer and praise
And helpful kindness fills the time he stays,
And unregretfully yields up his breath.
Wilt thou pull down thy barns and greater build
Because thy life's land laughs one golden sea,
From East to West, from North to South fulfilled
With promise of harvest? Nay, for verily
Dreaming thy dreams thou findest stricken and chilled
Thou fool even now thy soul required of thee.

II.

Because of Death hold not thy life too cheap;
Plan for the years—found broad and strong—aim high:
Nobly to fail is more than victory
Over unworthy foes: mourn not nor weep,
One span of life thou hast 'twixt deep and deep.
Be all thy care to fill it gloriously:
Live even as if thou knew'st thou couldst not die
This day is short—there will be years for sleep.
Therefore work thou while it is called to-day,
And let the night of the night's things take care.
By those strong souls who have our earth more fair
With their strenuous service unto all for aye
I charge thee work, and let not Death dismay
Nor the shadow of death, but greatly hope and dare.

III.—A CHORD.

LAST night I chanced upon a nursery rhyme,
An ancient jingle, out of fashion long,
A poor patched verse, a sorry little song,
That stirred my spirit like a fairy chime,
With dreams and memories of olden time,
And voices sweet of many a tuneful tongue
That soothed my childhood,—silent now among
The silent shadows of that sunless clime

Where all sleep well unsung to. Once again
I heard the voices I shall hear no more,
And saw the kindly faces that are gone
Forever now out of the whole world's ken:—
One tiny waif cast up on Memory's shore;—
This shrine of sand I raise, and so fare on.

IV.—THE PAST DETHRONED.

THY reign is done. The old fresh springs are fled,
The amorous summers are burned out and cold,
Scattered and spent is autumn's ruddy gold,
And light the earth lies on fierce winter's head;
The Past, or good or ill, is done and dead,
And shall not rise: bury the corpse: behold
The Future beckons beautiful and bold,—
Bury the corpse and let no tears be shed.

'Tis in my heart as in some tyrant's court
Where men have trembled 'neath the pale king's frown
Hour after hour in silence, till kneels one
To sue for mercy at his feet,—stops short,—
Cries "*He is dead!*" and hurls him headlong down,
And the air rings with joy. My reign is done.

Francis Money-Coutts.

1852.

FRANCIS B. T. MONEY-COUTTS was born on September the 18th, 1852—son of the late J. D. Money and Clara Maria Burdett, daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. The poet assumed the name of Coutts by Royal licence in 1880. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, he entered at the Inner Temple, and was called to the bar. His publications are "Poems" (1896); "The Revelation of St. Love the Divine" (1898); "The Alhambra and other poems" (1898); "The Mystery of Godliness" (1900); "The Poet's Charter; or the Book of Job" (1903), and "Musa Verticordia" (1905).

Mr. Money-Coutts is a poet of revolt, and frankly avows his rebellion against religious dogma and social conventionality. In "The Revelation of St. Love the Divine," he says:—

"Upbraid me not because I sing
Outside the violets and thyme;
I cannot keep within the ring
Where pretty poets pluck their rhyme,

"And twist gay garlands for the feast,
Believing that mere shape and hue
Ennoble men above the beast,
Or worms that know not what they do.

"The fairness of the flower is not
Within itself; but in the Mind
Its heavenly beauty is begot
By the Eternal Type behind;

"And so I count the humblest reed
Toned to the stream of thought that flows
About the world, an apter weed
For minstrels than the trellised rose."

Claiming freedom for his muse, the poet proceeds to use it in the cause of freedom of thought and of love, protesting that except to blind ignorance and dull unbelief, thought and love—so they be thought and love at all—cannot be anything but free; and, that so thought be true and love be pure—that is, so they fulfil their own specific laws of being—there cannot be anything but safety in their freedom.

The chief poem in the volume "Poems" (1896) is "An Essay in a Brief Model" which, to quote the poet's reference in the preface to "The Poet's Charter; or the Book of Job" (1903), was "an attempt to express the inward meaning of the Book of Job in heroic verse," and was so entitled "because Milton called the Book of Job 'a brief model' of the epic form of poetry." This verse attempt, though it drew from Professor R. G. Moulton characterisation as "one of the strongest and finest poems he had read in the poetry of the present age," and justified the criticism of Mr. H. D. Traill that the poet was a master of the rare and difficult art of clothing thought in true poetic language, did not excite the response from ordinary readers which the poet had hoped for; and in the preface to the latter book he says, "I determined to study the Book of Job again, in order to make trial in prose of what I had failed to do in poetry, and something more besides; to exhibit to my countrymen the priceless treasure, too long hidden from their eyes under a veil of ecclesiastical glosses, and persuade them of the momentous considerations appertaining to its

discovery." Naturally the two books will be found mutually explanatory.

"The Revelation of St. Love the Divine" (1898) essays the difficult task of treating with fearless delicacy a subject convention commonly taboos. The poet holds that the laws which attract the sexes are natural and therefore divine, and that the laws by which men try to regulate their approach are of the earth earthy, and not always even human.

In "The Poet's Charter" he says, "As to Religion's pretence of sanctifying Love by Holy Matrimony, the poet insists that Love needs no sanctification being the institution of God, whereas Marriage is the institution of man. But prophets have no need to attack institutions, and the poet who is also a prophet contends not against the contract of Marriage, but against the superstitious reverence in which it is commonly held; because it implies that Love considered apart from the sanction of Marriage is sinful, whereby the consciences of men are seared and indurated and give birth to many evil practices." The poet has attained a distinct achievement in the form adopted for this and the following work, "The Mystery of Godliness" (1900). In a series of quatrains the argument is unfolded, and many of these sections form short poems of complete compact beauty and interest in themselves. Take the following for instance:—

> From the first prize we win at school,
> From the first triumph in a game,
> We learn the one essential rule
> By which a man may fashion fame;
>
> Trample the witless and the weak;
> So you advance, what matter they?
> But cultivate the strong, and seek
> The heads that wear Olympian bay.

This is the pivot, sun-like sin
That holds the tether of the World,
And all his planet creatures spin,
Around the self-same motive twirled.

Not otherwise the Churches turn;
Revolving round a central need
Of Influence; for which they burn
The souls defiant of their creed.

The working out of the competitive principle in the course of which love is strangled and lust triumphs under the sanction and encouragement of competitive churches is powerfully illustrated in this poem, see p. 419. "Musa Verticordia" (1905) is a remarkable book to follow the five volumes already noticed. More argument and less song is what one expects in the later work of most modern poets, but here we have more song and less argument.

No one will cry "hold enough," while the poet can produce such strong and tender lyrics as are found here.

ALFRED H. MILES.

F. B. MONEY-COUTTS.

I.—SWEET SEVENTEEN.

I WOULD not bring the menace
Of mourning autumn near
The tender buds of promise
Of this thy blossoming year!
O fresh in mind and feature!
I would not overcast
The sunshine of thy future
With the shadow of my past.

I would not breathe my sorrows,
To blur with ageing blight
Thy green ungathered morrows,
Unfolding to the light;
God keep thee, fairy creature!
God separate, to the last,
The sunshine of thy future
From the shadow of my past!

II.—COUNSEL.

WEAR not the rubies that I gave!
Like wine, aglow with lurid heats;
But diamonds; whiter than the wave
That down the northern channel beats.

Press pallid jewels to thy breast;
For they are free from dangerous fires;
They are not reddened with unrest,
Nor fierce unsatisfied desires.

Keep thine affection free from blame;
Austere, yet ardent, purely shine;
To set thy crystal heart aflame
Shall never be a sin of mine.

III.—THE SACRAMENT OF LOVE.

LOVE brimmed the golden bowl of life
With generous measure;
The importunacy of strife
Subdued to pleasure;
Made sensitive to lightest play
The heart's vibration;
And taught upon his shrine to lay
The due oblation.

A priest came by and cast a doub
Into that nectar;
'Twas wrong, he said, to be without
Pain, the corrector;
The idolater in hell, he vowed,
Lies next the scoffer;
Only to God are men allowed
Homage to offer.

Such wormwood in the bowl he threw,
With holy malice;
Some drops, splashed up like rosy dew,
Fell in his chalice;
He sipped, and happier than a child
He grew, and meeker;
Pleasure and pain were reconciled
Within that beaker.

IV.—ALIQUID AMARI.

I HEARD a sailor singing, as he leaned against the shrouds;
The ocean fled beneath him and above him flew the clouds;
And the breezes moaned in answer, and the voices of the main:
"However happy Love may be, the core of Love is pain."

The breezes learnt the burden, and murmured to the land;
The sailor's wife was sitting in her cottage by the strand;
And when she heard them whisper, her heart replied again:
"However happy Love may be, the core of Love is pain."

They left the woman weeping, and hurried to the town,
Where gallant lads and ladies were walking up and down;
To each they told their message, and all confessed it plain:
"However happy Love may be, the core of Love is pain."

Then hearken, all ye lovers! Be mindful when ye meet,
To promise naught or little ere this proverb ye repeat;
Ye surely shall have proof thereof: ye shall not speak in vain;
"However happy Love may be, the core of Love is pain."

V.—THE INQUEST.

NOT labour kills us; no, nor joy:
The incredulity and frown,
The interference and annoy,
The small attritions wear us down.

The little gnat-like buzzings shrill
The hurdy-gurdies of the street,
The common curses of the will—
These wrap the cerements round our feet.

And more than all, the look askance
Of loving souls that cannot gauge
The numbing touch of circumstance,
The heavy toll of heritage.

It is not Death, but Life that slays:
The night less mountainously lies
Upon our lids, than foolish day's
Importunate futilities!

VI.—ANY FATHER TO ANY SON.

FOR thee a crown of thrones I wear,
And thought imperative constrains
My labouring heart for thee to bear
The travail of a woman's pains;

For with intolerable preságe
Of all the amazements of thy life,
The pits of ancient woe I gauge,
The vast impediments of strife;

Or else in dreadful dreaming cast,
I see thy form before me fly,
By prescience never overpast
Nor fleetest foot that love can ply.

Still as thy shadow must I run,
When all the shadows fall behind,
And in the rich seductive sun
Thou to the darker bars are blind.

VII.—SON OF MAN.

HUMANITY is God expressed
In terms of Mind; though not in this
Period nor that; but manifest
In endless metamorphosis.

In terms of Mind, that apprehends
Nothing unrelative: that knows
Beginnings only by their ends,
And from beginning learns the close;

Only by voidness feeling form,
Only by darkness seeing flame,
Only by silence hearing storm,
And measuring majesty by shame.

Theirs is the vision, who can see
Mind, like the hovering, heavenly Dove,
Brooding o'er deeps of anarchy
And orbing laws of Life and Love.

VIII.—"TILL DEATH US DO PART."

OFT in the lapses of the night,
When dead things live and live things die,
I touch you, with a wild affright
Lest you have ceased in sleep to sigh.

There is no truth I fear to face,
Nor e'en the record of my heart
That brands me recreant from grace,
Except the truth that we must part.

Before the phantom of that hour,
Time's Officer to you and me,
A miserable wretch I cower
And plead for pity, hopelessly.

"May we not tread the path;" I cry,
"Together? None the way can miss;
It ends against the sunset sky,—
A turning or a precipice."

IX.—PARADISE REGAINED.

THERE is a garden somewhere set,
Where singing birds abound,
And plashing founts the marble fret
With soft persistent sound;

Sorrow and sighing thence shall flee,
And none shall there intrude,
Save those who by simplicity
Have won beatitude;

The simple heart and simple mind,
Sincere in trust and troth,
From honest pleasure unconfined,
For honest love unloth;

And there shall you be Queen; but I,
Shall I find entrance too?
Or must I roam eternity,
To search, sweetheart, for you?

X.—SINGERS OF THE CENTURY.

ENLARGE your measure, minstrels; War and Trade,
These will endure as long as Lust endures
For like voracious dragons in a drop
Of stagnant water, men devour their kind;
But not by these true Manhood can be made,
The urgent need that coveting obscures;
Finger, O minstrels, this forgotten stop,—
How in the mindless to create a mind:

How to be rid of hatred of stern thought,—
The discipline of ordered intellect,
Wherein alone the love of Mankind dwells
(And not in pity's fluctuating mood)
With truth diviner and less vainly sought
Than ancient Church can boast, or modern Sect,
Crazed with conceit of their own heavens and hells,
Or fondly-designated ill and good:

To make each reasonable spirit free
To work out its salvation, undeterred
By old accumulated custom's dross,
Or by authority's self-loving law;
Depriving pompous preachers of their fee
Of ignorant applause, with which the herd
Reward the leaders that most deftly toss
The sugared falsehood to the public maw.

Our insignificant earth can keep her place
Among the monstrous strewing of the stars,
Which by the rule of number must obey
The chanting mathematics of the sky;
Why then should Man the little heap disgrace,
Maiming humanity with wounds and scars,
Save that he cannot find his ordered way
Nor fix Time's orbit in Eternity?

'Tis yours, O minstrels, to be seer and sage;
If bards have not imagination, who
Can hope to win it? That divinest power,
Piercing to sacramental verity
Beneath the superficial appanage,
Out of the old things bringing forth the new,
Divining from the seed the future flower,
And from the seen setting the unseen free.

Up, up! Bestir! Away with pretty speech
And tinkling melodies, to tickle ears
Made stupid with the drone of politics
Or commerce, or with clattering social din
Of silly tongues, like parrots each to each
Repeating and out-talking his compeers;
And cease your mild monotonies to mix
For jaded tastes; the true artistic sin.

Honour your office or relinquish verse;
Better to dig potatoes than despise
Your mission to bring messages to Man
Of voices that his ears can else not hear,
That cry aloud with blessing or with curse
Along the lonely borderland that lies
Where Science, Art, Religion overspan,
And only poets venture without fear.

Haste and bring thence great garlands for our streets,
Immense festoons of flowering Thought, to bind
About our houses and our alleys dark;
Not only posies for a compliment
To rich men's porcelain, or a bunch of sweets
For a girl's hair; but meadowsful, to wind
Round life itself; till life itself must mark
And be transmuted by the hue and scent.

THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS.

1904.

F. B. MONEY-COUTTS.

SELECTED STANZAS.

I.

HOW dare we deem that in this age
The end of all the ages lurks?
That God is printing the last page
Of the last volume of his Works?

Have we not canted of the mills
Of God, how very slow they grind?
Why should we fancy on our hills
Their sails are sped by earthly wind?

Persia and Egypt, Greece and Rome,
And vaster dynasties before,
Now faded in Time's monochrome,
In what do we surpass their lore?

Some things they knew that we know not;
Some things we know by them unknown;
But the axles of their wheels were hot
With the same frenzies as our own.

II.

When preachers from their pulpits coo
No compliments to place and purse,
When Christian people cease to woo
With blessings what they ought to curse,

When Vanity no longer rules,
Sceptred with some mellifluous phrase,
With which he taps the mouths of fools,
And makes them pregnant with his praise,

When Force shall bow to Intellect,
And pious coveting, the brand
Of Christian Empires, shall direct
No more the counsels of the land,

When Man on Man no longer preys,
  Far less on things that cannot cry
For mercy, whom pure trust betrays
  To torture, will the end be nigh.

III.

When fond ambition, falsely called
  Self-help and many a specious name,
Has loosed his grip upon the thralled
  Admirers of applauded shame;

When honesty shall rule the mart,—
  Not honesty as judged by Trade,
But that great honesty of heart
  That loves not to be over paid;

That first is proud of workmanship,
  Then of true dealing; last, of gain;
That never with a lying lip
  Has damned a boon, or blessed a bane;

Nor ever stole the widow's mite
  Or orphans' bread, by that worst wrong
That has the semblance of a right,—
  Then may be deemed the end not long.

T. Herbert Warren.

1853.

THOMAS HERBERT WARREN was born at Bristol on October 21st, 1853, the second son of A. W. Warren, Esq., J.P., and Cecil, daughter of T. Thomas, Esq., Llangadock, Caermarthenshire. He was educated at Clifton College and Balliol, Oxford. Hertford scholar, 1873; Gaisford prizeman 1875; Craven scholar, 1878; First Class Classical Mods., 1873; First Class Lit. Hum., 1876; Librarian of the Union Society, 1875; Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, 1877—1885; President of Magdalen, 1885; Member of Council of Clifton College; Governor of St. Paul's school; Departmental Commissioner of the Treasury to inspect University Colleges of Great Britain in 1896; Member of the Consultative Committee of Board of Education; married Mary Isabel, youngest daughter of Sir B. Brodie. His publications are "Plato Republic I., V., with Introduction and Notes" (1888), "Education and Equality," an Address on Secondary Education (1895), "By Severn Sea and other Poems" (1897), second edition (1898), "Poems" of George J. Romanes with Introduction (1896), and a life of Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig Holstein" (1903). He has also contributed to the *Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, *Monthly Review*, *Spectator*, *Times*, etc., articles on Sophocles, Virgil, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Dante, Gray," etc. That one having so many duties and occupations should have found time to cultivate the muse would seem a wonder were it not common experience that the busiest men are those who have the most time at their disposal, and that given congenial soil

the flowers of poesy have a way, like other flowers, of coming up of themselves. They just are because they must be, and being, feel their way towards the sun, even though like the children of the mountains that climb round rugged boulders, they have to creep through crevices of momentary opportunity between long hours of engrossing labour. The poems which follow need no explanation and call for no criticism. They speak for themselves and cannot be misunderstood. The product of a scholarly, if busy, life, they bear the marks of cultured thought and refined reflection; the outcome of a love of nature and of art, they breathe the atmosphere of antique associations refreshed by the fragrance and the music of perennial spring, and in this atmosphere, as in the actual words of one of the poems that create it,—

"The College of the Lily leaves her sleep,
The grey tower rocks and trembles into sound,
Dawn-smitten Memnon of a happier hour;
Through faint-hued fields the silver waters creep,
Day grows, birds pipe, and robed anew and crowned
Green Spring trips forth to set the world aflower."

ALFRED H. MILES

BY SEVERN SEA.

T. HERBERT WARREN.

1897.

I.—WHERE TRUE JOYS ARE TO BE FOUND.

TIME was I yearned for happiness,
Time was I burned for fame,
Nor marked the Love and loveliness
Unsought, unbought that came.

Now happiness seems emptiness,
And fame a fickle breath,
And only Love and loveliness
Have promise over Death.

II.—THE POINT OF SPRING.

'TWAS that sweet moment of the year
When first the seasons' hopes appear,
When through black boughs of winter seen
Spring shimmers in a gauze of green.

His pushing heir not yet installed,
The guiltless cuckoo shyly called,
And like a fountain pulsing strong
Larks towered and dropped on jets of song;

Nodded beneath the sheltering hill
In the low breeze the daffodil,
And pink the budding almond stood
Blushing at her own hardihood;

While on the down so harsh and bare
But yesterday, see everywhere
Pale stars in purple morning set,
The primrose with the violet!

III.—BY SEVERN SEA.

THE rolling moorland russet-dun
With all its gold and purple bloom
Made fragrant by the summer sun,
Climbs from the softly-curving combe
Above dark wood and whitening lea,
And orchard green by Severn Sea;

A noble flood, more proudly wide,
From our dear island's mother breast
Pours none, nor swirls a fuller tide
To barter with the boundless West
For many a costly argosy
Than this broad stream of Severn Sea.

A dateless gulf, whose wave of old
Yet fervent from the central flame,
By tropic jungle streaming rolled,
Or foamed around the monstrous frame
Of flying, creeping, swimming things
With serpent gorge and dragon wings;

Lands that a mystic glamour fills,
The after-glow of sunken stars,
Where the old tongues murmur to the hills
Dead loves, dead hates, forgotten wars,
And Arthur's phantom glories haunt
The shadowy scene of high romaunt.

What life, what death of brute and man
Have scarred your earth and stained your wave,
Where pirate horde and robber clan
Have reared and ravaged home and grave,
And gorgeous wrecks of stately Spain
Mix with the bones of Celt and Dane!

Now all is peace from shore to shore,
Mourns Avalon in ruined state
Beneath her silent-watching tor,
And holy Cleeve thy sculptured gate
Sees but the glittering runnel pass
Beside thy cloister-guarded grass;

While towered hall and castle stand,
Their ancient wont and fashion yet
Unchanged, as if some fairy hand
'Mid their green oaks of Somerset
Had lulled them to such drowsihood
As chained erewhile the Slumbering Wood.

So sleep they, only through their dream
At times the merry bugles wind,
When hound and horse and horseman gleam
By ferny haunts of hart and hind,
And pride of olden venerie,
The antlered stag goes wildly free.

Nought hear they else, but from its well
Deep in the dim heart of the glen
The secret stream from dell to dell
Rustling by ways apart from men,
Till in some cool and shadowed cave
It wed the quiet-waiting wave.

O ch rmèd realm, O storied scene,
What echoes whisper on your tide,
What memories mingle with your sheen,
Of lives that here have breathed and died,
Of lips whose unforgotten lays
Made beauty lovelier by their praise!

Here wandered once the lyric three,
Whose presence made a classic ground
From Quantoxhead to Dunkery,
Where they by height or hollow found
Fountains that carol for all time
In tune to their own deathless rhyme;

And here that nearer dearer tongue
Mourned his dead friend and sang the dirge—
More sadly sweet was never sung—
Of him who on your murmurous verge
Wind-wafted from Italian land
Hath rest by his own Severn strand.

Ah western winds and waters mild!
Others your vaporous languors chide;
They have not loved you from a child,
Nor grown to strength your shore beside.
Ye speak of youth and hope to me,
Ye airs, ye floods of Severn Sea!

For I was native to your mood
And apt to take your influence,
To muse and pause, to pore and brood,
To doubt the shows and shapes of sense,
To dream how not to dream away
The long large hours of boyhood's day.

And when high noon on many a sail
Was bright along the brimming flow,
Or when the westering sun must fail
Blood-red, and from the shifting glow
Of lilac-citron skies the queen
That sways your motion glimmered green,

One lesson still my spirit learned
From flood and daylight fleeting past,
And from its own strange self that yearned
Like them to lapse into the vast,
And merge and end its vague unrest
In some wide ocean of the West;

Ere we can find true peace again,
Our being must have second birth,
Purged and made one through joy and pain
With Him Who rules and rounds the earth,
Beyond the dark, behind the light,
In mystery of the Infinite.

And we like rivers from their source
Through cloud and shine, by deep or shoal,
Must follow that which draws our course,
The love that is its guide and goal;
Of life, of death, ye made me free,
Waters and hills of Severn Sea!

MINEHEAD,
August, 1892.

IV.—MAY DAY ON MAGDALEN TOWER.

WRITTEN FOR

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE.

MORN of the year, of day and May the prime!
How fitly do we scale the steep dark stair,
Into the brightness of the matin air,
To praise with chanted hymn and echoing chime,
Dear Lord of Light, Thy lowlihead sublime
That stooped erewhile our life's frail weed to wear!
Sun, cloud, and hill, all things Thou framest so fair,
With us are glad and gay, greeting the time.

The college of the lily leaves her sleep;
The grey tower rocks and trembles into sound,
Dawn-smitten Memnon of a happier hour;
Through faint-hued fields the silver waters creep;
Day grows, birds pipe, and robed anew and crowned,
Green Spring trips forth to set the world aflower.

V.—ADDISON'S WALK.

GREEN natural cloister of our Academe,
What ghost is this that greets us as we pace
Beneath your boughs, the genius of the place,
With soft accost that fits our musing dream?
Scholar, divine, or statesman would beseem
That reverend air, that pensive-brilliant face
And lofty wit and speech of Attic grace
Rich in grave ornament and noble theme:

'Tis he who played unspoiled a worldly part,
Taught the town truth, and in a formal age
Lured fop and toast to heed a note sublime;
Who here had early learned the crowning art,
To walk the world like Plato's monarch-sage,
'Spectator of all being and all time.'

William James Dawson.

1854.

Rev. W. J. Dawson was born at Towcester, Northamptonshire, on November 21st, 1854. He was educated at Kingswood School, Bath, and Didsbury College, Manchester, whence he passed into the Wesleyan ministry in 1875, residing for various periods in London, Glasgow and Southport. While stationed in Glasgow, on the occasion of the centenary celebration of the death of John Wesley, he was chosen to preach in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, before the corporation of the city, and representatives of the University, and of all the theological halls and churches. As a lecturer, mostly on historic subjects, he has been very successful. In 1892 he resigned his position in the Wesleyan ministry, and became pastor of the Highbury Quadrant Congregational Church, London.

Mr. Dawson's first published work was "Arvelon, a First Poem" (1878), which was followed in 1884 by a "Vision of Souls, with other Ballads and Poems," from which the poems in this volume are taken. In 1886 was published "Quest and Vision, Essays in Life and Literature," which was reprinted with large additions in 1892. His other works include "The Threshold of Manhood," a book for young men (1889), "The Makers of Modern English, a popular Guide-book to the Greater Poets

of the Century," which has passed into several editions (1890), "The Redemption of Edward Strahan, a Social Story" (1891), and "The Church of To-morrow," a volume of sermon-essays (1892). Mr. Dawson's volume "A Vision of Souls" attracted some attention on its appearance, and, though it did not escape criticism, hopes were expressed that more work would follow from the same pen. The *Academy* referred to it as "a book of remarkable quality," "dramatic, unmistakably human, and full of thought"; and Mr. Stedman, in his "Victorian Poets," while debiting him with Rossettian influence, credited him with resources of "fancy rhythm and decoration," and prophesied that if the poet could but "outgrow his pupilage" something of worth might be expected from him. Admitting the Rossettian influence, it may yet be said that Mr. Dawson's work displays qualities not always found in that of his master. There is an unmistakable sincerity underlying all Mr. Dawson's verse, and a high seriousness in his aim which gives a warmth and glow to much of his work. There is more of blood in it if there is less of art. Mr. Dawson has an eye for colour and powers of description which he employs with remarkable effect. Of these qualities the series of short poems (p. 434), including "Deliverance," which has been characterised as "remarkable in imagination and force of phrase," bears witness. His references to children and to child life are full of tender feeling and natural pathos. He has since published Poems and Lyrics (1893).

ALFRED H. MILES.

A VISION OF SOULS, AND OTHER POEMS.

1884.

WILLIAM JAMES DAWSON.

I.—THE COMING OF THE SOUL.

IN God's hands lie the souls of men,
  At God's feet spreads the infinite,
Filled with its wheeling worlds, as when
  He made the earth and made the light.
And like a dove of white each soul
  Flies forth across the abysmal sea,
Where golden suns and systems roll,
  To find the life that is to be.

The myriad millions of the just,
  The seraphim, in fiery rings
Bow down, and every world of dust
  Is brightened with the flash of wings.
And when each soul flies forth from them
  Through deeps of gloom, and seas of light,
A music, as of Bethlehem,
  Flows forth, and floods the hollow night.

The crystal gates of light unbar,
  A holy silence fills the sky:
New waves of splendour from each star
  Break at the feet of God and die.
And far in some dark world of His,
  Half-circled in its light and gloom,
A mother shares God's awful bliss:
  Her child has quickened in the womb

And evermore before God's face,
Like snow within a driving wind,
There move the souls white-clothed in grace,
Whose earthly pain is left behind.
And evermore from God's right hand
New souls fly forth, like sparks of light
From clear white fires by whirlwinds fanned,
And fall into the outer night.

And through the roar of winds and earths
Forever circling round His throne,
And through ten thousand splendid births
Of day and night, zone after zone;
Through wastes of light and dread abyss,
There floats the new-born infant's cry,
And thus the furthest world of His
Makes gladder yet the inmost sky.

And angels bearing frankincense
Of holy thoughts, and myrrh of pain,
And kingly gifts, prefiguring whence
The soul arose, fly forth; and twain
Stand at the lowly mother's head,
And twain about her feet, that they
From silent censers twain may shed
A sunlight gathered from God's day.

In God's hands lie the souls of men,
Like doves that crowd within a nest;
At God's knees throng in order then
The myriad millions of the blest;
And all the world in rings of light
Burn on their way about His feet;
And He creates as seems Him right,
And calls to death, when death is meet

II.—FLOWER FACES.

THERE be fair violet lives that bloom unseen
In dewy shade, unvexed by any care;
And they who live them wear the flower-like face
Of simple pureness, which amid the crowd
Of haggard brows strikes like a sweet perfume
Upon the jaded sense. God covers them,
Maybe, beneath the shadow of His wing,
That they may sweeten all His dark for Him,
And from their secret place waft airs of calm
Upon His troubled worlds. Sometimes they are
The holy sisters, who with wakeful eyes
Watch by the sick in dreary hospitals
Close to the battlefield. Sometimes I see
The face gleam out beneath a Quaker hood,
More lily-like than violet, silver haired
With exquisite eyes of silent blessedness;
And sometimes they be wives whose wedded love
Is fortunate, who always hear the mirth
Of children's voices like a babbling brook
Follow them through the dusty ways of life.
And sometimes 'tis a fair young rustic face,
Peach-shaded with the purity of health;
And she, the Mother of the Christ, looked thus,
But sadder, with the holy stain of tears
Upon her bloom, like rain on bursting buds.
But whensoe'er I see the liquid eyes
And smiling innocence, I think of flowers
That grow upon a mossy bank in spring,
When larks are singing in the windy skies,
And all my spirit rises up in praise
Because God's world holds in its wrecked design,
His image still, who made it very good.

III.—THE FIRST-BORN.

THE bitterest and the gladdest hour it was!
I stood at the stair's foot and heard your cry
Ring through the house. Upon the slanting glass
The setting sun made splendour, and I watched
Him sink with eyes which nothing saw. Again,
A moment's space the chamber-door unlatched
Let out your moaning, and I bitterly
Bowed down and trembled at your voice of pain.
Eternity seemed crowded in that hour;
All thought and passion, faculty and power
Was quickened and intense; the veil of gross
And faulty apprehension was withdrawn,
And left the naked heaven of infinite things
Close to me, like a throbbing heart. More close
I felt thy spirit, and I cried, "What now
If she be passing out on angel's wings?"
Just then the sun sank to his other dawn,
And as his rim burned down in final glow,
I heard a new voice in the house, the cry
Of the new-born, whose kindling human light
Rose on our lives, and, please God, by-and-by
Shall shine far out athwart the world's dark night.

IV.—DELIVERANCE.

IN that sore hour around thy bed there stood
A silent guard of shadows, each equipped
With dart or arrow aimed against thy life.
Thy breath came slowly all that awful night;
Outside I heard the wind and earth at strife,
And on the window's ledge incessant dripped
The pitiless rain. At last I left thy room,
And passing out, upon its threshold's edge

Who should I meet but Death! A wan clear light
Fell from his fathomless eyes, his brow was gloom,
His rustling raiment seemed to sigh like sedge
When the salt marsh-winds wail and beat thereon.
He paused, he turned; and while I stood and wept,
Behold a crimson signal waved and shone
On the door's lintel, even such an one
As he obeyed in Egypt, and I knew
Death heard some higher summons, and withdrew:
When I returned, like a tired child you slept.

V.—THE SLEEPING MOTHER

HOW still the vast depths of this City's heart!
At last the ever-moaning tide of life
Is quiet, and, sweet mother, wearied thou
With the babe's wailing and its piteous strife,
Thou too, worn in love's toil, art tranquil now.
I watch thee, and I think how fair thou art
In this deep-lidded sleep; the uncoiled hair
Piled round the high clear brow, one white arm bare,
On which lies warm the little golden head
Wearier even than thine. And now I see
How sunk thine eyes are, and that forehead fair,
How fretted with faint lines unmerited
So early; and reproach lays hold of me,
That I have led thee from thy pastures green
To these steep slopes where we are bowed with care.
Yet if thou should'st awake and read my thought,
I know thine eyes would fill with light serene,
And thou would'st say, "This burden have I sought,
This service is a perfect liberty;
This City of Love, whose pulse of love beats quick
With strenuous tasks, is it not better far

Than virgin pastures, where the air is thick
With golden languors and a dull content?"
Great joy hath woman when that time is spent,
And on her life there rises that new star
Which leads her feet where mother-raptures are.

VI.—THE LAST DAY.

THEN at the last, from her drawn dying lips
I saw her soul pass forth, as one might see
A bright flame quiver: then the great eclipse
Slow-settled on her brow, and all was dark.
So bound was I with my sore agony,
That all my brain seemed numb, until a spark
Of new strange light, dropped from her soul's keen flame,
This trance or vision kindled in my mind.
I saw her Soul, far off and like a star,
Move in the dark deep heavens, and lo! a wind
Blew bitterly, and sudden I became
A frail ghost caught within its upward whirl,
Until my feet trod heaven's outer bar.
Then once I turned, and saw this world lie far
Within her folded clouds, and once I turned
And saw the opening gates of God which burned
With clear deep light, as they were made of pearl.
And then I cried aloud, and lo! her soul
Drew near me on the wind a moment's space,
And smiled and vanished! And with that the whole
Dream like some shining bubble shook and broke:
With sound of my own weeping I awoke,
And lo! I wept upon her poor dead face.

VII.—A CHILD'S PORTRAIT.

HER face is hushed in perfect calm,
  Her lips half-open hint the psalm
The angels sing, who wear God's palm:
  And in her eyes a liquid light,
With somewhat of a starry sheen,
  Comes welling upward from the white
And vestal soul that throbs within.

A golden tangle is her hair
  That holds the sunlight in its snare;
And one pure lily she doth wear
  In her white robe: and she doth seem
A flower-like creature, who will fade
  If suns strike down too rude a beam,
Or winds blow roughly on her shade.

The golden ladders of the Dawn
  Meet at her feet, where on the lawn
She stands, in tender thought withdrawn:
  And little wonder would it be,
If on those slanting stairs she trod,
  And with one farewell smile toward me,
Were caught into the smile of God.

VIII.—TO A LITTLE CHILD.

DEAR child, with eyes of heaven's stain
  And face like fair flowers blowing,
It fills me with a sense of pain
  To see how fast thou'rt growing.

But yesterday heaven's crystal door
  Unclosed, and we received thee;
To-morrow thou wilt find how poor
  The world that has deceived thee.

Already with such serious eyes
  Thou look'st between thy kisses,
I feel that thou art growing wise,
  Too wise for childhood's blisses.

I think of Jesus full of glee
  Within the sunlit meadows,
And Mary with sad eyes that see
  Far off the Cross's shadows.

And I could almost bow and pray,
  "O Lord, if this Thy will is,
Let this sweet child forever play
  Amid sweet Nazareth's lilies!"

That thou must leave this happy plain
  To life's steep Calvary going,
It fills me with a sense of pain
  To see how fast thou'rt growing.

Edward Cracroft Lefroy.

1855—1891.

Rev. Edward Cracroft Lefroy, whose "Echoes from Theocritus and other Sonnets" won for him recognition in critical circles as a virile and accomplished cultivator of "the sonnet's scanty plot of ground," was born in Westminster in 1855. His family connections on either side ally him with distinguished people; on his father's with Jane Austen the novelist, and on his mother's with Sir John Franklin, and the two sisters, who became the wives of Charles and Alfred Tennyson. He was educated at Blackheath and Keble College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1877. Taking holy orders he held curacies successively at Lambeth, Truro and other places until 1882, when he relinquished clerical for educational work. After many months of delicate health he died September 20th, 1891.

Mr. Lefroy's sonnets were first issued locally, at Blackheath, in pamphlet form, and subsequently collected to the number of a hundred and published in London under the title, "Echoes of Theocritus and other Sonnets" (1885). This volume received a hearty welcome from a few discerning critics, and has been duly represented in the various sonnet anthologies which have appeared since. Mr. William Sharp claimed for Mr. Lefroy's sonnet work affinity with that of Hartley Coleridge and Charles Tennyson Turner,

and named him as their lineal successor. There is, however, a robustness about some of Mr. Lefroy's work which is hardly so characteristic of theirs, and a refinement in some of their work not always aimed at by Mr. Lefroy. A sympathetic and discriminating study of these sonnets from the pen of the late Mr. John Addington Symonds will be found in his volume of essays, "In the Key of Blue." Of the sonnets upon classical themes the following may be taken as an example:—

A THOUGHT FROM PINDAR.

(Nem. V.)

"Twin immortalities man's art doth give
To man; both fair; both noble; one supreme.
The sculptor beating out his portrait scheme
Can make the marble statue breathe and live;
Yet with a life cold, silent, locative;
It cannot break its stone-eternal dream,
Or step to join the busy human stream,
But dwells in some high fane a hieroglyph.

Not so the poet. Hero, if thy name
Lives in his verse, it lives indeed. For then
In every ship thou sailest passenger
To every town where aught of soul doth stir,
Through street and market borne, at camp and game,
And on the lips and in the hearts of men!"

The healthy hearty ring of many of Mr. Lefroy's sonnets upon modern subjects commends them at once to healthy minds, while his genial sympathy with even noisy childhood and boisterous youth give some of them good claims to perennial popularity. Selection is difficult; one would like to include so many, and has room for so few, and every sonnet lover should be in possession of the whole.

Alfred H. Miles.

SONNETS.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.

I.—ON THE BEACH IN NOVEMBER.

MY heart's Ideal, that somewhere out of sight
Art beautiful and gracious and alone,—
Haply where blue Saronic waves are blown
On shores that keep some touch of old delight,—
How welcome is thy memory, and how bright,
To one who watches over leagues of stone
These chilly northern waters creep and moan
From weary morning unto weary night.

O Shade-form, lovelier than the living crowd,
So kind to votaries, yet thyself invowed,
So free to human fancies, fancy-free,
My vagrant thought goes out to thee, to thee,
As wandering lonelier than the Poet's cloud,
I listen to the wash of this dull sea.

II.—IN FEBRUARY.

AT last! Through murk that seemed too thick for rending,
The sun has burst with full unclouded ray;
And hark, how soon the little birds are sending
Glad canticles from naked bush and spray.
Yet timidly; from time to time suspending
Their song, as if they feared to be so gay,
When every hour may bring the sunlight's ending
And all the gold relapse again to grey.
Pipe on, small songsters! You and I together
Will catch the passing glory while we may.
No Fate forbids to preen a drooping feather,
Give voice to hope, and try a broken lay.
What if the morrow break in wintry weather—
Is it not something that we sing to-day?

III.—TWO THOUGHTS.

WHEN I reflect how small a space I fill
In this great teeming world of labourers,
How little I can do with strongest will,
How marred that little by most hateful blurs,—
The fancy overwhelms me, and deters
My soul from putting forth so poor a skill:
Let me be counted with those worshippers
Who lie before God's altar, and are still.
But then I think (for healthier moments come)
This power of will, this natural force of hand,—
What do they mean, if working be not wise?
Forbear to weigh thy work, O soul! Arise
And join thee to that nobler sturdier band
Whose worship is not idle, fruitless, dumb.

IV.—ON READING A POET'S "LIFE."

BECAUSE he sang of pleasant paths and roses,
You thought that summer joys were all his care.
"The only wisdom," so you cried, "he knows is
How much delight one crowded day can bear:
The reason why his verse uniquely flows is
That he alone has wealth of bliss to spare:
In Tempe's vale for life he gathered posies,
And flings the few he doth not keep to wear."
The veil is lifted now. Behold your singer,—
A sick poor man, despised, and barely sane,
Who strove awhile to shape with palsied finger
The hard-wrung produce of a sleepless brain,
Rich but in throes,—till Death, the great balm-bringer,
Stooped down to kiss him through the deeps of pain.

V.—THE ART THAT ENDURES.

MARBLE of Paros, bronze that will not rust,
Onyx or agate,—Sculptor, choose thy block!
Not clay nor wax nor perishable stock
Of earthy stones can yield a virile bust
Keen-edged against the centuries. Strive thou must
In molten brass or adamantine rock
To carve the strenuous shape which shall not mock
Thy faith by crumbling dust upon thy dust.
Poet the warning comes not less to Thee!
Match well thy metres with a strong design.
Let noble themes find nervous utterance. Flee
The frail conceit, the weak mellifluous line.
High thoughts, hard forms, toil, rigour,—these be thine
And steadfast hopes of immortality.

VI.—CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

A Contrast.

I LOVE to watch a rout of merry boys
Released from school for play, and nothing loth
To make amends for late incurious sloth
By wild activity and strident noise;
But more to mark the lads of larger growth
Move fieldward with such perfect equipoise,
As if constricted by an inward oath
To scorn the younger age and clamorous joys;
Prepared no less for pastime all their own,
A silent strenuous game of hand and knee,
Where no man speaks, but a round ball is thrown
And kicked and run upon with solemn glee,
And every struggle takes an earnest tone,
And rudest sport a sober dignity.

VII.—A FOOTBALL-PLAYER.

IF I could paint you, friend, as you stand there,
Guard of the goal, defensive, open-eyed,
Watching the tortured bladder slide and glide
Under the twinkling feet; arms bare, head bare,
The breeze a-tremble through crow-tufts of hair;
Red-brown in face, and ruddier having spied
A wily foeman breaking from the side,
Aware of him,—of all else unaware:
If I could limn you, as you leap and fling
Your weight against his passage, like a wall;
Clutch him and collar him, and rudely cling
For one brief moment till he falls—you fall:
My sketch would have what Art can never give,
Sinew and breath and body; it would live.

VIII.—A CRICKET-BOWLER.

TWO minutes' rest till the next man goes in!
The tired arms lie with every sinew slack
On the mown grass. Unbent the supple back,
And elbows apt to make the leather spin
Up the slow bat and round the unwary shin,—
In knavish hands a most unkindly knack;
But no guile shelters under this boy's black
Crisp hair, frank eyes, and honest English skin.
Two minutes only. Conscious of a name,
The new man plants his weapon with profound
Long-practised skill that no mere trick may scare.
Not loth, the rested lad resumes the game:
The flung ball takes one madding tortuous bound,
And the mid-stump three somersaults in air.

Oliver Madox Brown.

1855—1874.

Oliver Madox Brown was born and reared amid surroundings in every respect conducive to the growth of talent. Member of a highly-gifted race, and connected by various ties with several leading spirits of the age, much might with justice have been expected from him. The most exalted anticipations were more than realised; the lad who passed from this life before he had completed his twentieth year not only accomplished work of permanent value but, also, work that really entitles him to a place amid the few creators of character the century has produced.

Son of Mr. Ford Madox Brown, the well-known artist, Oliver was born at Finchley, a suburb of London, on January 20th, 1855. At a very early age Oliver developed an hereditary taste for painting, and whilst quite a boy exhibited pictures of a marked originality at the Royal Academy and other leading artistic institutions. His literary aspirations were first manifested at the age of about fourteen, when he surprised his relatives by the production of some sonnets. Subsequently, disgusted that these youthful essays had been shown to friends, he obtained and destroyed the manuscripts. One sonnet, however, escaped destruction, and another, a copy of which has been recently discovered, may have belonged to the ill-fated lot. It reads thus:—

"Made indistinguishable 'mid the boughs,
With saddened weary ever-restless eyes
The weird Chameleon of the past world lies,
Like some old wretched man whom God allows
To linger on: still joyless life endows
His wasted frame, and memory never dies
Within him, and his only sympathies
Withered with his last comrade's last carouse.
Methinks great Dante knew thee not of old
Else some fierce glutton all insatiate,
Compelled within some cage for food to wait
He must have made thee, and his verse have told
How thou in vain thy ravening tried'st to sate
On fly-like souls of triflers overbold."

A year or two elapsed, during which period Oliver continued to study art, to paint and exhibit pictures, but, at least as far as his family knew, did nothing more in the way of literature Nevertheless, in the winter of 1871-2 he had quietly and unostentatiously been writing the opening chapters of a romance, to be styled "The Black Swan." At the unfortunate suggestion of the editor in whose hands the manuscript of the story was placed, the youthful author was induced—most unwillingly it is true—to alter and mutilate the work almost beyond recognition. Originally the romance was one of unlawful love, such as the greatest masters of fiction have deemed fit for their purpose; but, to satisfy editorial scruples, Oliver eliminated the real *raison d'être* of his story—now re-christened "Gabriel Denver"—changed an outraged wife into a spiteful spinster and, contrary to all dramatic effect and poetic justice, had to forego the natural catastrophe his artistic taste had contrived, and employ a commonplace *deus ex machina*, so that the hero and heroine might be happily wedded and

dowered with the usual quantum of health, of wealth, and of beauteous progeny.

"The Black Swan," as originally conceived and executed, is among the marvels of modern literature. Dante Rossetti well characterised it as "the most robust literary effort of any imaginative kind that any one has produced at the age" its writer then was; and when one reads it the youth of the author is the last thing thought of. It is a wonderful romance for any one to have written, but as the production of a lad of Oliver's age is truly marvellous.

The publication of "Gabriel Denver" gave its youthful author claims to notice from the literary and artistic society in which he mixed, but he had already for some time past been treated on terms of equality by the distinguished people he was accustomed to meet at home and elsewhere. The success of his *début* in the literary world encouraged him to make further essays in the same direction. He commenced writing various tales and sketches which unfortunately, by intention or accident, were left unfinished. The best and longest of these works, "The Dwale Bluth"—a Devonshire name for the "Deadly Nightshade"—is a veritable masterpiece and, although to some extent fragmentary, should exist as a lasting memorial of its author's genius. The personages in the story are so lifelike that they linger in the memory as portraits of people with whom we are acquainted, whilst the bright and natural humour of these characters—humour which Mr. Theodore Watts compares with that of George Eliot's *dramatis personæ*—is redolent of their district: so faithful indeed is the local colour that, to quote the same critic again, in the perusal "you seem to be breathing Devonshire air." The

romance, although sometimes suggestive of Dickens but more often of Hawthorne, is quite original in conception and unique in execution.

Occasionally the young romancist forsook prose for poetry. Although the best of his verse is not equal to the best of his prose, he had combined with the painter's eye the poet's brain; and small as is the quantity of poetry he has left us, the quality shows that he had in him the making of a true poet.

The vigorous virility displayed in the longest of Oliver's poetic efforts—"To all Eternity"—proclaims the manliness of its author. There is not enough left of this fragment, for such it only is, to show what the plot of the piece would have been, but the argument is—

> "There's no standard
> In Heaven above or Hell beneath, o'er which
> A woman's soul may not predominate—
> May not aspire to—or degrade itself!"

As evidence of Oliver's constructive ability as a lyrical poet may be cited "Before and After."

"Ah! long ago since I or thou
Glanced past these moorlands brow to brow,
  Our mixed hair streaming down the wind—
    So fleet! so sweet!
I loved thy footsteps more than thou
Loved my whole soul and body through—
  So sweet! so fleet! ere Fate outgrew the days wherein
    Life sinned!

"And ah! the deep steep days of shame
Whose dread hopes shrivelled ere they came
  Or vanished down Love's nameless void—
    So dread! so dead!

Dread hope stripped dead from each soul's shame—
Soulless alike for praise or blame—
Too dead to dread the eternities whose heaven its shame
destroyed!"

This lyric, written for a romance its author was then working on, is an artistic and skilful piece of versification no bard need be ashamed to acknowledge the paternity of. The following stanzas are equally typical of his poetic powers:—

"Oh delirious sweetness which lingers
Over the fond lips of love!
Hair-tendrils clinging to fingers
Tangled in blossom above!
Intense eyes which burn with a light made
No man knows whereof!
Sweet lips grown more subtle than nightshade
More soft than plumes of a dove!

"But love, like a fleet dream eluding
The desire of a wakening sleeper,
Love, grown too fondly excluding,
Consumes the heart deeper and deeper
In a passionate waste of desire!
Like the flame of a desert which rages,
Our love shall extend through the ages
Though our souls blow asunder like fire.

"Oh reluctantly lingering breath!
Oh longing with sorrow requited!
Oh blossom the storm-winds have blighted
Deep down in the shadow of death!"

Yet after all it must be confessed that Oliver Madox Brown was not a great poet in the sense that he was a great prose writer.

His career was almost devoid of what the world deems incident. A visit to Dante Rossetti at Kelmscott, an ancient manor-house near Lechlade, was a bright point in his life, whilst the darkest sorrow he endured was an act of literary injustice one

less sensitive might have scarcely suffered under, but which has been deemed, and not without some probability, to have accelerated his premature death. The lateness of the hours he kept and the continual excitement to which he was subjected were doubtless, also, injurious to him at his age, and conducive to the weakening of his constitution. Although occasionally troubled by headaches and other slight ailments, nothing in Oliver's health gave rise to apprehension until September 1874, when he was too unwell to accompany his relatives to the seaside. A temporary rally enabled him to rejoin them, but after a few days he was compelled to return to London, where, on November 5th, 1874, the anniversary of the publication of his one book, he died of blood-poisoning. After his death his works were collected and published in two volumes, with a short biographical introduction. The full story of his life was published in one volume by the present writer in 1883.

Oliver's idiosyncrasies were strongly marked; his likes and dislikes being very pronounced. For a youth his affection for children was remarkable, whilst his fondness for animals, especially for those commonly regarded as repulsive, was singularly ardent. From early childhood he had been accustomed to the society of talented people, and was listened to and treated by them as an equal. He regarded popular idols with contempt, and was generally cold and reserved in his demeanour, but when discussing any subject that really interested him and aroused his enthusiasm his conversation fairly sparkled with brilliancy.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

OLIVER MADOX BROWN.

I.—TO ALL ETERNITY.

(A Fragment.)

"Incutiens blandum per pectora amarum."

GOD! what a soul that woman had! Ah me!
My own grows chill within me. There's no standard
In Heaven above or Hell beneath, o'er which
A woman's soul may not predominate—
May not aspire to—or degrade itself!

* * * * *

Once she was almost beautiful. Her eyes
Shone glittering; twin stars plucked from the abyss
Of God's most fathomless soul; twin mysteries,
So deep your drowned brain whirled in them, so bright
That even their colour seemed a mystery—
When the emotional keen spirit flashed forth
Its scintillant electricities. Her eyes
Kindled and shone like flames blown in the wind
That day when first we met—For [ ] they made
A boy's soul luminous, where now they burn
The grown man's soul to death!
Ah love! love! love!
Whose unintelligible promptings lure
Earth's mightiest nerves to thraldom—whose deep magic,
Too swift for timorous after-thought, too deep
For present doubt, makes blind the brain—whose hands
Mould this man's heaven from that man's hell—whose gaze
Infatuates—whose wind-shod feet resume
The joys its hands disperse—whose yearnings storm
Heaven with their high intentions, ere God paves
Hell's wildest depths with them! Oh love! love! love!
My soul and thine were even as one with hers
When first that glance met mine.
That day the sun
Smote round our ivy-clad old hall till all

Its redolent green turned grey. The floodland meadows
Sultry and odorous sickened me, and I,
Tired of the sunlight too, with all my brain
Plunged in some nameless ecstasy, sought refuge
Deep in the sheltered hollows of a wood
Full of melodious silence and soft whispers
Of wind-lent life among still boughs, that fringed
The foot of the hills beyond. . . .
The stillness grew
So deep at last that I could hear my heart
Throb like an echoing footfall. Once a thrush
Broke through the brambles with wild amorous cries;
And as I marked its startled flight, the trees
Reeled in my sight till all their foliage
Seemed whirling in a dream.
How long I wandered
Dreaming my soul out thus, I know not; only
I think a sudden rustle under foot
Broke up my reverie at last, and I
Stepped back o' the instant. Stretched across my path
Swift-striped and sibilant-fanged a viper crawled
From one stone to another, and disappeared
Even as I watched it.
Oh my God! had I
Only but known that sign for what it meant!
But that same instant a low tremulous sound
Passed like a sigh in the wind—which faltering
(Like to the first drops of an April shower)
Died quite away: only to recommence,
Until at last its sweetness reached a pitch
So sweet—so incommunicably sweet,
That all my blood turned fire within my veins,
And my heart sank within me. Then I knew
It was a woman's voice that sang.

The wood
Grew thinner thereabouts—for presently
I broke into a glade where the warm sun
Pierced through at random, and, just slipping round
The weather-beaten trunk of a huge oak
Stepped out into the light. How shall I tell
What happened there? For first I stood half dazed
In one great blaze of sunlight. Then there came
A sharp stroke on my side, and I reeled back
Breathless and stupefied; whilst a shrill scream
Rang in mine ears. Just hovering past my face
I saw the suspended figure of a girl
Nigh grown to womanhood mount high i' the air
Some moments yet ere she could stay herself.
She had been swinging as she sang, her rope
Fast to the boughs o'erhead; and I it seemed
Had stepped before her unawares, her song
Still on her lips low-lingering; till it changed
Into that frighted scream.
And now she stopped,
Sprang to the earth, and disappeared ere I
Could gain my feet again; I only caught
One brief glance of her face—then she was gone.

* * * * *

II.—GIPSY SONG.

THE growth of love's fruit is
Most meet to eat;
Yet a snare where the root is
Entangles the feet.

To passion no stop is
When true love hath sinned;
But the flower that love's crop is
Droops dead i' the wind.

III.—LAURA'S SONG.

ALAS! who knows or cares, my love,
If our love live or die,—
If thou thy frailty, sweet, should prove,
Or my soul thine deny?
Yet merging sorrow in delight,
Love's dream disputes our devious night.

None know, sweet love, nor care a thought
For our heart's vague desire,
Nor if our longing come to nought,
Or burn in aimless fire;
Let them alone, we'll waste no sighs:
Cling closer, love, and close thine eyes!

IV.—SONNET.

(PREFIXED TO THE MS. OF "THE BLACK SWAN.")

NO more these passion-worn faces shall men's eyes
Behold in life. Death leaves no trace behind
Of their wild hate, and wilder love, grown blind
In desperate longing, more than the foam which lies
Splashed up awhile where the showered spray descries
The waves whereto their cold limbs were resigned;
Yet ever doth the sea-wind's undefined
Vague wailing shudder with their dying sighs.
For all men's souls 'twixt sorrow and love are cast
As on the earth each lingers his brief space,
While surely nightfall comes where each man's face
In death's obliteration sinks at last
As a deserted wind-tossed sea's foam-trace—
Life's chilled boughs emptied by death's autumn-blast.

William Sharp.

1856—1905.

WILLIAM SHARP who became first known as a poet, was born at Garthland Place, in the neighbourhood of Paisley, in the year 1856. From school he proceeded to the University of Glasgow, and afterwards spent a considerable time in travel. Returning to England he made the acquaintance of Dante Rossetti, whose biography he afterwards wrote, and published his first two volumes of verse, "The Human Inheritance; Transcripts from Nature; and Other Poems" (1882) and "Earth's Voices" (1884), with the same sub-title as the previous book. In 1888 he published "Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy," in 1891, "Sospiri di Roma," and in 1894, "Vistas," a volume of dramatic situations, rich in imaginative glamour, and though in the form of prose, possessing the essential substance of poetry. In the mere form of Mr. Sharp's verse there is doubtless a large derivative element; but there is an individuality of observation and emotion which forbids its classification among merely derivative work, and his "Transcripts from Nature" justify their title: they are the work of one who knows, and in whom knowledge provides the soil for a growth of fine

emotion. In many of the early poems there is more of outline than of atmosphere; but that Mr. Sharp could provide imaginative vision as well as literal transcription is made abundantly clear by his later performances in verse. The earlier volumes contained much that was beautiful, and at least one poem that was markedly strong in conception and treatment—the poem entitled "Motherhood," Part I. of which is given in the following pages (p. 459). The shorter poems are, for the most part, less arresting, but many of them have the simple quiet beauty to be seen in "The Song of Flowers," which, though a poem of fancy rather than of imagination, has a delicate charm:—

"What is a bird but a living flower?
A flower but the soul of some dead bird?
And what is a weed but the dying breath
Of a perjured word?

"A flower is the soul of a singing-bird,
Its scent is the breath of an old-time song:
But a weed and a thorn spring forth each day
For a new-done wrong.

"Dead souls of song-birds, thro' the green grass,
Or deep in the midst of the golden grain,
In woodland valley, where hill-streams pass,
We flourish again.

"We flowers are the joy of the whole wide earth,
Sweet Nature's laughter and secret tears—
Whoso hearkens a bird in its spring-time mirth
The song of a flow'r-soul hears!"

The "Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy" were written, as all poetry worthy the name must be, in obedience to an impulse of creation and expression; but also in a minor degree, in ex-

pression of a conviction that modern verse—even the verse which is most saturated with the spirit of romanticism is too obviously literary, and therefore, in a sense, artificial; and that a time has come for a return to the spontaneous naturalism of a more unsophisticated day. "Even Rossetti," writes Mr. Sharp, in his dedicatory introduction, "is too literary. Let any unprejudiced lover of imaginative poetry read 'Thomas the Rhymer,' or 'Clerk Saunders,' 'Sir Roland,' or 'Sir Patrick Spens,' and thereafter take up that magnificent ballad-poem, 'The King's Tragedy,' and he will probably more or less acutely realise how the latter loses in effect wherever it is most literary." The criticism is here indubitably sound, but there may be some doubt as to the validity of the inference to be drawn from it. It may be a misfortune that our present-day poetry is too literary, but is it not an inevitable misfortune which is not without its compensations? A man cannot jump off his shadow, and in an age to which simplicity and *naïveté* are alien the very assumption of these qualities is deliberate, reminiscent, and therefore "literary." In this very volume, which protests so much, we have, for example, a poem entitled "Phantasy," which, with all its beauties, is clearly lacking in the charm of spontaneity, and is indeed nothing but a recognisable echo of Keats's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." As a matter of fact, a reproduction of the spirit of the old ballads is now impossible. Nothing is possible but what is really an imitation—a deliberate self-conscious assumption of their form and air; and Mr. Sharp's success in such an assumption is evident in the simplicity, directness, and imaginative force

of "Mad Madge o' Cree." As an illustration of Mr. Sharp's efforts in a form to which he has given much attention, we may quote his sonnet, "Spring Wind":—

"O full-voiced herald of immaculate spring,
With clarion gladness striking every tree
To answering raptures, as a resonant sea
Fills rock-bound shores with thunders echoing—
O thou, each beat of whose tempestuous wing
Shakes the long winter sleep from hill and lea,
And rouses with loud reckless jubilant glee
The birds that have not dared as yet to sing:—

"O Wind that comest with prophetic cries,
Hast thou indeed beheld the face that is
The joy of poets and the glory of birds—
Spring's face itself:—hast thou 'neath bluer skies
Met the warm lips that are the gates of bliss,
And heard June's leaf-like whisper of sweet words!"

The "Sospiri di Roma" do not call for lengthened comment. The loose, unrhymed measures in which the poems are written lend themselves too readily to fluent diffusiveness, and the poems themselves are undoubtedly marred by this defect; but there is then a certain exquisiteness of emotional apprehension with here and there a passage of really successful rendering, in virtue of which they possess an attractiveness often lacking in more faultless performances. They could not have been written by any one but a poet.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

William Sharp published many works under the unsuspected pseudonym "Fiona Macleod." He died in Sicily, December the 12th, 1905.

MOTHERHOOD.

WILLIAM SHARP.

(PART I.)

BENEATH the awful full-orbed moon
The silent tracts of wild rice lay
Dumb since the fervid heart of noon
Bent thro' the burning Indian day;
And still as some far tropic sea
Where no winds murmur, no waves be.

The bended, seeded tops alone
Swayed in the sleepy sultry wind,
Which came and went with frequent moan
As though some dying place to find;
While at sharp intervals there rang
The fierce cicala's piercing clang.

Deep mid the rice-fields green-hued gloom
A tigress lay, with birth-throes ta'en;
Her swaying tail swept o'er her womb
As if to sweep away the pain
That clutched her by the gold-barred thighs
And shook her throat with snarling cries.

Her white teeth tore the wild-rice stems;
And as she moaned her green eyes grew
Lurid like shining baleful gems
With fires volcanic lighten'd through.
While froth fell from her churning jaws
Upon her skin-drawn gleaming claws.

As in a dream at some strange sound
The soul doth seem to freeze, so she
Lay fixt like marble on the ground,
Changed in a moment: suddenly
A far-off roar of savage might
Boomed through the silent, sultry night.

Her eyes grew large, and flamed with fire;
  Her body seemed to feel the sound
And thrill therewith, as thrills a lyre
  When wild wind wakes it with a bound
And sweeps its strong-clasp'd soul along
In waves of melancholy song.

Her answering howl swept back again
  And eddied to her far mate's ear;
Then once again the travail pain
  Beat at the heart that knew no fear,
But some new instinct seem'd to rise
And yearn and wonder in her eyes.

Did presage of the coming birth
  Light up her life with mother-love,
As winds along the morning earth
  Whisper of golden dawn above?
Or was it but some sweet wild thought
Remember'd vaguely ere forgot.

* * * * *

But once again the bitter strife
  Of wrestling sinews shook her there;
And soon a little mewling life
  Met her bewildered yearning stare;
Till, through her pain, the tigress strove
With licking tongue her love to prove.

No longer fearless flamed the light
  Of great green eyes straight thro' the gloom,
Each nerve seem'd laden with affright,
  The eyes expectant of some doom;
The very moonlight's steady glare
Beat hungrily about her lair.

A beetle rose, and hummed, and hung
A moment ere it fled—but great
In face of peril to her young
The tigress rose, supreme in hate
And, with tail switching and lips drawn
The unreal foe scowled out upon.

And when a mighty cobra, coiled
Amid the tangled grass roots near,
Hissed out his hunger, her blood boiled
With rage that left no room for fear,
Till, with a howl that shook the dark,
She sprang and left him cold and stark.

But when a feeble hungry wail
Smote on her yearning ears she turn'd
With velvet paws and refluent tail
And eyes that no more flashed and burn'd,
But flamed throughout the solemn night
Like lamps of soft sweet yellow light

To where her young was; where she lay
Silent, and full of some strange love
Long hours. Along the star-strewn way
A comet flashed and flamed above,
And where great wastes of solemn blue
Spread starless, sailed the vast moon through.

No sound disturb'd the tigress, save
Stray jackals, or some wild boar's pant
Where thickest did the tall rice wave,
Or trump of distant elephant;
Or, when these fill'd the night no more,
The Tiger's deep, tremendous roar.

1888.

WILLIAM SHARP.

MAD MADGE O' CREE.

HITHER and thither, to and fro,
She wander'd o'er the bleak hill-sides;
She watch'd the wild Sound toss and flow,
And the water-kelpies lead the tides.

She heard the wind upon the hill
Or wailing wild across the muir,
And answered it with laughter shrill
And mocked its eldritch lure.

Within the running stream she heard
A music such as none may hear;
The voice of every beast and bird
Had meaning for her ear.

"What seek ye thus, fair Margery?
Ye know your Ranald's dead:
Win hame, my bonnie lass, wi' me,
Win hame to hearth and bed!"

"Hark! hear ye not the corbie call—
It shrills, *Come owre the glen,*
For Ranald standeth fair and tall
Amid his shadow-men!"

"'His shadow-men,' O Margery!
'Tis of the dead ye speak:
Syne they are in the saut deep sea
What gars ye phantoms seek?"

"Hark, hark ye not the curlew wail
May Margery, mak haste,
For Ranald wanders sad and pale
About the lonely waste."

"O Margery, what is't ye say:
Your Ranald's dead and drowned
Neither by night, neither by day,
Sall your fair love be found."

"He is not dead, for I hae seen
His bonnie gowden hair:
Within his arms I've claspit been,
An' I have dreamit there:

"Last night I stood by green Craigmore
And watch'd the foaming tide:
And there across the moonlit shore
A shadow sought my side.

"But when he kissed me soft and sweet,
And faintly ca'd tae me,
I rose an' took his hand an' fleet
We sought the Caves o' Cree.

"Ah, there we kissed, my love and I:
An' there sad songs he sang
O' how dead men drift wearily
'Mid sea-wrack lank and lang.

"And once my wan love whisper'd low
How mid the sea-weeds deep
As but yestreen he drifted slow
He saw me lying asleep—

"Aye sound in sleep beneath the wave
Wi' shells an' sea-things there,
And as the tide swept o'er my grave
It stirred like weed my hair:

"In vain, ah, all in vain, he tried
To reach an' clasp my hand,
To lay his body by my side
Upon that shell-strewn strand.

But ah, within the Caves o' Cree
He kissed my lips full fain—
Ay, by the hollow booming sea
We'll meet, my love, again."

That night again fair Margery
In Cree-Caves slept full sound,
And by her side lay lovingly
The wan wraith of the drowned.

O what is yon toss-tossing there
Where a' the white gulls fly:
Is yon gold weed or golden hair
The waves swirl merrily?

O what is yon white shape that slips
Among the lapsing seas:
Pale, pale the rose-red of the lips
Whereo'er the spindrift flees.

What bears the tide unto the strand
Where the drown'd seaman lies:
A waving arm, a hollow hand,
And face with death-dimmed eyes.

The tide uplifts them, leaves them where
Each first knew love beside the sea:
Bound each to each with yellow hair
Within the Caves o' Cree.

Oscar Wilde.

1856—1900.

OSCAR WILDE, whose full name was Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, was born in Dublin on the 15th of October, 1856. His father, Sir William Wilde, was a surgeon, who practised in Dublin, and who, in 1853, was appointed surgeon-oculist to the Queen; he also served on three occasions as Census Commissioner for Ireland, in recognition of which service he was knighted in 1864. He was a man of literary tastes and antiquarian research; and, in addition to several medical works, wrote "The Beauties of the Boyne," "A Catalogue of the Antiquities in the Royal Irish Academy," and other works. The poet's mother, Lady Wilde, was a contributor to *The Nation* newspaper, for which she wrote a number of poems, which she signed with the *nom de plume* Speranza. These poems, which were devoted to the national cause, were afterwards reprinted in volume form. Lady Wilde also translated several works from the French and German languages.

Oscar Wilde was educated at Portora Royal School, Enniskillen, and Trinity College, Dublin, where he obtained a classical scholarship at the early age of sixteen, winning in the following year the Berkley gold medal for Greek, and at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he also obtained a scholarship.

At Oxford he attended the lectures of Mr. Ruskin, and joined with those who, under Mr. Ruskin's leadership, sought physical strength in the muscular exercise of road-making. Mr. Wilde's rooms were exceptionally well situated, commanding a fine view of the Cherwell; and, under the inspiration of Mr. Ruskin's teaching, he added to their attractiveness by elaborate decoration and artistic furnishing. He took a first in classical moderations 1876, and a first in *Literis Humanioribus* in 1878, and winning the Newdigate prize with a poem on "Ravenna" in the same year, finally took his degree. At intervals he had travelled in Greece and Italy, and had written poems, some of which were published in *The Month*, *The Catholic Monitor*, and *The Irish Monthly*, and some also in a magazine entitled *Kottabos*, conducted by members of Trinity College, Dublin. Many of these were reprinted in a volume bearing title "Poems by Oscar Wilde" (1881). This volume did not receive generous treatment at the hands of the press. It was met by a not unnatural prejudice, born of the extravagances of some of the followers of the æsthetic movement, and its faults were looked for, and dwelt upon, with much more avidity than its merits; and yet, with all its faults of over-elaboration and "sweetness long drawn out," the volume was a remarkable production for a young man of twenty-five years of age. If it betrays the influence of older poets, this is no more than can be said of the earlier works of the older poets themselves; and it cannot be denied that it displays many of the qualities which are held of high value in modern poetry. His work represents, to quote Mr. Stedman's "Victorian

Poets," "a phase of the æsthetic crusade in defence of poetry as an utterance of the beautiful solely,—a movement," he adds, "having almost perfect development at its start with Keats so long ago." "Charmides," the longest poem in the book, describes how the hero obtained access to the sacred temple of Minerva, and the vengeance taken by the irate goddess for the intrusion. "This poem abounds," says Mr. Walter Hamilton, in his work "The Æsthetic Movement in England," "with both the merits and the faults of Mr. Oscar Wilde's style,—it is classical, sad, voluptuous, and full of passages of the most exquisitely musical word painting; but it is cloying from its very sweetness—the elaboration of its details makes it over luscious." "'The Garden of Eros,' 'The Burden of Itys,' and 'Charmides,'" says Mr. Stedman, "are examples of the sensuous pseudo-classicism. There is a good deal of Keats, and something of Swinburne, in Wilde's pages; but his best master is Milton, whom he has studied, as did Keats, with good effect. His scholarship and cleverness are evident, as well as a native poetic gift." It is, however, in the group of poems entitled "Eleutheria" that he makes his strongest appeal to the robust and healthy mind. "Ave Imperatrix," a lyric to England (p. 469), is, as Mr. Stedman says, "manly verse—a poetic and eloquent invocation"; and some of the sonnets are anything but what might be expected from the much-misrepresented and over-much-caricatured "apostle of artistic house decoration and dress reform." Perhaps the worst thing that can be said about Wilde as a poet, is that he did not follow his own lead with larger and more important contributions to

poetic art; but this is open to the explanation that devotion to other departments of literature and the drama left him but little leisure for poetic composition.

In 1882 Mr. Wilde visited America, lecturing at New York, Boston, and elsewhere. He subsequently contributed to journalism, fiction, and the drama. Among his efforts in the latter direction may be named "Salomé," a drama written in French on the story of Herod and Herodias, for performance, with Madame Sarah Bernhardt as the principal character. This play was refused dramatic licence by the Lord Chamberlain on account of its subject; but it has since been published (1893), and the English public are able to read it, if not to see it performed. It is a striking tragedy, powerful in conception and treatment. An earlier product of Mr. Wilde's pen was the drama "Lady Windermere's Fan," and a later play "A Woman of No Importance," first produced at the Haymarket Theatre, April 19th, 1893. His other works include "The Happy Prince and other Tales" (1888), "A House of Pomegranates" (1891), "Lord Arthur Savil's Crime and other Stories" (1891), and "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (1891),—all volumes of stories which contain much poetic writing and sparkling dialogue. The volume "Intentions" (1891), is a collection of essays which shows the poet in the character of a critic. Probably the best is that on "The Decay of Lying." In 1898 he published "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." Oscar Wilde died on the 30th of November, 1900.

ALFRED H. MILES.

1881.

OSCAR WILDE.

I.—AVE IMPERATRIX.

SET in this stormy Northern Sea,
Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England! what shall men say of thee,
Before whose feet the worlds divide?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
Lies in the hollow of thine hand,
And through its heart of crystal pass,
Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,
The long, white-crested waves of fight,
And all the deadly fires which are
The torches of the lords of night.

The yellow leopards, strained and lean,
The treacherous Russian knows so well
With gaping blackened jaws are seen
Leap through the hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,
To battle with the storm that mars
The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows
Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
And the high steeps of Indian snows
Shake to the tread of armèd men.

And many an Afghan chief, who lies
Beneath his cool pomegranate-trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
When on the mountain side he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet
Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire
England with bare and bloody feet
Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

O lonely Himalayan height
Gray pillar of the Indian sky,
Where saw'st thou last in clanging flight
Our winged dogs of victory?

The almond-groves of Samarcand,
Bokhara, where red lilies blow;
And Oxus, by whose yellow sand
The grave white-turbaned merchants go:

And on from thence to Ispahan,
The gilded garden of the sun,
Whence the long dusty caravan
Brings cedar and vermilion;

And that dread city of Cabool
Set at the mountain's scarpèd feet,
Whose marble tanks are ever full
With water for the noonday heat:

Where through the narrow straight Bazaar
A little maid Circassian
Is led, a present from the Czar
Unto some old and bearded khan,—

Here have our wild war-eagles flown,
And flapped wide wings in fiery fight;
But the sad dove, that sits alone
In England—she hath no delight.

In vain the laughing girl will lean
To greet her love with love-lit eyes:
Down in some treacherous black ravine
Clutching his flag, the dead boy lies.

And many a moon and sun will see
The lingering wistful children wait
To climb upon their father's knee;
And in each house made desolate

Pale women who have lost their lord
Will kiss the relics of the slain—
Some tarnished epaulette—some sword—
Poor toys to soothe sad anguished pain.

For not in quiet English fields
Are these, our brothers, lain to rest,
Where we might deck their broken shields
With all the flowers the dead love best:

For some are by the Delhi walls,
And many in the Afghan land,
And many where the Ganges falls
Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,
And others in the seas which are
The portals of the East, or by
The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep!
O silence of the sunless day!
O still ravine! O stormy deep!
Give up your prey! give up your prey!

And thou whose wounds are never healed
Whose weary race is never won,
O Cromwell's England! must thou yield
For every inch of ground a son?

Go! crown with thorns thy gold-crowned head
  Change thy glad song to song of pain;
Wind and wild wave have got thy dead,
  And will not yield them back again.

Wave and wild wind and foreign shore
  Possess the flower of English land—
Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,
  Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

What profit now that we have bound
  The whole round world with nets of gold,
If hidden in our heart is found
  The care that groweth never old?

What profit that our galleys ride,
  Pine-forest-like, on every main?
Ruin and wreck are at our side,
  Grim warders of the House of pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?
  Where is our English chivalry?
Wild grasses are their burial sheet,
  And sobbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,
  What word of love can dead lips send!
O wasted dust! O senseless clay!
  Is this the end? is this the end?

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead
  To vex their solemn slumber so;
Though childless, and with thorn-crowned head,
  Up the steep road must England go.

Yet when this fiery web is spun,
  Her watchmen shall descry from far
The young Republic like a sun
  Rise from these crimson seas of war.

II.—APOLOGIA.

IS it thy will that I should wax and wane,
Barter my cloth of gold for hodden-grey,
And at thy pleasure weave that web of pain
Whose brightest threads are each a wasted day?

Is it thy will—Love that I love so well—
That my Soul's House should be a tortured spot
Wherein, like evil paramours, must dwell
The quenchless flame, the worm that dieth not?

Nay, if it be thy will I shall endure,
And sell ambition at the common mart,
And let dull failure be my vestiture,
And sorrow dig its grave within my heart.

Perchance it may be better so—at least
I have not made my heart a heart of stone,
Nor starved my boyhood of its goodly feast,
Nor walked where Beauty is a thing unknown.

Many a man hath done so; sought to fence,
In straitened bonds, the soul that should be free,
Trodden the dusty road of common sense,
While all the forest sang of liberty.

Not marking how the spotted hawk in flight
Passed on wide pinions through the lofty air
To where the steep untrodden mountain height
Caught the last tresses of the Sun God's hair

Or how the little flower he trod upon,
The daisy, that white-feathered shield of gold,
Followed with wistful eyes the wandering sun
Content if once its leaves were aureoled.

But surely it is something to have been
The best-belovèd for a little while,
To have walked hand in hand with Love and seen
His purple wings flit once across thy smile.

Ay! though the gorgèd asp of passion feed
On my boy's heart, yet have I burst the bars,
Stood face to face with Beauty, know indeed
The Love which moves the Sun and all the stars.

III.—REQUIESCAT.

TREAD lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

IV.—ON THE SALE BY AUCTION OF KEATS LOVE LETTERS.

THESE are the letters which Endymion wrote
To one he loved in secret, and apart.
And now the brawlers of the auction mart
Bargain and bid for each poor blotted note,
Aye for each separate pulse of passion quote
The merchant's price: I think they love not art,
Who break the crystal of a poet's heart
That small and sickly eyes may glare and gloat.

Is it not said that many years ago,
In a far Eastern town, some soldiers ran
With torches through the midnight, and began
To wrangle for mean raiment, and to throw
Dice for the garments of a wretched man,
Not knowing the God's wonder, or His woe!

V.—LIBERTATIS SACRA FAMES.

ALBEIT nurtured in democracy,
And liking best that state republican
Where every man is Kinglike and no man
Is crowned above his fellows, yet I see,
Spite of this modern fret for Liberty,
Better the rule of One whom all obey
Than to let clamorous demagogues betray
Our freedom with the kiss of anarchy.
Wherefore I love them not whose hands profane
Plant the red flag upon the piled-up street
For no right cause, beneath whose ignorant reign
Arts, Culture, Reverence, Honour, all things fade,
Save Treason and the dagger of her trade
And Murder with his silent bloody feet.

VI.—TO MILTON.

MILTON! I think thy spirit hath passed away
From these white cliffs, and high embattled towers;
This gorgeous fiery-coloured world of ours
Seems fallen into ashes dull and grey,
And the age changed into a mimic play
Wherein we waste our else too-crowded hours:
For all our pomp and pageantry of powers
We are but fit to delve the common clay,
Seeing this little isle on which we stand,
This England, this sea-lion of the sea,
By ignorant demagogues is held in fee,
Who love her not: Dear God! is this the land
Which bare a triple empire in her hand
When Cromwell spake the word Democracy?

VII.—HELAS!

TO drift with every passion till my soul
Is a stringed lute on which all winds can play
Is it for this that I have given away
Mine ancient wisdom, and austere control?
Methinks my life is a twice-written scroll,
Scrawled over on some boyish holiday
With idle songs for pipe and virelay,
Which do but mar the secret of the whole.
Surely there was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God:
Is that time dead? lo! with a little rod
I did but touch the honey of romance—
And must I lose a soul's inheritance?

John Davidson.

1857.

MR. JOHN DAVIDSON was born at Barrhead, Renfrewshire, on the 11th of April, 1857. He was educated at the Highlanders Academy, Greenock, from whence he proceeded to Edinburgh University. His published poetry includes "Bruce": a drama (1886); "Smith": a tragedy (1888); "Scaramouch in Naxos" and other plays (1889); "In a Music-Hall" and other poems (1891); "Fleet Street Eclogues" (1893); "Plays," collected edition (1894); "Ballads and Songs" (1894); "St. George's Day" (1895); "Fleet Street Eclogues," second series (1896); "New Ballads" (1897); "Godfrida": a play (1898); "The Last Ballad" and other poems (1899); "The Knight of the Maypole": a comedy in prose and rhyme (1903); "The Ballad of a Nun" (1905); "Selected Poems" (1905).

The first of Mr. Davidson's dramas, "Bruce," is a work composed on a Shakespearian model, and dealing skilfully and boldly with a fine historical subject. In this the poet showed no little power in invention, associated with considerable skill, in the manipulation of historical events. The drama is swift in movement and vigorous in action, and if the blank verse is not always smooth it is rarely weak. Some of the principal characters are strongly drawn, those of Robert Bruce and of Lamberton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, being especially successful impersonations. The third act

shows considerable power. That Mr. Davidson can be successful in a lighter vein is shown by "A Romantic Farce," and "Scaramouch in Naxos." "The 'Unhistorical Pastoral' is," says the *Saturday Review*, "a charming conception delicately wrought."

Although occasional songs in his early dramas evidenced Mr. Davidson's lyrical powers, it was his volume "In a Music-Hall" and other poems (1891) that demonstrated it. These poems largely fulfil the Miltonic conditions of poetry in being "simple, sensuous, and passionate." The "Fleet Street Eclogues," the "Ballads and Songs," and the several other volumes since issued, have still further advanced Mr. Davidson's reputation, and quickened the expectancy with which those who know his work look for his new announcements.

ALFRED H. MILES.

SELECTED POEMS.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

I.—A BALLAD OF HEAVEN.

(FROM "BALLADS AND SONGS.")

HE wrought at one great work for years;
The world passed by with lofty look:
Sometimes his eyes were dashed with tears;
Sometimes his lips with laughter shook.

His wife and child went clothed in rags,
And in a windy garret starved:
He trod his measures on the flags,
And high on heaven his music carved.

Wistful he grew but never feared;
For always on the midnight skies
His rich orchestral score appeared
In stars and zones and galaxies.

He thought to copy down his score:
The moonlight was his lamp; he said,
"Listen, my love"; but on the floor
His wife and child were lying dead.

Her hollow eyes were open wide,
He deemed she heard with special zest:
Her death's-head infant coldly eyed
The desert of her shrunken breast.

"Listen, my love, my work is done;
I tremble as I touch the page
To sign the sentence of the sun
And crown the great eternal age.

"The slow adagio begins,
The winding sheets are ravelled out
That swathe the minds of men, the sins
That wrap their rotting souls about.

"The dead are heralded along,
With silver trumps and golden drums,
The flutes and oboes, keen and strong,
My brave andante singing comes.

"Then like a python's sumptuous dress
The frame of things is cast away,
And out of Time's obscure distress,
The thundering scherzo crashes Day.

"For three great orchestras I hope
My mighty music shall be scored:
On three high hills they shall have scope
With heaven's vault for a sounding-board.

"Sleep well, love; let your eyelids fall;
Cover the child; good-night, and if . . .
What? Speak . . . the traitorous end of all!
Both . . . cold and hungry . . . cold and stiff!

"But no, God means us well, I trust:
Dear ones, be happy, hope is nigh:
We are too young to fall to dust,
And too unsatisfied to die."

He lifted up against his breast
The woman's body stark and wan,
And to her withered bosom pressed
The little skin-clad skeleton.

"You see you are alive," he cried.
He rocked them gently to and fro.
"No, no, my love, you have not died;
Nor you, my little fellow; no."

Long in his arms he strained his dead
And crooned an antique lullaby;
Then laid them on the lowly bed,
And broke down with a doleful cry.

"The love, the hope, the blood, the brain,
Of her and me, the budding life,
And my great music—all in vain!
My unscored work, my child, my wife!

"We drop into oblivion,
And nourish some suburban sod:
My work, this woman, this my son,
Are now no more: there is no God.

"The world's a dustbin; we are due,
And death's cart waits: be life accurst!"
He stumbled down beside the two,
And clasping them, his great heart burst.

Straightway he stood at heaven's gate,
Abashed and trembling for his sin:
I trow he had not long to wait,
For God came out and led him in.

And then there ran a radiant pair,
Ruddy with haste and eager-eyed
To meet him first upon the stair—
His wife and child beatified.

They clad him in a robe of light,
And gave him heavenly food to eat;
Great seraphs praised him to the height,
Archangels sat about his feet.

God, smiling, took him by the hand,
And led him to the brink of heaven:
He saw where systems whirling stand,
Where galaxies like snow are driven.

Dead silence reigned; a shudder ran
Through space; Time furled his wearied wings;
A slow adagio then began
Sweetly resolving troubled things.

The dead were heralded along:
As if with drums and trumps of flame,
And flutes and oboes, keen and strong,
A brave andante singing came.

Then like a python's sumptuous dress
The frame of things was cast away,
And out of Time's obscure distress
The conquering scherzo thundered Day.

He doubted; but God said "Even so;
Nothing is lost that's wrought with tears:
The music that you made below
Is now the music of the spheres."

II.—ALL HALLOW'S EVE.

(FROM "FLEET STREET ECLOGUES"—2ND SERIES.)

BASIL, MENZIES, BRIAN, PERCY.

Bri. Tearfully sinks the pallid sun.

Men. Bring in the lamps: Autumn is done.

Per. Nay, twilight silvers the flashing drops;
And a whiter fall is behind.

Bri. And the wild east mouths the chimney-tops,
The Pandean pipes of the wind.

Men. The dripping ivy drapes the walls;
The drenched red creepers flare;
And the draggled chestnut plumage falls
In every park and square.

Per. Nay, golden garlands strew the way
For the old triumph of decay.

Bas. And I know, in a living land of spells—
In an excellent land of rest,
Where a crimson fount of sunset wells
Out of the darkling west—

That the poplar, the willow, the scented lime,
Full-leaved in the shining air
Tarry as if the enchanter time
Had fixed them deathless there.

In arbours and noble palaces
A gallant people live
With every manner of happiness
The amplest life can give.

Per. Where? where? In Elfland?

Men. No; oh no!
In Elfland is no rest,
But rumour and stir and endless woe
Of the unfulfilled behest—
The doleful yoke of the Elfin folk
Since first the sun went west.

The cakes they eat, and the wine they drink,
Savourless nothings are;
The hopes they cherish, the thoughts they think
Are neither near nor far;
And well they know they cannot go
Even to a desert star:

One planet is all their poor estate,
Though a million systems roll;
They are dogged and worried, early and late,
As the demons nag a soul,
By the moon and the sun, for they never can shun
Time's tyrannous control.

The naughty delicate style they keep,
Only the blind can see;
On holy nights in the forest deep,
When they make high revelry
Under the moon, the dancing tune
Is the wind in a cypress tree.

They burn the elfin midnight oil
Over their tedious lore;
They spin the sand, and still they toil
Though their inmost hearts are sore—
The doleful yoke of the restless folk
For ever and ever more.

But could you capture the elfin queen
Who once was Cæsar's prize,
Daunt and gyve her with glances keen
Of unimpassioned eyes,
And hear unstirred her magic word,
And scorn her tears and sighs,

Lean would she seem at once, and old;
Her rosy mouth decayed;
Her heavy tresses of living gold,
All withered in the braid;
In your very sight the dew and the light
Of her eyes would parch and fade;

And she, the immortal phantom dame,
Would vanish from your ken;
For the fate of the elves is nearly the same
As the terrible fate of men:
To love; to rue: to be and pursue
A flickering wisp of the fen.

We must play the game with a careless smile,
Though there's nothing in the hand;
We must toil as if it were worth our while
Spinning our ropes of sand;
And laugh and cry, and live and die
As the waft of an unseen wand.

But the elves, besides the endless woe
Of the unfilfilled behest,
Have only a phantom life, and so
They neither can die nor rest—
Have no real being at all, and know
That therefore they never can rest—
The doleful yoke of the deathless folk
Since first the sun went west.

Per. Then where is the wonderful land of spells,
Where a crimson fount of sunset wells,
And the poplar, the willow, the scented lime
Tarry, full-leaved, till the winter-time,
Where endless happiness life can give,
And only heroic people live!

Bas. We know, we know, we spinners of sand!
In the heart of the world is that gracious land;
And it never can fade while the sap returns,
While the sun gives light and the red blood burns.

III.—IN ROMNEY MARSH.

(FROM "BALLADS AND SONGS.")

AS I went down to Dymchurch Wall,
I heard the South sing o'er the land;
I saw the yellow sunlight fall
On knolls where Norman churches stand.

And ringing shrilly, taut and lithe,
Within the wind a core of sound,
The wire from Romney town to Hythe
Alone its airy journey wound.

A veil of purple vapour flowed
And trailed its fringe along the Straits;
The upper air like sapphire glowed;
And roses filled Heaven's central gates.

Masts in the offing wagged their tops;
The swinging waves pealed on the shore;
The saffron beach, all diamond drops
And beads of surge, prolonged the roar.

As I came up from Dymchurch Wall,
I saw above the Downs' low crest
The crimson brands of sunset fall,
Flicker and fade from out the west.

Night sank: like flakes of silver fire
The stars in one great shower came down;
Shrill blew the wind; and shrill the wire
Rang out from Hythe to Romney town.

The darkly shining salt sea drops
  Streamed as the waves clashed on the shore;
The beach, with all its organ stops
  Pealing again, prolonged the roar.

IV.—THE PIONEER.

(THE LAST BALLAD AND OTHER POEMS.)

WHY, he never can tell;
  But, without a doubt,
He knows very well
  He must trample out
Through forest and fell
  The world about
A way for himself,
A way for himself.

By sun and star,
  Forlorn and lank,
O'er cliff and scar,
  O'er bog and bank,
He hears afar
  The expresses clank,
"You'll never get there,
You'll never get there!"

His bones and bread
  Poor Turlygod
From his wallet spread
  On the grass-green sod,
And stared and said
  With a bow and a nod,
"Whither away, sir,
Whither away?"

"I'm going alone,
Though Hell forfend,
By a way of my own
To the other end."
He gnawed a bone
And snarled, "My friend,
You'll soon get there,
You'll soon get there."

But whether or no,
The world is round;
And he still must go
Through depths profound,
O'er heights of snow,
On virgin ground
To find a grave,
To find a grave.

For he knows very well
He must trample out
Through Heaven and Hell,
With never a doubt,
A way of his own
The world about.

V.—THE TESTAMENT OF A MAN FORBID.

(Concluding Lines.)

I HAUNT the hills that overlook the sea.
Here in the Winter like a meshwork shroud
The sifted snow reveals the perished land,
And powder wisps of knotgrass dank and dead
That trail like faded locks on mouldering skulls
Unearthed from shallow burial. With the Spring
The west-wind thunders through the budding hedge

That stems the furrowed steep—a sound of drums,
Of gongs and united cymbals; yellow breasts
And brown wings whirl in gusts, fly chaffering, drop,
And surge in gusts again; in wooded coombs
The hyacinth with purple diapers
The russet beechmast, and the cowslips hoard
Their virgin gold in lucent chalices;
The sombre furze, all suddenly attired
In rich brocade, the enterprise in chief
And pageant of the season, overrides
The rolling land and girds the bosomed plain
That strips her green robe to a saffron shore
And steps into the surf where threads and scales
And arabesques of blue and emerald wave
Begin to damascene the iron sea;
While faint from upland fold and covert peal
The sheep-bell and the cuckoo's mellow chime.
Then when the sovereign light from which we came,
Of earth enamoured, bends most questioning looks,
I watch the land grow beautiful, a bride
Transfigured with desire of her great lord.
Betrothal music of the tireless larks,
Heaven-high, heaven-wide possesses all the air,
And wreathes the shining lattice of the light
With chaplets, purple clusters, vintages
Of sound from the first fragrant breath and first
Tear-sprinkled blush of Summer to the deep
Transmuted fire, the smouldering golden moons,
The wine-stained dusk of Autumn harvest-ripe;
And I behold the period of Time,
When Memory shall devolve and Knowledge lapse
Wanting a subject, and the willing earth
Leap to the bosom of the sun to be
Pure flame once more in a new time begun:
Here, as I face the pallid doleful hills

And serpentine declivities that creep
Unhonoured to the ocean's shifting verge,
Or where with prouder curve and greener sward,
Surmounting peacefully the restless tides,
The cliffed escarpment ends in storm-clad strength.

Alfred Hayes.

1857.

Alfred Hayes was born at Wolverhampton on the 7th of August, 1857. He was educated at Wolverhampton Grammar School and King Edward's School, Birmingham, where he obtained a prize for English verse, the subject being "Charles Kingsley." He entered New College, Oxford, with a classical exhibition in 1876, and took his degree in classical honours four years later. After a short residence in London, where he studied for the Bar, he abandoned the pursuit of law, and held successive masterships at Felstead School in Essex, Brewood School in Staffordshire, and King Edward's School in Birmingham. In 1889 he was elected Secretary of the Birmingham and Midland Institute; he has also acted for some years as Secretary of the Birmingham Municipal Technical School, and as Special Local Secretary for superintending the Government Science and Art Examinations in the Birmingham district. His musical tastes have led him to take a special interest in the development of the School of Music, which forms one of the principal departments of the Midland Institute.

His first published work, "The Last Crusade and Other Poems," was issued in 1886. The poem is a trilogy in blank verse, descriptive of the ill-fated expedition to Tunis, the death of St. Louis in the

plague-stricken camp, and the conveyance of his body across the Alps to its burial at St. Denis, concluding with the storming of Nazareth by Edward I. of England—the final act of the Crusades, and one of the most dramatic in all history. In the following year Mr. Hayes published a narrative poem in blank verse, entitled "David Westren," which, like its predecessor, rapidly reached a second edition. This poem is the life-story of a country parson, and abounds in descriptions of the romantic scenery of Dartmoor. "The March of Man and Other Poems" was published in 1891, and a second edition was issued in the following year. "The March of Man" is a blank-verse poem in two parts, celebrating the progress of humanity, through error and conflict, from moral chaos and darkness to the order of peaceful righteousness. In 1893 Mr. Hayes co-operated with two other poets of the younger generation, Mr. Norman Gale and Mr. Richard le Gallienne, in the publication of "A Fellowship in Song." Mr. Hayes's portion consists entirely of lyrics, chiefly descriptive of the quiet scenery of South Warwickshire, and they are imbued with the restful spirit of the midland meadows. "The Vale of Arden" followed in 1895.

Among a crowd of young poets who are content to express themselves in brief idylls, elegiac meditations, or swallow-flights of song, Mr. Hayes is almost alone—at the most he has but two or three companions—in choosing themes of arresting objective interest and almost epical amplitude. To make such a choice is bravely to dare, for it brings a neophyte into direct competition with the masters who have risen to the height of some great argu-

ment, and whose large utterance has added dignity to some commanding theme. "David Westren" is, indeed, simply an expanded idyll, dealing after Lord Tennyson's graceful manner with the homely beauty or pathos of familiar contemporary life; but "The Last Crusade" and "The March of Man" are devoted to traditions of heroic action, and to great endurances, struggles, and achievements of the human spirit which might have provided the mightiest poets with a fitting inspiration. In speaking of such attempts it would be praise simply to say that Mr. Hayes had not conspicuously failed—that he had not proved himself obnoxious to the charge of recklessly self-sufficient temerity. It is much higher praise to say—what can be quite justly said—that he has largely succeeded; and though his success is not of that supreme kind which vanquishes by greatness, it is certainly a success which gratifies and charms by a dignified and winning adequacy of accomplishment. "The Last Crusade" is the finest of all Mr. Hayes's longer poems. The theme of "The March of Man" is almost too large to be satisfyingly compassed even by a poet of Shakespearian grasp, and though it abounds in noble passages, some of which touch the high-water mark of the writer's performance, the poem in its entirety leaves a certain feeling of diffuseness: the parts are greater than the whole. Still, it is rich in happy illuminating phrase,—

> "Forward through law to righteous lawlessness";

in fresh suggestive imagery such as that in which man is the oak-tree, thriving

> "by the rotten mould
> Of its own leaves that falling feed its strength";

in that fine rhetoric which is not mere sonorous fluency but the native eloquence of imaginative passion. "The March of Man" consists for the most part of rapid effective chronicle and impassioned reflection: "The Last Crusade," and in a less degree "David Westren" testify to Mr. Hayes's command of a rich and vivid pictorialism. The passages devoted to the plague in "The Death of St. Louis" and the scene of rapine in "The Storming of Nazareth" are full of horror, but Mr. Hayes eschews the pursuit of the horrible as a mere literary effect; his handling has restraint, sobriety, dignity; and his favoured motives are evidently those which have the charm not of mere emotional impressiveness but of physical and moral beauty. The blank verse chosen as the metrical vehicle of his three most important poems is flowing, sonorous, and responsive to its burden; its sole defect being a too unbroken uniformity of stateliness. "The Vale of Arden and other Poems" (1895) gave Mr. Hayes's readers an entirely new and beautiful impression of his purely lyrical gift. His few previous lyrics had possessed much quiet charm, but there had been in them some lack of that spontaneous impulse of song which captures and holds the sense and the imagination. There is certainly no such lack in "My Study," "On the Mountain," or in the tender and strong "Dedication: To my Wife." Mr. Hayes had aforetime proved himself to be a poet; this volume revealed him as a genuine singer, with a sweet penetrating note which, though it does not startle, waylays and haunts us.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

1892.

ALFRED HAYES.

I.—THE MARCH OF MAN.

(SELECTED PASSAGES.)

I.

BLIND—then a little light—and once more blind.
Blind in birth's living shroud, there blindly reared,
Thence blindly driven—and lo! a drowsy babe,
Its red face wrinkled like a fresh-blown poppy,
Whose silken petals keep awhile the crease
Of every fold they slept in. Day by day
The light grows friendlier, till the strange great eyes,
So vastly vacant, so profoundly grave,
Stare hopeless, fearless, loveless at the world.
Then dawn of soul and day of strength, then dusk
Of fading dreams—a sigh—and once more blind.

II.

Sound an alarm! for many a waking soul
Listens, while comfortable captains drone:—
"Loud fools, that think to fashion gods of clay,
Let be! ye vex yourselves in vain: the dawn
Asks not your aid; ye cannot stay its course
Nor hasten it one hour."—Regard them not;
Prophets of ease, ambassadors of sloth,
Seducers of the soldiery of Heaven!
They spake not thus, whose voices echo yet
Across oblivion's widening domain,
Those mighty marshals of the wars of old.
Man's spacious evolutions on this world's
Dim battlefield, where night contends with day,

Spare not a soldier; each one doth his part
To make or mar the triumph, and he thwarts
Who helps not. None can watch the shifting lines,
The headlong rout, the struggling hero-band,
The heights now gained, now lost, 'mid curse and
prayer,
Wail of the wounded, silence of the slain,
Himself unmoved, save Him who moveth all.
Love's kingdom is not won by watching; Heaven
Is slowly scaled by toil and tears and blood;
The bonds that man hath woven man must rend,
The wrongs that man hath suffered man must right,
The hopes that man hath wrecked man must restore,
Man's nobler order man himself must found.
What though in bygone æons some vast Power,
We darkly name by the great name of God,
Scattered the seed of systems through the void,
Spake to them, "Thus and thus ye shall unfold,"
And left them self-sufficient but foredoomed
To one fixed course?—the destinies of man
Revolve not as the planets round the sun,
Move not to music of some distant sphere,
But answer man's own impulse, and are ruled
By human passion, pity, faith and love.
The goal we cannot choose but reach, is seen
By human hope and sought by human strength;
The laws we cannot choose but own, are writ
In human hearts, proclaimed by human wills;
Fate's active servants, not her passive slaves.
What though, engendered in Time's secret womb,
The germ of all that man shall ever be
Was quickened by the Maker and ordained
To see the light with labour and with groans?—
Yet knowledge can assuage the pangs, and skill

Hasten the joyful birth. What though the world
Untimely suffer many a spasm which fails
And brings forth nought but sorrow?—every throe
Hath yet its purpose, and unknown prepares
The agony which yields the newborn life.

III

Not darkness only hinders; Truth's worst foes
Bask in full sunshine—Indolence, that lies
With nerveless limbs and half-closed lids, and gapes
At the blue main above him, where the clouds
Set their white sails and chase their snowy sisters,
Majestically slow; Pride, with firm foot
That pauseth where his shallow eyes may greet
His image in the stagnant pool; old Custom,
That grazeth without pause in sheltered croft
Where grass is deep, and with a paunch well filled
Settles his heavy bones, and hour by hour
Cheweth the cud untroubled; Jealousy,
Lean-cheeked, slant-eyed, whose hunger grows more fierce
By feeding; Lust, with trembling hand, that clutches
The crystal cup wherein the wine of life
Sparkles, and breaks the cup, and wastes the wine;
Greed, whose small eyes survey his bloated form
And rest content—such are the foes of Truth.

IV.

The levin's rage is tamed
To light our midnight musings and give back
Forgotten accents of the mouldered dead;
The sun is made our limner, and the stars
Reveal their unseen splendours unto eyes
By man contrived, that see where man is blind.

We watch the shapeless embryos of systems
Fashion themselves in the vast womb of space,
We see the gnat's heart beat, and 'neath our lens
The water-drop becomes a peopled realm.
The loom whereon the weaver slowly wrought
His simple web has grown a living thing;
We give the word, and lo! the shuttle flies
Unerring, while deft fingers of bright steel
Catch at the threads and weave a damask sheen
Subtler than winter's handiwork.

II.—TO SWEET SEVENTEEN.

TO thee, young queen, these tribute lines
Charged with my love—the word is writ;
A daintier word were false; but "love"
No more can tell the soul of it,

Than "light" can tell the myriad mood
Of sunshine; from the fickle play
Which frolics through the dappled leaves
When all the lanes are white with May,

To that full bliss of warmth which lies
Delirious on the breast of June,
Or sunset flash of burdened heavens,
Or dreamy glow of autumn noon.

So "love"—poor word—is all we have,
To paint each radiant power that makes
The sunshine of a human heart;
From the sweet sense of want which wakes

In childhood's breast, to ripe repose
Of wedded faith, or ecstasy
Of passionate youth, or such delight
As that I take, fair girl, in thee.

A FELLOWSHIP OF SONG.

1893.

ALFRED HAYES, NORMAN GALE, AND RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

ALFRED HAYES.

I.—CONSERVATION.

THOU, who from many a spray forlorn
Its ruddy jewellery hast torn,
Belovèd thrush!
From mountain-ash no need to fly,
At sight of me, to sanctuary
Of laurel-bush.

Plunder thy fill!—my garden yet
Is sweet with stock and mignonette,
With asters gay,
And of its plenty well can spare,
O prince of song, the frugal fare
It doth purvey.

Soon will the dahlia's pride lie dead,
The sunflower droop his kingly head,
And pinched with cold
The lordly hollyhock repine
For still September's mild sunshine
And moon of gold.

Then Winter, with her wailful rains,
Will weep o'er Autumn's gaunt remains,
Or watch them lie
Stark in the snow's sepulchral dress
Entombed within a featureless
Gray vault of sky.

But when I sigh, dear mottled thief,
For crocus-flower and lilac-leaf
Delaying long,
The vanished splendour of the tree
Will glow again, conserved by thee,
In glorious song.

II.—THE SILENT HARP.

POOR harp, how desolate!—The loving hand,
That wind-like wandered o'er thy tremulous strings,
Culling sweet sheaves of sound or whisperings
Æolian, at the Master's mute command
Drops lifeless. In that unresponsive land
What music He from earthly sufferings
Evoketh and the stress of mortal things,
Wistful we seek but may not understand.
Yonder may dwell continual peace, but here
All peace begetteth and is born of strife,
And every smile is sister to a tear;
Death only can the missing note supply
To quite resolve the discord of this life
Silence alone is perfect harmony.

William Watson.

1858.

WILLIAM WATSON was born at Burley-in-Wharfedale on the 2nd of August, 1858; but his earliest work in verse is associated with Liverpool, near which city his later childhood and early manhood were spent. Some youthful lyrics were published during the year 1875 in *The Argus*, a Liverpool weekly journal; and in 1880 appeared his first volume, "The Prince's Quest and Other Poems," which, though it altogether failed to win general recognition, had the good fortune to receive praiseful greeting from Dante Rossetti and other keen-sighted critics. In the title-poem are to be found numerous traces of temporary subjection to the influence of the so-called æsthetic school, and neither the arbitrary supernaturalism of the story nor the frequent archaism of the style was really indicative of the writer's true bent; but "The Prince's Quest" contains descriptive passages of singular beauty, and the melodies and harmonies of verse in the concluding bridal-song, from which we take one stanza, sufficed to show that Mr. Watson was already a master of music. The Queen of the City of Youth awaits her coming Prince,—

"Often when evening sobered all the air,
No doubt but she would sit and marvel where
He tarried, by the bounds of what strange sea;
And peradventure look at intervals

Forth of the windows of her palace walls,
And watch the gloaming darken fount and tree;
And think on twilight shores, with dreaming caves
Full of the groping of bewildered waves,
Full of the murmur of their hollow halls."

The grave dignity of substance and fine chastity of form which are distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Watson's most mature work were not less manifest in the few sonnets and other short poems contained in this early volume,—witness the beautiful lyric, "Changed Voices."

"Last night the sea-wind was to me
A metaphor of liberty,
And every wave along the beach
A starlit music seemed to be.

"To-day the sea-wind is to me
A fettered soul that would be free.
And dumbly striving after speech
The tides yearn landward painfully.

"To-morrow how shall sound for me
The changing voice of wind and sea?
What tidings shall be born of each?
What rumour of what mystery?"

Mr. Watson's next volume, "Epigrams" (1884), contained a century of poems, each consisting of a single quatrain, each devoted to a single thought or fancy, and all characterised by a severe condensation in the matter of utterance which justified the general title, though there were few attempts to achieve that startling or arresting "point" which, in the popular conception, is the true *raison d'être* of the epigram. There is in the finest of these poems that flawlessness of imaginative rendering which the exigent form demands; and even in the later and more

elaborate work by which Mr. Watson first caught the ear of the world he has not surpassed the satisfying perfectness of these cameos and intaglios of verse. The first of the three epigrams given below has for heading, "After Reading 'Tamburlaine the Great'": the others appear without titles.

"Your Marlowe's page I close, my Shakspere's ope.
How welcome—after drum and trumpet's din—
The continuity, the long slow slope
And vast curves of the gradual violin!

* * * * *

"'Tis human nature's happiest height to be
A spirit melodious, lucid, poised, and whole;
Second in order of felicity
I hold it to have walked with such a soul.

* * * * *

"The Poet gathers fruit from every tree,
Yea, grapes from thorns and figs from thistles he.
Pluck'd by his hand, the basest weed that grows
Towers to a lily, reddens to a rose."

In 1885 Mr. Watson contributed to the *National Review* a remarkable sonnet-sequence "Ver Tenebrosum," dealing with the events of the Soudanese war, and comprising at least half-a-dozen sonnets which for impressiveness of conception and dignity of execution have been surpassed by few of our greatest sonneteers. It is here that we find the weighty line,

"The sense of greatness keeps a nation great;

here too is the splendid tribute to Gordon; here the impassioned impeachment of a false peace in "Reported Concessions"; and here the sombre grandeur of the "false dream" in which he saw the foe prevail, and heard the moan,—

"Our greatness is become a tale
To tell our children's babes when we are old.
They shall put by their playthings to be told
How England once, before the days of bale,
Throned above trembling, puissant, grandiose, calm,
Held Asia's richest jewel in her palm;
And with unnumbered isles barbaric she
The broad hem of her glistering robe impearled,
Then when she wound her arms about the world,
And had for vassal the obsequious sea."

In the magazine just named appeared also "Wordsworth's Grave," the elegiac poem which, as the *pièce de résistance* of Mr. Watson's next volume (1890), first gained for him due recognition. In passionate impulse "Wordsworth's Grave" has possibly been surpassed both by earlier and by later work from the same hand, but the prevailing estimate of it is abundantly justified by the alliance of imagination proper with a profundity of reflection and a penetration of insight which would make it noteworthy as a contribution to interpretative criticism, had it not what it assuredly has—the finer, rarer charm of essential poetry. The quality of the fruit produced by this happy grafting is manifest in the following stanzas of masterly characterisation :—

"Poet, who sleepest by this wandering wave!
When thou wast born, what birth-gift hadst thou then?
To thee what wealth was that the Immortals gave,
The wealth thou gavest in thy turn to men?

"Not Milton's keen translunar music thine:
Not Shakspere's cloudless, boundless human view;
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine;
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

"What hadst thou that could make such large amends
For all thou hadst not and thy peers possessed,
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends?—
Thou hadst for weary feet the gift of rest.

"From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,
From Byron's tempest-anger, tempest-mirth,
Men turned to thee and found—not blast and blaze,
Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth.

"Nor peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower.
There in white languors to decline and cease;
But peace whose names are also rapture, power,
Clear sight, and love: for these are parts of peace."

The combination of qualities, rarely found in helpful alliance, which confers distinction upon "Wordsworth's Grave," makes itself not less visible in the pages of the two volumes entitled respectively "Lachrymæ Musarum and other Poems" (1892), and "Odes and other Poems" (1894). In the latter we have the dignified and pathetic "Vita Nuova," and that perfect lyric, "The First Skylark of Spring"; while the former is rendered memorable by the monumental tribute to the genius of Tennyson, the only one of many threnodies which can be declared worthy of the great theme; and by the poem celebrating "The Shelley Centenary," where we have not only imagination and insight, but the impulse, the passion, and the fire which some critics, not wholly unappreciative, fail to find in certain other verse of Mr. Watson's which they confess to have every charm but these. Perhaps the most truly characteristic qualities of Mr. Watson's poetry are those suggested by the word "weight." To every motive which he selects his manner of conception and treatment gives elevation and dignity: it is the true grand manner which never degenerates into the merely grandiose. His utterance is not effusive—indeed, its accent of distinction is largely due to the reticence and restraint of the master-

singer who knows that he can produce his effects without raising his voice to force the note; but it is always affluent in thought, imagination, language: it is, to use the fine phrase of Keats, "a large utterance,"—stately in its sober austerities, and neither less nor more stately in its rich but never ostentatious adornment. "The Father of the Forest, and other Poems" (1895) is of the fine high standard of its predecessors; witness the powerful sonnet, entitled "The Turk in Armenia," which follows:—

What profits it, O England, to prevail
In camp and mart and council, and bestrew
With sovereign argosies the subject blue
And wrest thy tribute from each golden gale,
If, in thy strongholds, thou canst hear the wail
Of maidens martyred by the turbaned crew
Whose tenderest mercy was the sword that slew,
And lift no hand to wield the purging flail?
We deemed of old thou held'st a charge from Him
Who watches girdled by His seraphim,
To smite the wronger with thy destined rod.
Wait'st thou His sign? Enough, the sleepless cry
Of virgin souls for vengeance, and on high
The gathering blackness of the power of God!

March 2nd, 1895.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE AND OTHER POEMS.

1890.

WILLIAM WATSON.

I.—"WHEN BIRDS WERE SONGLESS."

WHEN birds were songless on the bough
I heard thee sing.
The world was full of winter, thou
Wert full of spring.

To-day the world's heart feels anew
The vernal thrill,
And thine beneath the restful yew
Is wintry chill.

II.—THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

YOUTH! ere thou be flown away,
Surely our last boon to-day
Thou'lt bestow—
One last light of rapture give,
Rich and lordly fugitive!
Ere thou go.

What, thou canst not? What, all spent?
All thy spells of ravishment
Pow'rless now?
Gone thy magic out of date?
Gone, all gone that made thee great?—
Follow thou!

III.—THE MOCK SELF.

FEW friends are mine, though many wights there be
Who, meeting oft a phantasm that makes claim
To be myself, and hath my face and name,
And whose thin fraud I wink at privily,
Account this light imposter very me.
What boots it undeceive them, and proclaim
Myself, myself, and whelm this cheat with shame?
I care not, so he leave my true self free,
Impose not on me also; but alas!
I, too, at fault, bewildered, sometimes take
Him for myself, and far from mine own sight,
Torpid, indifferent, doth mine own self pass;
And yet anon leaps suddenly awake,
And spurns the gibbering mime into the night.

IV.—LIFE WITHOUT HEALTH.

BEHOLD life builded as a goodly house
And grown a mansion ruinous
With winter blowing through its crumbling walls!
The master paceth up and down his halls,
And in the empty hours
Can hear the tottering of his towers
And tremor of their bases underground.
And oft he starts and looks around
At creaking of a distant door
Or echo of his footfall on the floor,
Thinking it may be one whom he awaits
And hath for many days awaited,
Coming to lead him through the mouldering gates
To somewhere, from his home dilapidated.

1892.

To Edward Dowden.

I.—ON RECEIVING FROM HIM A COPY OF "THE LIFE OF SHELLEY."

FIRST, ere I slake my hunger, let me thank
The giver of the feast. For feast it is,
Though of ethereal, translunary fare—
His story who pre-eminently of men
Seemed nourished upon starbeams and the stuff
Of rainbows, and the tempest, and the foam;
Who hardly brooked on his impatient soul
The fleshly trammels; whom at last the sea
Gave to the fire, from whose wild arms the winds
Took him, and shook him broadcast to the world.
In my young days of fervid poesy
He drew me to him with his strange far light,—
He held me in a world all clouds and gleams,
And vasty phantoms, where ev'n Man himself
Moved like a phantom 'mid the clouds and gleams.
Anon the Earth recalled me, and a voice
Murmuring of dethroned divinities
And dead times deathless upon sculptured urn—
And Philomela's long-descended pain
Flooding the night—and maidens of romance
To whom asleep St. Agnes' love-dreams come—
Awhile constrained me to a sweet duress
And thraldom, lapping me in high content,
Soft as the bondage of white amorous arms.
And then a third voice, long unheeded—held
Claustral and cold, and dissonant and tame—
Found me at last with ears to hear. It sang
Of lowly sorrows and familiar joys,
Of simple manhood, artless womanhood,

And childhood fragrant as the limpid morn;
And from the homely matter nigh at hand
Ascending and dilating, it disclosed
Spaces and avenues, calm heights and breadths
Of vision, whence I saw each blade of grass
With roots that groped about eternity,
And in each drop of dew upon each blade
The mirror of the inseparable All.
The first voice, then the second, in their turns
Had sung me captive. This voice sang me free.
Therefore, above all vocal sons of men,
Since him whose sightless eyes saw hell and heaven,
To Wordsworth be my homage, thanks, and love.
Yet dear is Keats, a lucid presence, great
With somewhat of a glorious soullessness.
And dear, and great with an excess of soul,
Shelley, the hectic flamelike rose of verse,
All colour, and all odour, and all bloom,
Steeped in the noonlight, glutted with the sun,
But somewhat lacking root in homely earth,
Lacking such human moisture as bedews
His not less starward stem of song, who, rapt
Not less in glowing vision, yet retained
His clasp of the prehensible, retained
The warm touch of the world that lies to hand,
Not in vague dreams of man forgetting men
Nor in vast morrows losing the to-day;
Who trusted nature, trusted fate, nor found
An Ogre, sovereign on the throne of things;
Who felt the incumbence of the unknown, yet bore
Without resentment the Divine reserve;
Who suffered not his spirit to dash itself
Against the crags and wavelike break in spray,
But 'midst the infinite tranquillities
Moved tranquil, and henceforth, by Rolha stream

And Rydal's mountain-mirror and where flows
Yarrow thrice sung, or Duddon to the sea,
And wheresoe'er man's heart is thrilled by tones
Struck from man's lyric heartstrings, shall survive.

II.—AUTUMN.

THOU burden of all songs the earth hath sung,
Thou retrospect in Time's reverted eyes,
Thou metaphor of everything that dies,
That dies ill-starred, or dies beloved and young
And therefore blest and wise,—
O be less beautiful, or be less brief,
Thou tragic splendour, strange, and full of fear!
In vain her pageant shall the Summer rear?
At thy mute signal, leaf by golden leaf,
Crumbles the gorgeous year.

Ah, ghostly as remembered mirth, the tale
Of Summer's bloom, the legend of the Spring!
And thou, too, flutterest an impatient wing
Thou presence yet more fugitive and frail,
Thou most unbodied thing,
Whose very being is thy going hence,
And passage and departure all thy theme;
Whose life doth still a splendid dying seem,
And thou at height of thy magnificence
A figment and a dream.

Stilled is the virgin rapture that was June,
And cold is August's panting heart of fire,
And in the storm-dismantled forest choir
For thine own elegy thy winds attune
Their wild and wizard lyre:

And poignant grows the charm of thy decay,
The pathos of thy beauty, and the sting,
Thou parable of greatness vanishing!
For me thy woods of gold and skies of grey
With speech fantastic ring.

For me, to dreams resigned, there come and go,
'Twixt mountains draped and hooded night and morn,
Elusive notes in wandering wafture borne,
From undiscoverable lips that blow
An immaterial horn;
And spectral seem thy winter-boding trees,
Thy ruinous bowers and drifted foliage wet—
O Past and Future in sad bridal met,
O voice of everything that perishes,
And soul of all regret

ODES AND OTHER POEMS.

1894.

WILLIAM WATSON.

I.—VITA NUOVA.

LONG hath she slept, forgetful of delight:
At last, at last, the enchanted princess Earth,
Claimed with a kiss by Spring the adventurer,
In slumber knows the destined lips, and thrilled
Through all the deeps of her unageing heart
With passionate necessity of joy,
Wakens, and yields her loveliness to love.

O ancient streams, O far-descended woods
Full of the fluttering of melodious souls;
O hills and valleys that adorn yourselves
In solemn jubilation; winds and clouds,
Ocean and land in stormy nuptials clasped,
And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
The Earth's divine renewal: lo, I too
With yours would mingle somewhat of glad song.
I, too, have come through wintry terrors,—yea,
Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul
Have come, and am delivered. Me the Spring,
Me also, dimly with new life hath touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;
And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever Power beneficent,
Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought,
Had led me from the haunted darkness forth
Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note

Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
And voiceful mountain,—nay, a string, how jarred
And all but broken! of that lyre of life
Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect strain,
Harps without pause, building with song the world.

II.—PEACE AND WAR.

THE sleek sea, gorged and sated, basking lies;
The cruel creature fawns and blinks and purrs;
And almost we forget what fangs are hers,
And trust for once her emerald-golden eyes;
Though haply on the morrow she shall rise
And summon her infernal ministers,
And charge her everlasting barriers,
With wild white fingers snatching at the skies.

So, betwixt Peace and War, man's life is cast,
Yet hath he dreamed of perfect Peace at last.
Shepherding all the nations ev'n as sheep.
The inconstant, moody ocean shall as soon,
At the cold dictates of the bloodless moon,
Swear an eternity of halcyon sleep.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD AND OTHER POEMS.

1898.

WILLIAM WATSON.

ODE IN MAY.

LET me go forth, and share
The overflowing Sun
With one wise friend, or one
Better than wise, being fair,
Where the pewit wheels and dips
On heights of bracken and ling,
And Earth, unto her leaflet tips,
Tingles with Spring.

What is so sweet and dear
As a prosperous morn in May,
The confident prime of the day,
And the dauntless youth of the year,
When nothing that asks for bliss,
Asking aright, is denied,
And half of the world a bridegroom is,
And half of the world a bride?

The song of Mingling flows,
Grave ceremonial, pure,
As once, from lips that endure,
The cosmic descant rose,
When the temporal lord of life,
Going his golden way,
Had taken a wondrous maid to wife
That long had said him nay.

For of old the Sun, our sire,
Came wooing the mother of men,
Earth, that was virginal then,
Vestal fire to his fire.
Silent her bosom and coy,
But the strong god sued and pressed;
And born of their starry nuptial joy
Are all that drink of her breast.

And the triumph of him that begot,
And the travail of her that bore,
Behold, they are evermore
As warp and weft of our lot.
We are children of splendour and flame,
Of shuddering, also, and tears.
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
And abject from the Spheres.

O bright irresistible lord,
We are fruit of Earth's womb, each one,
And fruit of thy loins, O Sun,
Whence first was the seed outpoured.
To thee as our Father we bow,
Forbidden thy Father to see,
Who is older and greater than those, as thou,
Art greater and older than we.

Thou art but a word of his speech,
Thou art but a wave of his hand;
Thou art brief as a glitter of sand
'Twixt tide and tide on his beach;
Thou art less than a spark of his fire,
Or a moment's mood of his soul:
Thou art lost in the notes on the lips of his choir
That chant the chant of the Whole.

FOR ENGLAND.

1904.

WILLIAM WATSON.

I.—ROME AND ANOTHER.

SHE asked for all things, and dominion such
As never man had known,
The gods first gave; then lightly, touch by touch,
O'erthrew her seven-hilled throne.

Imperial Power, that hungerest for the globe
Restrain thy conquering feet,
Lest the same Fates that spun thy purple robe
Should weave thy winding-sheet.

II.—THE INEXORABLE LAW.

WE too shall pass, we too shall disappear,
Ev'n as the mighty nations that have waned
And perished. Not more surely are ordained
The crescence and the cadence of the year,
High-hearted June, October spent and sere
Than this grey consummation. We have reigned
Augustly; let our part be so sustained
That Time, far hence, shall hold our memory dear!
Let it be said: "This Mistress of the sword
And conquering prow, this Empire swoln with spoils,
Yet served the human cause, yet strove for Man;
Her's was the purest greatness we record;
We whose ingathered sheaves her tilth foreran,
Whose peace comes of her tempests and her toils."

III.—THE TRUE IMPERIALISM.

HERE, while the tide of conquest rolls
Against the distant golden shore,
The starved and stunted human souls
Are with us more and more.

Vain is your Science, vain your Art.
Your triumphs and your glories vain,
To feed the hunger of their heart
And famine of their brain.

Your savage deserts howling near,
Your wastes of ignorance, vice, and shame,—
Is there no room for victories here,
No fields for deeds of fame?

Arise and conquer while ye can
The foe that in your midst resides
And build within the mind of Man
The Empire that abides.

IV.—THE DRAGONS.

PRINCE VORTIGERN—so run the ancient tales—
A stronghold sought to build in wildest Wales;
But some fell power frustrated each assay,
And nightly wrecked the labours of the day;
Till Merlin came, and bade the builders all,
Beneath the escarp'd and many-bastioned wall,
Dig deep; and lo, two dragons, o'er whose lair
Nothing secure might rise, lay sleeping there.

Search the foundations, you that build a State;
For if the dragon forms of Wrath and Hate
Lie coiled below, and darkly bide their hour,
Fear walks the rampart, Fear ascends the tower,
And let it not content you that they sleep:
Drive them with strong enchantments to the deep.
First of such charms is Perfect Justice; then
Comes the heart's word that conquers beasts and men.
No other craft shall serve—no spells but these
Drive the old dragons to the whelming seas.

Sir Rennell Rodd.

1858.

Sir James Rennell Rodd was born on November 9th, 1858. At Oxford he won the Newdigate prize, with a poem on Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1880. In 1883 he entered the diplomatic service, and in the following year was appointed to the Berlin Embassy, which he served for about four years as private secretary to Sir Edward Malet, after which he was attached to the Legation at Athens.

The poet's Newdigate prize poem was printed in 1880, and was followed by "Songs of the South" (1881), "Poems in Many Lands" (1883), "Feda and Other Poems" (1886), "The Unknown Madonna" (1888), and "The Violet Crown and Songs of England" (1891). His prose works are "Frederick, Crown Prince and Emperor: a Biographical Sketch, with an Introduction by the Empress Frederick" (1888), and the "Customs and Lore of Modern Greece" (1892).

Sir Rennell's work shows a fluency which is obviously spontaneous, but which is apt to betray him. His Pegasus is such easy riding, and the enjoyment of the mere exercise is apparently so great to him that he is prone to hold the reins loosely, and to allow himself to be carried along carelessly by a steed which needs wise guidance and strong control. There is, however, genuine poetic impulse, if it is

sometimes, to quote the *Athenæum*, "lost in the commonplace of too idle versifying." Some of his strongest work is in the "Feda and Other Poems" volume. "The Journey Home" is an admirable example. It shows an eye for the picturesque, associated with facile powers of description, and breathes the spirit which inspires the "Songs of England" of the later volume, and which is in the best sense patriotic, because in the broad sense domestic. "Albano" and "Petrarch, part iii.," may also be specially remarked. The following lines, "Good-Bye," addressed to a child, show the poet's tender feeling towards children :—

"Good-night, and wings of angels
Beat round your little bed,
And all white hopes and holy
Be on your golden head!

"You know not why I love you,
You little lips that kiss;
But if you should remember
Remember me with this;

"He said that the longest journey
Was all on the road to rest;
He said the children's wisdom
Was the wisest and the best.

"He said there was joy in sorrow
Far more than the tears in mirth,
And he knew there was God in heaven,
Because there was Love on earth."

For the rest, the poet's favourite subjects are the memorials of classical antiquity which he has visited in his travels, with the living dead they bring before his eyes, and the celebration of old-time nobility and modern heroism.

ALFRED H. MILES.

1881

SIR RENNELL RODD.

AT TIBER MOUTH.

(Rome, 1881.)

THE low plains stretch to the west with a glimmer
of rustling weeds,
Where the waves of a golden river wind home by
the marshy meads;
And the strong wind born of the sea grows faint with
a sickly breath,
As it stays in the fretting rushes and blows on the
dews of death.
We came to the silent city in the blaze of the noon-
tide heat,
When the sound of a whisper rang through the
length of the lonely street;
No tree in the clefted ruin, no echo of song nor
sound,
But the dust of a world forgotten lay under the
barren ground.
There are shrines under these green hillocks to the
beautiful gods that sleep,
Where they prayed in the stormy season for lives
gone out on the deep;
And here in the grave street sculptured, old record
of loves and tears,
By the dust of the nameless slave, forgotten a thou-
sand years.

Not ever again at even shall ship sail in on the breeze,
Where the hulls of their gilded galleys came home from a hundred seas,
For the marsh plants grow in her haven, the marsh birds breed in her bay,
And a mile to the shoreless westward the water has passed away.
But the sea-folk gathering rushes come up from the windy shore,
So the song that the years have silenced grows musical there once more;
And now and again unburied, like some still voice from the dead,
They light on the fallen shoulder and the lines of a marble head.
But we went from the sorrowful city and wandered away at will,
And thought of the breathing marble and the words that are music still.
How full were their lives that laboured, in their fetterless strength and far
From the ways that our feet have chosen as the sunlight is from the star,
They clung to the chance and promise that once while the years are free,
Look over our life's horizon as the sun looks over the sea,
But we wait for a day that dawns not, and cry for unclouded skies,
And while we are deep in dreaming the light that was o'er us dies;
We know not what of the present we shall stretch out our hand to save

Who sing of the life we long for, and not of the life we have;
And yet if the chance were with us to gather the days misspent,
Should we change the old resting-places, the wandering ways we went?
They were strong, but the years are stronger; they are grown but a name that thrills,
And the wreck of their marble glory lies ghost-like over their hills.
So a shadow fell o'er our dreaming for the weary heart of the past,
For the seed that the years have scattered, to reap so little at last.

And we went to the sea-shore forest, through a long colonnade of pines,
Where the skies peep in and the sea, with a flitting of silver lines.
And we came on an open place in the green deep heart of the wood,
Where I think in the years forgotten, an altar of Faunus stood;
From a spring in the long dark grasses two rivulets rise and run
By the length of their sandy borders where the snake lies coiled in the sun.
And the stars of the white narcissus lie over the grass like snow,
And beyond in the shadowy places the crimson cyclamens grow.
Far up from the wave home yonder the sea-winds murmuring pass,
The branches quiver and creak and the lizard starts in the grass.

And we lay in the untrod moss and pillowed our cheeks with flowers,
While the sun went over our heads, and we took no count of the hours;
From the end of the waving branches and under the cloudless blue,
Like sunbeams chained for a banner, the threadlike gossamers flew.
And the joy of the woods came o'er us, and we felt that our world was young
With the gladness of years unspent, and the sorrow of life unsung.
So we passed with a sound of singing along to the seaward way,
Where the sails of the fishermen folk came homeward over the bay;
For a cloud grew over the forest, and darkened the sea-god's shrine,
And the hills of the silent city were only a ruby line.
But the sun stood still on the waves as we passed from the fading shores,
And shone on our boat's red bulwarks, and the golden blades of the oars;
And it seemed as we steered for the sunset that we passed through a twilight sea,
From the gloom of a world forgotten to the light of a world to be.

THE UNKNOWN MADONNA AND OTHER POEMS.

1888.

SIR RENNELL RODD.

THE UNKNOWN MADONNA.

(Perugia.)

I KNOW that picture's meaning,—the unknown,
Called school of Umbria; it stands alone;
Those prayerful fingers never worked to fame,—
A master's hand, though silence keeps his name.
But for the meaning, gaze awhile and plain
The thought he worked in warms to life again;
Love made those features living, such a face
Smiled once,—on whom? Say in a lofty place
He could not climb to,—in those eyes' blue deeps
The reverence of unreached ideals keeps
The human memory, not a face of dreams,
And coldly beautiful, but one that seems
Caught in the likeness that a lover's eyes
Devoutly worshipped to idealize;
And since creation is akin to prayer
He made that face God's Mother, and set her there
Among the lilies by the hill-side town,
And then the child, a flower-face to crown
The human love-dream, little hands entwined
Round one surrendered finger, to my mind
Just such close watching, tenderness expressed,
As those who miss it learn to look for best.
Perugian, say we,—look, the lilies lean
Against the mountain, dips the vale between,

Yonder's Assisi on the nearer ridge,
And that's the gorge that hides the giant bridge
Joining Spoleto, and beyond, away
Hill-crests like waves in purple to mid-day.
That was his thought, to make his art her shrine,
And lift her human up to the divine;
So smiles Madonna, so evermore sits she
Against the Umbrian blue mountain sea.

Why do I think so? Why, because if I
Could paint just one such picture ere I die,
Make one thought everlasting, I would choose
His theme, the Mother and the Child, and use
A face as sweet as this was; in the Child
Reflect its beauty, only undefiled
Of pain and sorrow and knowledge, and would set
Both in a garden that is lilied yet
With beds her own hands tended, and enclose
All in a girdle of the hills she chose
Of earth's fair homes to dwell in, keeping so
The tender fragrance of dead years ago.

I would not change these few square feet for halls
Of Ghirlandajo, for the magic walls
Of this your Cambio,—I would rather keep
My silent record of his nameless sleep,
Dream back his story through the long blank years—
Believe those lilies once were dewed with tears.

THE VIOLET CROWN AND SONGS OF ENGLAND.

1891.

SIR RENNELL RODD.

SPRING THOUGHTS.

(Athens, 1890.)

MY England, island England, such leagues and leagues away,
It's years since I was with thee, when April wanes to May:

Years since I saw the primrose, and watched the brown hillside
Put on white crowns of blossom and blush like April's bride;

Years since I heard thy skylark, and caught the throbbing note
Which all the soul of springtide sends through the blackbird's throat.

Oh England, island England, if it has been my lot
To live long years in alien lands, with men who love thee not,

I do but love thee better who know each wind that blows,
The wind that slays the blossom, the wind that buds the rose,

The wind that shakes the taper mast and keeps the topsail furled,
The wind that braces nerve and arm to battle with the world:

I love thy moss-deep grasses, thy great untortured trees,
The cliffs that wall thy havens, the weed-scents of thy seas.

The dreamy river reaches, the quiet English homes,
The milky path of sorel down which the springtide comes.

O land so loved through length of years, so tended and caressed,
The land that never stranger wronged nor foeman dared to waste,

Remember those thou speedest forth round all the world to be
Thy witness to the nations, thy warders on the sea!

And keep for those who leave thee and find no better place,
The olden smile of welcome, the unchanged mother face!

Henry Newman Howara.

1861.

HENRY NEWMAN HOWARD was born at King's Langley, Hertfordshire, in the year 1861, and was educated privately. As a child he was inspired by the poetry of the prophet Isaiah, than whom surely "no Hebrew poet ever soared higher or upon more even wing." At thirteen years of age he entered business life, and at fifteen, teaching himself shorthand, earned from a generous friend, by reporting some sermons, the gift of a dozen volumes of English poetry. At thirty-three his health failed, and giving up business he found time to fulfil in part the hopes of his youth. He published "Footsteps of Proserpine and other Verses and Interludes" (1897); "Kiartan, the Icelander: a Tragedy" (1902); and "Savonarola: a City's Tragedy" (1904); followed by a third tragedy, the subject of which is "Constantine the Great." He has also done some original work in Philosophy and Science (see *Hibbert Journal*, January, 1905).

"Footsteps of Proserpine" is as well represented as limits will allow in the following pages, though to adequately represent it a larger selection would have to be made.

Swinburne, who has never had a good word for mediocrity, said in a letter to the author: "Among many things that I admire I take leave to mention

'Little Gentian' (p. 539) as exquisite, and 'Ket the Tanner' as superbly spirited. Your tribute to our beloved and honoured friend Morris (p. 547), is nobly worthy even of him." There are also a number of fine sonnets of which "Through a Casement," "Victor Hugo," and "Beneath the Sky," may be mentioned; also one concerning "Beethoven," which may be quoted here:—

"As from the nebulous elemental sea,
Wand-smitten by the Eternal Mind, Earth rose,
A foam-born Venus on whose breast repose
Rose, myrtle and amaranth,—her canopy
Azure, her footfalls timed with Bacchic glee,
And thundering rhythm of Birth and Death, and throes
Of Races fluctuant, and the impassioned woes
Of Orpheus wailing his Eurydice;
So at Beethoven's beck there grew above
The waves of sound a wonder-world, where dwell
Old gods and nymphs in many a mazy grove;
And in their midst—his deepest song—a well
Where Psyche washes whiter than a dove
Ere lapped in slumber with immortal Love."

Another sonnet, "Of a Certain Social Chiromancy," has a particularly fine sestet:—

"Only I charge you in my sovereign's name,
The King of Love whose livery proud I don,
Seek not to read my fortune, rank or fame:
Honour makes all men equal; they alone
Who boast themselves our betters, blind to shame
Bite dust beneath us, beggared by the claim."

The dramas, which do not well lend themselves to selection within possible limits, form a kind of Christian trilogy, having for *motif* fidelity, in "Kiartan" to a

friend, in "Savonarola" to a cause, and in "Constantine" to the past. All are dramatic pictures painted on a background of the great Christian crises. In "Constantine" it is Christianity against Greek paganism; in "Kiartan," against Scandinavian paganism and the blood feud; and in "Savonarola," against renascent paganism. Each is intended to show a double contrast, sincere religion against false, and Divine comedy against the tragic failure of Machiavelism. The poet stands for the old fidelities which are of the essence of religion (tragedy being a religious function) as against the fashionable cult always characteristic of decadent days which finds expression in the dictum, "Art has nothing to do with morals," and that other trite theory of modern criticism which regards tragedy as merely a study of the blind fates.

In Shakespeare (*e.g.*, "Macbeth," "Othello," "Lear" and "Richard III.") tragedy issues of the flaws and follies of a great mind, and the same is largely true of the greater Greek tragedies. The view that folly is as inevitable as fate begs the question of freewill, and involves moral paralysis. Even where fate is irresistible, still the motive is moral: "By suffering we learn," said the father of ancient tragedy.

The poet's contention is that absolute sincerity and truth to the higher ideals of life are as vital to the future of the drama as Wordsworth showed simplicity and sincerity *versus* artificiality and pomposity to be to the future of lyric and elegiac poetry. His aim is toward action and characterisation rather than the fine line and the precious phrase. Beauty in action is for him the essence of morality. Rhythm he regards as a law of life in art as well as nature; and the iambic measure as that rhythm which best lends itself to vividness and brevity.

It is impossible to deal with the construction or the *personnel* of these dramas here, but one passage of rare beauty which forms the closing period of "Kiartan" may be quoted. Thus Liot, a blind scald, standing over the dead body of Kiartan:—

"But as for him,—these eyes have seen of old
Stars flocking in the sky by some Great Hand
Shepherded to their wattles in the west;
But now upon my noonday darkness beam
Lights more divine, and mightier majesties:
Nor till the stars are blown out in the night
Shall any breath extinguish such a soul.
But you whose eyes still gaze upon our isle,
Lonely amid the foam of far-off seas,
Behold his fame aflame upon the clouds,
His pyre aglow upon the eternal hills!
The aurora is his watch-tower in the sky;
Iceland shall be God's acre for his bones;
And, for his dirge and monument, behold
Her wild sea nesses and her windy walls
And hollow caverns washed with thundering waves."

The anonymous gift of £100 received by the poet from "An admirer of Kiartan," whom he is unable to identify, is a fine tribute of individual appreciation delicately shown.

ALFRED H. MILES.

FOOTSTEPS OF PROSERPINE

(And Other Verses and Interludes).

1897.

HENRY NEWMAN HOWARD.

I.—TO F. H.

LITTLE the world will heed
These wild-flowers of my brain,
This wreath of waif and weed,
My songs of sun and rain:

The loud world little recks
Even of song divine;
She will not long perplex
Her heart with notes of mine.

But you my songs approve
For my sake and for song's,
For praise of perfect love,
And fervid hate of wrongs;

But most of all, I deem,
Because therein you trace,
Broken, as in a stream,
Some image of my face.

II.—"I LAID A SNARE OF FLOWERS."

I LAID a snare of flowers to net my love:
The lily's scimitar, my passion's flame,
Burnt white within its sheath; the violet wove
Warm veils of perfume o'er the windflowers' bed.
Ah! will she know me constant, droop her head,
Pillowed upon my arm, and blush her shame,
Red like my roses when I breathe Love's name?
Wild summer gale, be silent! Make no moan!
My love comes nigh my garden all alone!

The gale sighed low and sank; the lilac wept;
Laburnium cast gold fillets from her crown;
The bees were drowsed; the loud cicala slept;
I heard my heart amid the stillness beat.
Be silent, heart, or thou wilt stay her feet!
She comes! She comes! My pansies kiss her gown!
Her tranquil eyes are angels looking down!
My flowers, my heart, beneath her feet lie prone:
My love hath trod my garden all alone.

This pleasance hath a wine press: I have laid
A snare of grapes, begemmed with morning dews;
Their boughs were heart-strings: lo, my heart arrayed
The fruit with purple, and the leaves with green.
Come now, and taste the clusters, O my Queen!
Her white small feet were strong,—ah strong to bruise!
She trod the winepress, and my blood did ooze.
Come, Death, and see my flowers! My love hath flown;
Soft fall thy feet, and I am all alone.

III.—"MY SOUL SANG LOUD."

MY soul sang loud upon a summer day,
"Hark, winds and waters, meads and mountains, hark!
I am Earth's king! My charioteer, the lark,
Hath whirled me sunward; whence, with many a ray
Crowned, I advance triumphant. Lo, I tread
Paths paved with flowers, with rainbows canopied;
Fate is mine element; with Hope I play:
Eve's crimson clouds are pillows round my bed;
With stars for sentinels the world I sway.

"To whom shall I surrender? Not to Pain:
He is my minister; nor yet to Grief,
Who finds me fruit beneath each faded leaf.
I count my conquests not by foemen slain,

But won to service. I have wrestled long
And found no wrestler yet to do me wrong.
Nor shall Time's mightiest terrors, ranked amain.
Affray me. Hark, O Death, to my bold song!
Come forth, and I will fight and win again."

IV.—"BREAK, FLOOD OF BITTER SORROW."

BREAK, flood of bitter sorrow, o'er my head!
My love is dead!
No more life's maze with roses garlanded
We two shall thread;
Blown petals mingle with the clay instead
For Death to tread.

Strew sapling leaves and lilies on her bier;
I shed no tear.
I stand and shout to Death, "Give back thy prize!
Thou hast no eyes
For all the fair things thou hast filched away;
Give back thy prey!
Or, if thou wilt take all, and nothing rue,
Then take me too."

Love for our hungry souls a table spread,
Whereon we fed;
Death overturned and trampled on the bread:
"Now eat," he said.
Love's fount we bathed our feet in when they bled
Runs now blood red.

Break, flood of sorrow! May thy waters deep
Tumultuous sweep
Through every sluice and channel of my soul,
Until they roll
All joy, all fear, all care, all hope away:
Then will I lay
Me by my love, and bide with her Death's curse,
Or God's reverse.

V.—SPRING DELAYED.

O WHY do you tarry so long, Spring?
The almond has budded and blown;
The lark will grow tired of her song, Spring,
The yaffel laugh turn to a moan.

The fans of the alders unfurl, Spring;
The osiers grow silky and sleek,—
More gold than the locks of a girl, Spring,
More soft than the down on her cheek.

They wither and droop while you linger;
The marybuds open and close;
The frost, with a touch of his finger,
Has numbed the red lips of the rose.

Come waft o'er the waves of our seas, Spring!
We sigh for the sound of your feet!
Come couch in our buttercup leas, Spring!
No glades in the world are so sweet,

No meadows so green in the South, Spring,
Yet why are you lingering there?
The bloom and the laugh on your mouth, Spring,
The sun in the threads of your hair.

You tarry, and Winter lies whining,
A mendicant, naked and grey,
In dead leaves and snow-drifts reclining,
Gaunt, palsied, and plashed with the clay;

And only your coming delivers
Our porch from the curse of the crone;
You enter, he mumbles and shivers,
And stretches lank limbs and is gone!

And knee deep in kingcup and clover
We wander, and dream, while you sing
The song of a bride to her lover,
For what but a bride are you, Spring?

A wench in warm virginal vesture,
A blush in a shimmer of blonde,
Light-footed and lissome of gesture,
Swan-bosomed, capricious, and fond.

Nay, sister of youth and of strife, Spring!
The spirit that lurks in the clod
Of Love and of Beauty and Life, Spring!
The breath and the raiment of God!

VI.—SPRING ARRIVED.

WE will carol all the day
In the coming of the may;
For the winter goeth by
With a sorry churlish sigh,
And the Springtide cometh in
With a very merry din
Of the birdlets in the groves—
Little gossips with their loves;

"O the merry, merry Spring!"
All those feathered fellows sing:
Now they hover on the wing,
Now on budding branches swing,
Now the dew bells from their breasts
Shake, and hie them to their nests.

Then when morning breaks again,
Clouds recumbent on the plain
Lift, and loiter by confines
Of the black embattled pines;
And the Sun-god from his car
Hurls his golden arrows far:
Every ray a Cupid's dart,
Shall transfix a flow'ret's heart;
And ere many days are sped
All those faery people wed.

Foremost in the jolly rout
Come the giants, tall and stout,
One by one in bridal march,
Chestnut, sycamore, and larch,
Lime and elm, and silver birch,
Brawny beech left in the lurch.
Last, those ancient sturdy folk,
Curvèd ash and crookèd oak:
Who, in vernal robes of green,
Join the merry marriage scene.

Now through fields and wildernesses
See in countless bridal dresses
Every flower at Hymen's feast,
From the greatest to the least:
Pimpernels and black-eyed poppies,
Primrose peeping from the coppice,
Arum cowled—a one-eyed Phorkys,
Glossy kingcup, mottled orchis,
Thistles—amazons in armour,
Sabred foe of thrifty farmer;
Cowslip coy, majestic mullein,
Mallow mutinous and sullen,
Purple loosestrife minaretted,
Soft forget-me-not the petted,
And her comely jealous sister
Spit-fire bugloss (no one kist her),
All ablush with poet's praises
Pretty commoners the daisies,
Madcap roses—ruddy, vagrant,
Iris lappeted, and fragrant
Thyme, and mint and marshland myrtle,
Every flower that dons a kirtle.

Little pipers, jocund all,
Pipe your loudest madrigal,
Bleating lambs and lowing cattle,

Streams and freshets join your prattle,
Plaint of wind and surge of sea
Chime exultant symphony;
For beneath the sapphire span,
Flaming heralds in the van,
Lo, the great high priest rides in,
And the festal hours begin.

"O the merry, merry Spring!"
Loud the choir is carolling;
While those Capuchins the bees,
Humming drowsy liturgies,
Bear the bridegrooms' wedding pledges
To their fellows in the hedges.
Gold, and cherished, are their dowers,
All those married faery flowers;
Who ere Autumn leaves grow sere,
Ere the crisp ice coats the mere,
Ere the soil with frost is bound—
Sow a new Spring in the ground.

Cometh now the final wonder,
Flash of lightning, peal of thunder!
Through an arch of colours blended,
O'er the dewy earth suspended,
In a shower of hailstone rice
Goes the pageant in a trice.

VII.—LITTLE GENTIAN.

"LEAN, little mother, o'er my bed,
And do not let your lashes fall;
I think when God put in your head
Those shining eyes, He smiled and said:
Here's water from the lakes of heaven!

In case my child in pain should call
For some cool drink, let this be given!'
And now I have no joy at all,
Save when the trouble leaves your brow,
Or in blue skies
I see God's eyes:
In other times you taught me how:
So when your eyes no longer shine
Then I close mine.

"Why have you grown so wan? and why,
Though now my pain is less, do you,
When I feign sleeping, often sigh?
I know that fellow spoke a lie.
God does not, as our usher, strike
Poor boys, and help the rich ones through!
Yet when I told that boy I like,
Your eyes were large, and bright and blue,
One, knowing us, I know not how,
Turned, sneered, and said,
'She'll soon be dead.'
That's why I cried all night; and now
When your eyes shut and cease to shine
Then I close mine.

"I wish you had not stitched and wrought
All night to have me tutored well;
I do not learn the half I ought:
'A mere small fool' I'm named; and thought,
I know not why, beneath the rest.
Your cheeks were far too fair to sell
To have me taught and smartly drest;
But all these things I could not tell:
At nine you're such a child you see,
It's different when

You're nearly ten;
And you had none but only me.
Yet if your bright eyes wilt but shine
I'll laugh with mine!

"How pale you are! and chill as snow!
A few more coals were such a prize!
You're thinking of that man, I know,
Who made you wretched years ago—
The man now rich who took your gold:
You must not, dear; it is not wise:
It always makes you wan and cold.
Mother! . . I'm frightened! . . Move your eyes!"
He kissed her lips, and prayed in vain
For one more smile;
Now sobbed awhile;
Till, told dead eyes ope not again,
He stayed to know if that were true,
Then closed his too.

And when they laid them 'neath the sod
The rich folk said, "We know her past:
How sad! Yet here we see His rod!"
Then went their several ways and trod
On other lives. But where they lay,
In nameless graves amid the vast
Mute hills, whose brows the breaking day
First kisses, lo, a seed was cast,
Whence sprang beneath the darkling firs
Or haply grew
In sign Love knew,
A flower, stained like his eyes and hers;
And when Love seals Her eyes of blue
This flower shuts too.

VIII.—TO THE URANIAN APHRODITE.

MY days pass wreathed in dreams, while Time's dim room,
With bygone years like withered rushes strown,
Hums with the music of Life's shuttle, thrown
'Twixt warps of death on Aphrodite's loom;
And in my dreams I hear amid the gloom
Love sing and shift her framework, and anon
Cast off some wealth of beauty wov'n thereon,
Some blush of art, some plenitude of bloom.
Love! while I lay and watched thy wing'd hand move,
Meshed in thy threads, a bright emboskèd dove,
Thy casement opened wide, and Dawn's light shone
From that far Orient sea whence thou hadst flown.
Still let me lie within thy lap, Great Love!
For I have gazed too long where light is none.

Yea, I have seen Care's pestilent river creep
Through meadows made for mirth, and fret a bank
Fair with sweet flags and daffodils, which drank
Poison, and perished; I have watched Death reap
June's rarest flowers, and Fate, the tyrant, heap
Gold crowns on churls, on heroes chains which clank,
Thorns on grand brows, and stripes when brave men sank
Bowed with great burdens; wherefore I did weep.
Yet, as the darkling cells in leaves transmute
Rays caught by those frail hands to flower and fruit,
So, when woes touch thy light, O Love, they rank
As earth's best beauties; so thy loom doth prank
Gold threads with grey, and still the shuttle shoot
A growing splendour, though the warp be blank.

Behold yon moon, the Latmian dreamer's bride,
Fling out one silver kiss, and then grow dim,
Hiding in fleecy clouds until their rim
Glows with her smile again! So thou dost hide
Thy empyreal countenance, and I abide
The loveliness wherein my senses swim.
But ah, when led by Fate's four warders grim
I pass to darkness—what shall then betide?
Loss, Solitude and Pain, dull scouts of Death,
Wait at Time's porch, and moan with tremulous breath,
"Trust not Urania's smile! A wanton's whim,
Flown, it shall leave worn nerve and aching limb
Sport for Death's playtime." Wherewithal Love saith:
"He also is my servant, go to him:

"He hangs my warp, he wards my palace gate;
Within his healing founts the wounded year
Bathes with her swift young Hours, before they bear
Laughing through all the land in frolic state,
Flowers for the feet of Spring to celebrate
The day my feet kissed earth, and fanned her air
Azure with winnowing plumes; yea, all things fair
He lulls and laves that I may re-create.
The prism he holds, and I the dazzling light;
Which shattered falls in colours, not in night;
He beards the ravening Anguish in his lair,
Stills the loud Hate and slays the remorseless Care,
Makes black the heavens to show the stars are bright,
And builds Eternal Hope from Time's despair."

Love ceased her song of Death, and as I lay
Lapt in my dreams, her swift hand I beheld
Shifting the woof of wondrous times of eld.

Florence, Rome, Salem, Athens, in array
Passed, like brave pictures, decking still our day;
And many mourned by man, by fate debelled,
Whose strength upholds our walls, like oak trees felled,
Their beauty gone like leaves to trampled clay.
And affluent arts which waxed and waned I saw
Tattered or mildewed, once without a flaw;
And some like frozen bloom, or founts which welled
Poisoned or barren brides at nuptials knelled;
The grace earth aches for, gone to glut the maw
Of Erebus; whereat my heart rebelled.

Then Love to a garden led me, near her grange,
Busying her hands with herbs of myriad hue;
Wing'd bees and zephyrs wafted there to woo—
Deft artisans who draped with patterns strange
Fantastic bridal chambers, sweet to range.
Love, architect of every flower that grew,
Shaped all those minarets and columns new,
Touched by her wizard wands of Chance and Change.
Watching these things, O Love! I seemed to be
A mariner borne across a pathless sea,
And life a freighted ship which onward flew
Around bright capes, but not one bourne in view,—
Holding her course, full-sailed, and helmed by thee,
White pinions mirrored in the unfathomed blue.

When day droops, and with purple plumage furled
Dives like an ocean bird in waves of night,
I see thee steadfast, clothed with inward light,
Pilot o'er perilous deeps the enchanted world.
Into the gloom I gaze: salt spray breaks pearled,
Lashing the labouring prow, whose instant might
Is given of fate. Though siren shoals invite,

Though tempests track, and life be headlong hurled
On some hid reef beneath the Eternal main,
Hearts by thy white arm holpen shall sustain
The surge insufferable and the wreck's affright,
And wrest from anguish ease, from dread delight,
Havens from hurricanes, from Death's disdain
Life, and Eternity from Time's despite.

The dream fades, and again thy shape I see
By mountains, heath, and glen, o'er blossoms bent,
Filling Earth's lips with song, her breath with scent,
Her lap with flowers which borrow sweets from thee;
The rose to praise the blush of chastity,
Dure heath for swains, lilies for brides unshent,
Myrtle for hardy mariners; all intent
To assuage rough toil, and Time's asperity.
And to each hour thy hands new grace impart
From Earth's largesse, and Life's florescence Art,
As dames for growing maids new smocks invent;
And both like herbs in fallow acres sprent,
Increase where'er Apollo hurls his dart:
Till Love's close garden grows a firmament.

Dreams wreathe my days, while thou, Love, fashionest
The flame-tipped weeds and green deep-shadowed trees,
Enkindlest stars like bloom on summer leas,
And mak'st eve's saffron sky a couch of rest.
Man yearns toward thee with hunger and heaving breast,
And hymns thee in all choirs and symphonies.
Thine are his altars, thine his sanctities;
The spheres lie at his feet who lives thy guest.
When I lacked thee my thoughts tossed evermore

Like boughs on turgid streams when tempests roar;
But when thy white hands' touch had brought me ease
Time's casement opened in the morning breeze,
And lo! upon the dim Eternal shore
Hope's rainbow gleamed through foam of troubled seas.

IX.—WILLIAM MORRIS.

(Died October 2nd, 1896.)

WEEP, eyes that beauty brightens!
Mourn hearts whose wings are song!
Whom love of man enlightens,
And hate of wrong,

Weep, gathering in your treasures!
The giver now lies mute;
The garden of our pleasure
Bears no more fruit.

Death, king of all disaster,
Makes of his work an end,
Bids us bewail a Master,
The poor a friend.

Son of the Skalds who chanted
At Olaf's wassail board,
His saga's bloom transplanted
From firth and fiord.

Therein with bright amazement
We look, as one who peers
Through some fair pictured casement
On other years;

Dreaming we look and listen;
Stout Harpdon's basnet rings,
Rhodope's garments glisten,
Rapunzel sings;

Brynhild the Victory-wafted
Gudrun and Sigurd pass;
Holt, stead, and glowing rafter
Adorn the glass.

The tones waxed rarer, stronger;
The brush glow'd in his hand:
He wields it now no longer;
The wizard wand

Falls; but the windows kindle,
Fixed in the Muses' shrine;
Their lights in dark hours dwindle,
At dawn they shine;

And as he lies beneath them,
Transfigured in their rays,
We kiss his brows, and wreathe them
With sad, sweet praise.

Singing, Our poet craved not
The well-earned laurel crown,
But held his course and raved not
At fools' renown;

Not ours the sole bereavement:
Art held our Master dear,
Who by his life's achievement
Made Art sincere.

Who, blameless, shrank from blaming,
Was gracious to disgrace,
Nor learned the trick of naming
The hapless base;

But still for freedom striving
Lived brave and debonair,
Wat Tyler's soul surviving
In Chaucer's heir.

Norman Gale.

1862.

NORMAN GALE, the author of "A Country Muse," was born at Kew, Surrey, on the 4th of March, 1862. His earlier work in prose and verse was printed privately in small volumes which only gained, and indeed only appealed to, a small audience. One of these, however, "Violets," a little book of verse, received warm welcome from the *Athenæum*, and Mr. Gale was encouraged to appeal to a wider circle. "A Country Muse" appeared in 1892, and few volumes of verse from previously unknown writers have received a more unanimously praiseful greeting. This was followed, in 1893, by "A Country Muse: New Series," succeeded in 1894 by "Orchard Songs"; and though the instant success of these volumes was unusual it cannot be regarded as surprising. In them Mr. Gale adds to the grace, fluency, and melody common to many of his contemporaries, the individuality which is always so rare,—the individuality of a new way of seeing and feeling things, associated with a new, arresting rendering of the vision and the sensibility. Mr. Gale's volumes are aptly named, for he is really inspired by the country Muse. His is not, strictly speaking, nature poetry,—the poetry which celebrates the charm of wood and mountain and meadow as that charm is felt by one who *comes* to them and is made musically vocal by the sudden rapture of their

beauty; it is *rural* poetry, the simple unpremeditated song of one who is at home in the fields and between the hedgerows, who is an intimate of the milkmaid and the blackbird, who does not elaborately describe, after the manner of the nature-poet, because the themes of his song are not outside of him as subjects: they are his life, and he sings *them* when he expresses *himself*. Mr. Gale has been compared to Herrick; and there is indeed much of the Herrick quality in his verse, though he inevitably wears his buttercups with a difference. He is singularly happy in his instinctively graceful rendering of delight in the sweet simplicities of nature and of that human life which is lived close to nature,—especially the life of rustic youth or maiden just becoming shyly conscious of the instincts of dawning manhood and womanhood. Spring, wild-flowers, birds, and the love of rustic lovers,—these are Mr. Gale's inspirations, and the verse inspired by them has the freshness, the simplicity, and the gusto which their pleasant burdens demand. No critic could better describe his work than he himself describes it in the winning "Apology," with which his second volume opens:—

"Chide not if here you haply find
The rough romance of country love;
I sing as well the brook and wind,
The green below, the blue above.

Here shall you read of spreading cress,
The velvet of the sparrow's neck;
Sometimes shall glance the glowing tress
And Laura's snow without a speck;

"The crab that sets the mouth awry,
The chestnut with its domes of pink;
The splendid palace of the sky,
The pool where drowsy cattle drink;

"The stack where Colin hides to catch
The milkmaid with her beaded load;
The singing lark, a poet's match,
That travels up the great blue road;

"The cherry whence the blackbird bold
Steals ruby mouthfuls at his ease;
The glory of laburnum-gold,
The valiant piping of the breeze;—

"All, all are here. The rustic muse
Shall sing the pansy and the thrush.
Ah, chide not if she sometimes choose
The country love, the country blush!"

This combination of the two motives of nature and love is characteristic of Mr. Gale. He feels the charm of nature pure and simple, but he always adds the more intimate charm given by the presence of vivid life—life made vivid by some touch of fine emotion. It may be only the loving care of a mother-bird for her callow brood, but more often it is the human passion which is the soul of our sweetest lyrical song, as in "A Country Dance," "A Pastoral," "An Unfinished Picture." Mr. Gale's country Muse is true to herself, and will not, by choice, leave her fields and lanes to gad about the town; but when driven there by tender compassion for her friend the thrush, imprisoned in Seven Dials, she brings into the "din of smoke and filthy" a breath of the clear and wholesome air, and even the poor thrush recognises her presence, and ignores her cage:—

"But sometimes stirred to quite forget
The crime of her captivity,
The songster o'er the city's fret
Flung strains of bird-divinity,
And tried to stretch her tattered wings,
And poise above the constant perch,
And answered the imaginings
Of sparrows on the murky church

"She marvelled much that they so small,
So scant of music, plainly drest,
Should swoop at will from wall to wall,
While she, whose melody and breast
Had fluttered whitethroats in the wood,
Should hang upon a rusty nail,
And chirp to great-eyed boys who stood
To hear her sing in rain or hail."

The verse of Mr. Gale, perhaps more truly and constantly than the verse of any of our younger living poets, stands the Miltonic test of poetry, in proving itself "simple, sensuous, passionate." Its sensuous quality is very obvious, but it is becoming more and more necessary to distinguish between the sensuousness of healthy living, and that other sensuousness—not to call it by a worse name—of indolent unwholesome brooding. There are morbidities of asceticism as well as of its opposite, and if Professor Seeley be right in saying "no heart is pure that is not passionate," we may well expect to find the surest evidence of healthful purity in work rich in instinctive natural passion. Mr. Gale's sensuousness is indeed always charged with a tender sentiment, a fine fancy which brings it from the region of mere sense into the region of imagination.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Mr. Norman Rowland Gale's works include also "A June Romance" (1892), "A Verdant Country"—in collaboration with Mr. Alfred Hayes (1893), "Cricket Songs" (1894), "On Two Strings"—in collaboration with R. R. (1894), "Songs for Little People" (1896), "More Cricket Songs" (1905).

A COUNTRY MUSE.

(First Series, 1892.)

NORMAN GALE.

I.—A SONG.

I WILL not say my true love's eyes
  Outshine the noblest star;
But in their depth of lustre lies
  My peace, my truce, my war.

I will not say upon her neck
  Is white to shame the snow;
For if her bosom hath a speck
  I would not have it go.

My love is as a woman sweet,
  And as a woman white;
Who's more than this is more than meet
  For me and my delight.

II.—LABORE CONFECTO.

AH God, how good and sweet it is
  To have so fair a rest
For such a weary, weary head,
  On such a white, white breast!

Ah me! how sweet and good it is
  To leave the city's lamps,
Its multitude of merchant-men,
  Its multitude of tramps.

To find the children eager-eyed,
  Expectant of my tread—
Bright little angels scantly robed
  In readiness for bed!—

To hear the music of a voice
That welcomes me at night;
To see within her eyes of love
A rare and sudden light!—

To watch the youngest at her heart,
And hear with ecstasy
His uncouth dialect of joy
When calling out to me!

The finest language lacking words
The world has ever had!
And how the spirit answers it!
And how the soul is glad!

Peace, peace indeed, with labour done!
The babies kissed to sleep,
To hear the household chronicles—
What made the children weep;

What dandelions grew beside
The dock-plants in the lanes;
How Baby puckered up his face
At stinging-nettle pains!

Peace, peace indeed, and then to sit
Beside my Love's low chair,
And sometimes feel her hand—sometimes
Her lips upon my hair!

And bliss it is returning late,
To see her, half-divine,
Calm as a statue-saint, asleep,
And think—*This angel's mine.*

Gold, pink and snow in one she lies
  Toward my vacant place,
As if she hoped when she awoke
  At once to find my face.

Ah God, how good and sweet it is
  To have so fair a rest
For such a weary, weary head,
  On such a white, white breast!

(SECOND SERIES, 1893.)

III.—SPRING.

ALL the lanes are lyric,
  All the bushes sing;
You are at your kissing,
    Spring!

Romping with thy children,
  Do not fail to bring
Mary to the haystack,
    Spring!

Froth upon her fingers,
  Bosom for a king,
Speed her from the milking,
    Spring!

IV.—A PASTORAL.

ALONG the lane beside the mead
  Where cowslip-gold is in the grass
I matched the milkmaid's easy speed,
  A tall and springing country lass:
But though she had a merry plan
  To shield her from my soft replies,
Love played at Catch-me-if-you-Can
    In Mary's eyes.

A mile or twain from Varley Bridge
I plucked a dock-leaf for a fan,
And drove away the constant midge,
And cooled her forehead's strip of tan.
But though the maiden would not spare
My hand her pretty finger-tips,
Love played at Kiss-me-if-you-Dare
On Mary's lips.

And now the village flashed in sight,
And closer came I to her side;
A flush ran down into the white,
The impulse of a pinky tide:
And though her face was turned away,
How much her panting heart confessed,
Love played at Find-me-if-you-May
In Mary's breast.

V.—THE INVITATION.

COME, thrushes, blackcaps, redpolls, all
To eat my Laura's bounty!
There's not a sweetheart treats you so
In all this leafy County.
Yes, sparrows too! for God forbid
That here in bloom and grasses
My Love and I should rank you birds
In low and upper classes!

Both large and little, russet, bright,
I call at Laura's asking;
And we shall watch you at your feast,
Upon the greensward basking:
But this must first be understood
By stronger beaks most fully—
All sweet content; and, blackbird, Sir,
Remember not to bully!

Look down these lovely cherry-aisles
  At fruit by bills unfretted,
A million globes of red and white
  The gardener closely netted;
For, pirates of the air, your troops
  To storm the orchard muster,
And woe betide the ripest fruit,
  And woe the scarlet cluster!

My Sweetheart pressed me yesterday
  To give you of our plenty;
She begged one glowing tree for you
  From out this line of twenty;
O birds, her cherry mouth more fair
  Than ever painter figured,
Could make me prodigal of gold
  Had I been born a niggard!

God gave me with a willing hand
  A share of sky and mountain,
And time to idle in the grass
  And dream beside the fountain:
He gave me angels for my house,
  A wife, a rosy darling—
I pay my tithe to Him through you,
  O linnet, finch and starling!

As statues in a town are draped
  Before their great unveiling,
So did we net this cherry-tree
  Before your bills assailing:
And Laura's is the lovely hand
  That frees her shining bounty;
Fall to, O birds! and praise her name
  Through all this leafy County!

VI.—THE SHADED POOL.

A LAUGHING knot of village maids
Goes gaily tripping to the brook,
For water-nymphs they mean to be,
And seek some still, secluded nook.
Here Laura goes, my own delight,
And Colin's love, the madcap Jane,
And half a score of goddesses
Trip over daisies in the plain:
Already now they loose their hair
And peep from out the tangled gold,
Or speed the flying foot to reach
The brook that's only summer-cold
The lovely locks stream out behind
The shepherdesses on the wing,
And Laura's is the wealth I love,
And Laura's is the gold I sing.

A row upon the bank they pant,
And all unlace the country shoe;
Their fingers tug the garter-knots
To loose the hose of varied hue.
The flashing knee at last appears,
The lower curves of youth and grace,
Whereat the maidens' eyes do scan
The mazy thickets of the place.
But who's to see besides the thrush
Upon the wild crab-apple tree?
Within his branchy haunt he sits—
A very Peeping Tom is he!
Now music bubbles in his throat,
And now he pipes the scene in song—
The virgins slipping from their robes
The cheated stockings, lean and long

The swift-descending petticoat,
The breasts that heave because they ran,
The rounded arms, the brilliant limbs,
The pretty necklaces of tan.
Did ever amorous god in Greece,
In search of some young mouth to kiss
By any river chance upon
A sylvan scene as bright as this?
But though each maid is pure and fair
For one alone my heart I bring,
And Laura's is the shape I love,
And Laura's is the snow I sing.

And now upon the brook's green brink
A milk-white bevy, lo, they stand,
Half shy, half frightened, reaching back
The beauty of a poising hand!
How musical their little screams
When ripples kiss their shrinking feet!
And then the brook embraces all
The undraped girls so wonder-sweet.
Within the water's soft cool arms
Delight and love and gracefulness
Sport till a horde of tiny waves
Swamps all the beds of floating cress
And on his shining face are seen
Great yellow lilies drifting down
Beyond the ringing apple-tree,
Beyond the empty homespun gown.
Did ever Orpheus with his lute
When making melody of old,
E'er find a stream in Attica
So ripely full of pink and gold?

At last they climb the sloping bank
And shake upon the thirsty soil
A treasury of diamond-drops
Not gained by aught of grimy toil
Again the garters clasp the hose,
Again the polished knee is hid,
Again the breathless babble tells
What Colin said, what Colin did.
In grace upon the grass they lie
And spread their tresses to the sun.
And rival, musical as they,
The blackbird's alto shake and run.
Did ever Love, on hunting bent,
Come idly humming through the hay,
And, to his sudden joyfulness,
Find fairer game at close of day?
Though every maid's a lily-rose,
And meet to sway a sceptred king,
Yet Laura's is the face I love,
And Laura's are the lips I sing.

Henry John Newbolt.

1862.

MR. NEWBOLT'S fame is associated with the flush of patriotism which so suddenly overspread England in the last decade of Victoria's reign, and for his subject-matter and simple appeal he has been reckoned a follower of Mr Kipling; he is, however, artistically independent of that writer, and drew even his Indian interest directly through his own family, while his general sentiments were probably uninspired by fashion. Of such an author the interest of a line of forefathers settled in one place, from the 15th to the 20th century, is worth recording, and that one of his ancestors was Mayor of Winchester in the year of the Armada, and stood arrayed to fight, if need were, in a "moryon" and a set of "Almayne rivetts," and that his grandfather, as a midshipman of eighteen, steered the *Menelaus* in the cutting-out expedition of San Stefano, and himself took the order

"Bid the master and his mate heave the lead and lay he straight
For the prize lying yonder by the guns."

Henry John Newbolt was born on June 6th, 1862; he was head of Clifton in 1881, thence scholar of C.C.C., Oxford, where he took high honours, and was secretary of the Union; was called to the Bar in 1887, practised and did much compilation for the "Digest of English Law"; has sat a long while on the Council of the Navy Records Society, and was the first editor of *The*

Monthly Review, which contains much of his humorous prose and verse. "Taken from the Enemy," a novel, was published in 1892, and in 1895 "Mordred," a tragedy, which would make a tragical character of King Arthur; then, in 1897, "Admirals All" appeared in Mathews' *Shilling Garland*. This sold by thousands, and continuing its vogue when enlarged into a book, "The Island Race," was worthily succeeded by "The Sailing of the Long-Ships" in 1902. Meanwhile he had published two prose volumes: "Stories from Froissart" and "Froissart in Britain," to which he has since added "The Year of Trafalgar" (1905), and "The Old Country" (1906).

Mr. Newbolt holds not only the literary and the common reading public, but his songs have been sung by camp fires, and his pages thumbed in military hospitals. Praise and description are unnecessary, and I have only one critical remark to append: The old ballads and songs, with which his own range so worthily, owe much of their masculine vigour to a roughness of composition that lies outside metrical art. Mr. Newbolt by a learned use of a free accentual rhythm has come to retain this effect without violating metrical structure. As his enthusiasm never degenerates into nonsense, so his rhythmical liberty does not offend the musical ear or the metric rule. "Fidele" will compare with Heine's comic iambics. A great deal of Mr. Newbolt's success is due to this mastery; and the ease of his work has made some critics think it easy to be done.

Few poets, for the real satisfaction and pleasure which all the pieces will give to all readers, could match the following selection.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

SELECTED POEMS.

HENRY JOHN NEWBOLT.

I.—DRAKE'S DRUM.

(From "The Island Race.")

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round-shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round-shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago!

II.—"THE BRIGHT MEDUSA."

1807.

(FROM "THE SAILING OF THE LONG-SHIPS.")

SHE'S the daughter of the breeze,
She's the darling of the seas,
And we call her, if you please, the bright *Medu-sa;*
From beneath her bosom bare
To the snakes among her hair
She's a flash o' golden light, the bright *Medu-sa.*

When the ensign dips above
And the guns are all for love,
She's as gentle as a dove, the bright *Medu-sa;*
But when the shot's in rack
And her forestay flies the Jack,
He's a merry man would slight the bright *Medu-sa.*

When she got the word to go
Up to Monte Video,
There she found the river low, the bright *Medu-sa;*
So she tumbled out her guns
And a hundred of her sons,
And she taught the Dons to fight, the bright *Medu-sa.*

When the foeman can be found
With the pluck to cross her ground,
First she walks him round and round, the bright *Medu-sa;*
Then she rakes him fore and aft
Till he's just a jolly raft,
And she grabs him like a kite, the bright *Medu-sa.*

She's the daughter of the breeze,
She's the darling of the seas,
And you'll call her, if you please, the bright *Medu-sa;*
For till England's sun be set—
And it's not for setting yet—
She shall bear her name by right, the bright *Medu-sa.*

III.—GILLESPIE.

(FROM "THE ISLAND RACE.")

RIDING at dawn, riding alone,
Gillespie left the town behind;
Before he turned by the westward road
A horseman crossed him, staggering blind.

"The Devil's abroad in false Vellore,
The Devil that stabs by night," he said,
"Women and children, rank and file,
Dying and dead, dying and dead."

Without a word, without a groan,
Sudden and swift Gillespie turned,
The blood roared in his ears like fire,
Like fire the road beneath him burned.

He thundered back to Arcot gate,
He thundered up through Arcot town,
Before he thought a second thought
In the barrack yard he lighted down.

"Trumpeter, sound for the Light Dragoons,
Sound to saddle and spur," he said;
"He that is ready may ride with me,
And he that can may ride ahead."

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
Behind him went the troopers grim.
They rode as ride the Light Dragoons,
But never a man could ride with him.

Their rowels ripped their horses' sides,
Their hearts were red with a deeper goad;
But ever alone before them all
Gillespie rode, Gillespie rode.

Alone he came to false Vellore,
The walls were lined, the gates were barred;
Alone he walked where the bullets bit,
And called above to the Sergeant's guard.

"Sergeant, Sergeant, over the gate,
Where are your officers all?" he said;
Heavily came the Sergeant's voice,
"'There are two living, and forty dead."

"A rope, a rope," Gillespie cried:
They bound their belts to serve his need;
There was not a rebel behind the wall
But laid his barrel and drew his bead.

There was not a rebel among them all
But pulled his trigger and cursed his aim,
For lightly swung and rightly swung
Over the gate Gillespie came.

He dressed the line, he led the charge,
They swept the wall like a stream in spate,
And roaring over the roar they heard
The galloper guns that burst the gate.

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
The troopers rode the reeking flight:
The very stones remember still
The end of them that stab by night.

They've kept the tale a hundred years,
They'll keep the tale a hundred more:
Riding at dawn, riding alone,
Gillespie came to false Vellore.

IV.—THE ONLY SON.

(FROM "THE SAILING OF THE LONG-SHIPS.")

O BITTER wind toward the sunset blowing,
What of the dales to-night?
In yonder gray old hall what fires are glowing,
What ring of festal light?

"*In the great window as the day was dwindling*
I saw an old man stand;
His head was proudly held and his eyes kindling,
But the list shook in his hand."

O wind of twilight, was there no word uttered,
No sound of joy or wail?
"'*A great fight and a good death,*' *he muttered;*
'*Trust him, he would not fail.*'"

What of the chamber dark where she was lying
For whom all life is done?
"*Within her heart she rocks a dead child, crying,*
'*My son, my little son.*'"

V.—COMMEMORATION.

(FROM "THE SAILING OF THE LONG-SHIPS.")

I SAT by the granite pillar, and sunlight fell
Where the sunlight fell of old,
And the hour was the hour my heart remembered well,
And the sermon rolled and rolled
As it used to roll when the place was still unhaunted,
And the strangest tale in the world was still untold.

And I knew that of all this rushing of urgent sound
That I so clearly heard,
The green young forest of saplings clustered round
Was heeding not one word:
Their heads were bowed in a still serried patience
Such as an angel's breath could never have stirred.

For some were already away to the hazardous pitch,
Or lining the parapet wall,
Or some were in glorious battle, or great and rich,
Or throned in a college hall:
And among the rest was one like my own young phantom,
Dreaming for ever beyond my utmost call.

"O Youth," the preacher was crying, "deem not thou
Thy life is thine alone;
Thou bearest the will of the ages, seeing how
They built thee bone by bone,
And within thy blood the Great Age sleeps sepulchred
Till thou and thine shall roll away the stone.

"Therefore the days are coming when thou shalt burn
With passion whitely hot;
Rest shall be rest no more; thy feet shalt spurn
All that thy hand hath got;
And One that is stronger shall gird thee, and lead thee swiftly
Whither, O heart of Youth, thou wouldest not."

And the School passed; and I saw the living and dead
Set in their seats again,
And I longed to hear them speak of the word that was said,
But I knew that I longed in vain.
And they stretched forth their hands, and the wind of the spirit took them
Lightly as drifted leaves on an endless plain.

VI.—FIDELE'S GRASSY TOMB.

(From "The Island Race.")

THE Squire sat propped in a pillowed chair,
His eyes were alive and clear of care,
But well he knew that the hour was come
To bid good-bye to his ancient home.

He looked on garden, wood, and hill,
He looked on the lake, sunny and still;
The last of earth that his eyes could see
Was the island church of Orchardleigh.

The last that his heart could understand
Was the touch of the tongue that licked his hand:
"Bury the dog at my feet," he said,
And his voice dropped, and the Squire was dead.

Now the dog was a hound of the Danish breed,
Staunch to love and strong at need:
He had dragged his master safe to shore
When the tide was ebbing at Elsinore.

From that day forth, as reason would,
He was named "Fidele," and made it good;
When the last of the mourners left the door
Fidele was dead on the chantry floor.

They buried him there at his master's feet,
And all that heard of it deemed it meet;
The story went the round for years,
Till it came at last to the Bishop's ears.

Bishop of Bath and Wells was he,
Lord of the lords of Orchardleigh;
And he wrote to the Parson the strongest screed
That Bishop may write or Parson read.

The sum of it was that a soulless hound
Was known to be buried in hallowed ground:
From scandal sore the Church to save
They must take the dog from his master's grave.

The heir was far in a foreign land,
The Parson was wax to my Lord's command:
He sent for the Sexton and bade him make
A lonely grave by the shore of the lake.

The Sexton sat by the water's brink
Where he used to sit when he used to think:
He reasoned slow, but he reasoned it out,
And his argument left him free from doubt.

"A Bishop," he said, "is the top of his trade:
But there's others can give him a start with the spade:
Yon dog, he carried the Squire ashore,
And a Christian couldn't ha' done no more."

The grave was dug; the mason came
And carved on stone Fidele's name:
But the dog that the Sexton laid inside
Was a dog that never had lived or died.

So the Parson was praised, and the scandal stayed,
Till, a long time after, the church decayed,
And, laying the floor anew, they found
In the tomb of the Squire the bones of a hound.

As for the Bishop of Bath and Wells
No more of him the story tells;
Doubtless he lived as a Prelate and Prince,
And died and was buried a century since.

And whether his view was right or wrong
Has little to do with this my song;
Something we owe him, you must allow;
And perhaps he has changed his mind by now.

The Squire in the family chantry sleeps,
The marble still his memory keeps:
Remember, when the name you spell,
There rest Fidele's bones as well.

For the Sexton's grave you need not search,
'Tis a nameless mound by the island church:
An ignorant fellow, of humble lot—
But he knew one thing that a Bishop did not.

Stephen Phillips.

1864.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS was born in July, 1864, at Somertown, near Oxford, the son of Rev. Stephen Phillips, D.D., precentor of Peterborough Cathedral. He was educated at the Grammar School, Stratford, and afterwards at Peterborough Grammar School, and studied for the Civil Service. Abandoning this purpose he joined the company of Mr. Frank Benson, and went on the stage. After playing many parts, he became sometime an army tutor, afterwards adopting literature as his profession. He joined with three others, Lawrence Binyon (his cousin), Manmohan Ghose, and Arthur S. Cripps, in publishing "Primavera," poems by four authors, to which he contributed four short poems (1890). This was followed by "Eremus: a Poem" (1894), and "Christ in Hades, and Other Poems" (1896). This latter volume excited a chorus of approval from competent critics, and from the date of its appearance every publication of Mr. Phillips has been anticipated with eager interest. The *Spectator* described "Christ in Hades" as "a wonderful dream, a dream that stirs the heart in almost every line;" and the *Saturday Review* characterised it as "a high performance, seriously undertaken and powerfully carried through, as deeply felt as vividly imagined." "Poems" (1897-8) received an even more enthusiastic welcome. Several of the poems were deservedly singled out for very high praise.

"Marpessa" was described by Mr. William Watson, in the *Fortnightly*, as a finer poem than "Christ in Hades," and as convincing him of still remaining possibilities in classic myth for modern treatment, and Mr. Churton Collins said, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "The awful story of 'The Wife' (p. 573) is conceived and embodied with a really Dantesque intensity and vividness," adding "it has the master's suggestive reservation, smiting phrases, and clairvoyant picture-wording." The idea of the lines "To Milton—Blind" (p. 577), says the same critic, "is worthy of Milton's own sublime conceit that the darkness which had fallen on his eyes was but the shadow of God's protecting wings." The proprietors of the Academy awarded Mr. Stephen Phillips the premium of one hundred guineas they had previously announced their attention of giving to the writer of the most important contribution to the literature of 1897. Mr. Phillips next published "Paolo and Francesca," a tragedy in four acts (1899-1900), the first of a series of dramas, including "Herod" (1901); "Ulysses" (1902); "The Sin of David" (1904); and "Nero" (1906). "Paolo and Francesca" was described by the *Times* as "a very beautiful and original rendering of one of the most touching stories in the world," and Mr. William Archer, in the *Daily Chronicle*, called it "A thing of exquisite poetic form, yet tingling from first to last with intense dramatic life," and continued, "Sardou could not have ordered the action more skilfully, Tennyson could not have clothed the passion in words of purer loveliness." Act III., Scene iii. of this play is given on pp. 579-582. Mr. Phillips' work is unique in the literature of the time, and suggests many possibilities.

ALFRED H. MILES.

1898.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

I.—THE WIFE.

(A True Story done into Verse.)

HER husband starved; and gazed up in her face:
There was no crumb of bread in the bare place.
Grieving she stared into the waning light
With fixéd eyes that had in them no sight.
But now at last so deeply, "Ah!" he said,
She might no longer bide about the bed;
But as in panic ran from side to side,
And like a creature all around her spied.
Sudden she stood; and paléd in her thought,
And with both hands at her wild bosom caught;
She saw the room of every morsel reft,
And only her own body now is left.
Then like a martyr robing for the flame,
She wound the shawl about her without shame;
Lo in the red shawl sacredly she burned,
Her face already into ashes turned!
And blind out of the brightness of his face
On to the street she came with wandering pace.
But at the door a moment did she quail,
Hearing her little son behind her wail;
Who, waking, stretched his arms out to her wide,
And softly, "Mother, take me with you!" cried;
For he would run beside her, clasping tight
Her hand, and lag at every window bright,
Or near some stall beneath the wild gas-flare,
At the dim fruit in ghostly bloom would stare.
Toward him she turned, and felt her bosom swell
Wildly; he was so young, almost she fell;
Yet took him up, and to allay his cries

Smiled at him with her lips, not with her eyes,
Then laid him down; away her hand she snatched,
And now with streaming face the door unlatched,
When lo, the long uproar of feet,
The huge dim fury of the street!
While she into the wild night goes,
That in her eyes a light shower blows.
Faces like moths against her fly,
Like moths by brilliance lured to die;
The clerk with spirit lately dead,
The decent clothes above him spread;
The joyous cruel face of boys;
Those dreadful shadows proffering toys;
The constable with lifted hand
Conducting the orchestral Strand:
A woman secretly distrest,
And staidly weeping, dimly drest;
A girl is vending flowers and fern,
Their very touch her fingers burn;
A blind man passes, that doth sound
With shaking head the hollow ground.
In showering air, the mystic damp,
The dim balm blown from lamp to lamp,
A strange look from a shredded shawl,
A casual voice with thrilling fall!
The officer from passing eye
Hustles the forms that injured lie,
Creatures we marred, compelled upright
To drift beside us in the light.
But now she slowly trembles as she sees
The cruel lover that must give her ease:
Sated, arranged, he paced in moody stride,
With little lilies on his breast that died.
O meekly she beside him went away,
And dutifully as a daughter may.

From that unrealised embrace
Swiftly she broke with eager face;
With food for him that called aloud,
She battled through the hostile crowd;
An army to frustrate her bent,
In sullen numbers 'gainst her sent.
The mystic river floating wan
The cold soul of the city shone;
The moonéd terminus through the dark
With emerald and ruby spark,
The stoker burningly embowered,
With fiery roses on him showered,
Glide; at her feet the mud-gleam blue,
Above the cloudy tinge and rue;
And through the dark the early smell
Of waking meadows on her fell.
With her right arm the door she pushed,
And to the dead the *widow* rushed.
But at the sight so deeply was she torn,
She babbled to him like one lately born;
And sorrowful dim sounds about him made,
That were not speech: and wildly to him prayed,
She felt how cold is God, how brief our breath,
How vain is any love, how strong is death:
"O fool, O fool! To have so quickly died;
I am unclean for evermore," she cried;
And then, with fear, with gathering distrust,
Swiftly between his teeth the morsels thrust,
Then stiller grew; and with a meaning slow
Relented now, and wearied in her woe.
But as a woman, dying in her thought,
Looked upward; at her dress her baby caught,
And she revived, and toward her little son
Ventured, that he into her arms might run.
And like a strange woman all doubtfully

She stretched her arms out shining wistfully,
As though with meek advances she beguiled
Into her sighing bosom her own child.
Then pulled him close to her, and held him there,
And all those tears fell down into his hair.
Softly she said, "O cruel, new-born thing!
The years to you a gentleness will bring;
Then think of me as one that not in thought,
But out of yearning into woe was brought."
So as she moaned above him, the old farm
With evening noises in the twilight charm
Returned, and she remembered quiet trees
Just stirring; she can hear the very breeze!
Her prudent mother wisely to her speaks,
Her peaceful hair a little sorrow streaks.
And as a soft and dreadful summer day
Will suddenly through chill December stray,
So the mild beauty of old happiness
Wandered into her mind with strange distress;
Till slowly with the gathering light, lo! Life
Came back on her: Desire and Dust and Strife;
The huge and various world with murmur grand.
Time had begun to touch her with soft hand,
And sacred passing hours with all things new,
Divine forgetfulness and falling dew.
Then hunger pained: no thought she had, no care,
She and the child together ate that fare.

II.—TO MILTON—BLIND.

HE who said suddenly, "Let there be Light!"
To thee the dark deliberately gave;
That those full eyes might undistracted be
By this beguiling show of sky and field,
This brilliance, that so lures us from the Truth.
He gave thee back original night, His own
Tremendous canvas, large and blank and free,
Where at each thought a star flashed out and sang.
O blinded with a special lightning, thou
Hadst once again the virgin Dark! and when
The pleasant flowery sight, which had deterred
Thine eyes from seeing, when this recent world
Was quite withdrawn; then burst upon thy view
The elder glory; space again in pangs,
And Eden odorous in the early mist,
That heaving watery plain that *was* the world;
Then the burned earth, and Christ coming in clouds.
Or rather a special leave to thee was given
By the high power, and thou with bandaged eyes
Wast guided through the glimmering camp of God.
Thy hand was taken by angels who patrol
The evening, or are sentries to the dawn,
Or pace the wide air everlastingly.
Thou wast admitted to the presence, and deep
Argument heardest, and the large design
That brings this world out of the woe to bliss.

IDAS' SPEECH FROM "MARPESSA."

1900.

WHEN he had spoken, humbly Idas said:
"After such argument what can I plead?
Or what pale promise make? Yet since it is
In women to pity rather than to aspire,
A little I will speak. I love thee then,
Not only for thy body packed with sweet
Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,
That jar of violet wine set in the air,
That palest rose sweet in the night of life;
Nor for that stirring bosom all besieged
By drowsing lovers, or thy perilous hair;
Nor for that face that might indeed provoke
Invasion of old cities; no, nor all
Thy freshness stealing on me like strange sleep.
Not for this only do I love thee, but
Because Infinity upon thee broods;
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearnéd up the cliffs to tell;
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea;
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where.
It has the strangeness of the luring West,
And of sad sea-horizons; beside thee
I am aware of other times and lands,
Of birth far-back, of lives in many stars.
O beauty lone and like a candle clear
In this dark country of the world! Thou art
My woe, my early light, my music dying."

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

1901.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Act III., SCENE III. *An Arbour in the Castle Garden. Dawn beginning to break.*

Enter FRANCESCA *with a book*, NITA *following with lamp.*

Franc. I cannot sleep, Nita; I will read here. Is it yet dawn? [NITA *sets lamp down.*

Nita. No, lady: yet I see
A blushing in the East.

Franc. How still it is!

Nita. This is the stillest time of night or day.

Franc. Know you why, Nita?

Nita. No, my lady.

Franc. Now
Day in a breathless passion kisses night,
And neither speaks.

Nita. Shall I stay here?

Franc. Ah, no!
Perhaps in the dawn silence I shall drowse.
If not, I'll read this legend to myself.

Nita. Is it a pretty tale?

Franc. Pretty, ah no!
Nita; but beautiful and passing sad.

Nita. I love sad tales: though I am gay, I love
Sometimes to weep. But is it of our time?

Franc. It is an ancient tale of two long dead.

Nita. O, 'tis a tale of love!

Franc. Of love, indeed.
But, Nita, leave me to myself: I think
I would have no one stirring near me now.
[*Exit* NITA
The light begins, but he is far away.
[*She walks to and fro.*

Better than tossing in that vacant room
Is this cold air and fragrance ere the dawn.
Where is the page which I had reached? Ah, here!
Now let me melt into an ancient woe.

[*Begins to read. Enter* PAOLO, *softly.*

Pao. Francesca!

Franc. Paolo! I thought you now
Gone into battle dim, far, far away.

Pao. And seems it strange that I should come then?

Franc. No,
It seems that it could not be otherwise.

Pao. I went indeed; but some few miles from hence
Turned, and could go no further. All this night
About the garden have I roamed and burned.
And now at last, sleepless and without rest,
I steal to you.

Franc. Sleepless and without rest!

Pao. It seemed that I must see your face again,
Then nevermore; that I must hear your voice,
And then no more; that I must touch your hand,
Once. No one stirs within the house; no one
In all this world but you and I, Francesca.
We two have to each other moved all night.

Franc. I moved not to you, Paolo.

Pao. But night
Guided you on, and onward beckoned me.
What is that book you read? Now fades the last
Star in the East: a mystic breathing comes:
And all the leaves once quivered and were still.

Franc. It is the first, the faint stir of the dawn.

Pao. So still it is that we might almost hear
The sigh of all the sleepers in the world.

Franc. And all the rivers running to the sea.

Pao. What is't you read?

Franc. It is an ancient tale.

Pao. Show it to me. Is it some drowsy page
That reading low I might persuade your eyes
At last to sleep?
Franc. It is the history
Of two who fell in love long years ago;
And wrongly fell.
Pao. How wrongly?
Franc. Because she
Already was a wife, and he who loved
Was her own husband's dear familiar friend.
Pao. Was it so long ago?
Franc. So long ago.
Pao. What were their famous and unlucky names?
Franc. Men called him Launcelot, her Guenevere.
There is the page where I had ceased to read.
Pao. [*Taking book.*] Their history is blotted with new tears.
Franc. The tears are mine: I know not why I wept.
But these two were so glad in their wrong love:
It was their joy; it was their helpless joy.
Pao. Shall I read on to you where you have paused?
Franc. Here is the place: but read it low and sweet.
Put out the lamp! [*Paolo puts out the lamp.*]
Pao. The glimmering page is clear.
[*Reading.*] "Now on that day it chanced that Launcelot,
Thinking to find the King, found Guenevere
Alone; and when he saw her whom he loved,
Whom he had met too late, yet loved the more;
Such was the tumult at his heart that he
Could speak not, for her husband was his friend,
His dear familiar friend: and they two held
No secret from each other until now;
But were like brothers born"—my voice breaks off.
Read you a little on.

Franc. [*Reading.*] "And Guenevere,
Turning, beheld him suddenly whom she
Loved in her thought, and even from that hour
When first she saw him: for by day, by night,
Though laying by her husband's side, did she
Weary for Launcelot, and knew full well
How ill that love, and yet that love how deep!'
I cannot see—the page is dim: read you.

Pao. [*Reading.*] "Now they two were alone, yet could not speak;
But heard the beating of each other's hearts.
He knew himself a traitor but to stay,
Yet could not stir: she pale and yet more pale
Grew till she could no more, but smiled on him.
Then when he saw that wished smile, he came
Near to her and still near, and trembled; then
Her lips all trembling kissed."

Franc. [*Drooping towards him.*] Ah, Launcelot!

[*He kisses her on the lips.*

Richard le Gallienne.

1865

Richard le Gallienne, a member of a Channel Islands family, was born in Birkenhead in the year 1865. He received his education at the Liverpool College, and at the age of sixteen entered upon business life. Literature, however, and especially the literature of verse, drew him from "the desk's hard wood," and made him not merely rhymer but bibliophile; and his earliest volume of verse, "My Ladies' Sonnets, and other 'vain and amatorious' verses, with some of graver mood," privately printed in 1887, was an utterance of the two ardours of his adolescence, love and book-love. This book was succeeded in 1889 by "Volumes in Folio," in which again the bookman and the poet were both in evidence. Prose was the vehicle chosen for Mr. le Gallienne's next volume, "George Meredith: Some Characteristics" (1890), which consisted of a series of essays in celebration of the genius of the well-known novelist and poet. In 1891 followed "The Book-bills of Narcissus," a volume of imaginative prose, which perhaps did more than any of its author's previous work to make fully manifest the nature and scope of his endowment. "My Ladies' Sonnets," and "Volumes in Folio" had been dainty and delicate; the essays on Mr. Meredith's work had been rich in cleverness;

but "Narcissus," in addition to its charms of form and style, has a rich flesh-and-blood humanity, a *naïf* and winning self-revelation which gives it the fascination belonging to books which are not merely admirable, but lovable as well. Mr. le Gallienne's next volume of verse, "English Poems," appeared in 1892, and in 1894 "Prose Fancies" won for him a place among contemporary essayists. "R. L. Stevenson: An Elegy, and Other Poems," was published in 1895.

The promise of distinction in the verse of Mr. le Gallienne is made evident by the individuality of the work, by the manifest versatility of the worker, and by the indications provided in every succeeding volume of the poet's capacity for self-criticism and growth. "My Ladies' Sonnets" gave evidence of that individuality which is essential to survival in the struggle for existence, and though crudities of thought, emotion, and expression were certainly to be found, they were not frequent; on the contrary, there was a general firmness and assurance in the handling—a lightness and yet precision of touch, both in the gayer and the graver measures, which witnessed to aptitude in an art not less than to visitation of an impulse. The poems in this first volume were, however, necessarily tentative in character. There was occasionally power, as in the sombre "Quelle heure est-il?" often a fine seriousness, as in the sonnet "To My Mother," or a wealth of pleasant fancy, as in "The Bookman's Avalon"; and always a winning daintiness and grace; but there was in many of the sonnets and lyrics a falling short of final perfectness of rendering, which, in work so substantially good, would have been irritating had it not been inevit-

able. How rapid was the poet's progress towards such command may be inferred from the captivating numbers of "Love among the Folios," where the two ardours above referred to find an expression which leaves behind it no sense of dissatisfaction. This volume may perhaps be most conveniently sampled by the sonnet "Confessio Amantis":—

"When do I love you most, sweet books of mine?
In strenuous morns when o'er your leaves I pore,
Austerely bent to win austerest lore,
Forgetting how the dewy meadows shine;
Or afternoons when honeysuckles twine
About the seat, and to some dreamy shore
Of old Romance, where lovers evermore
Keep blissful hours, I follow at your sign?
Yes, ye are precious then, but most to me
Ere lamplight dawneth, when low croons the fire
To whispering twilight in my little room,
And eyes read not, but sitting silently
I feel your great hearts throbbing deep in quire,
And hear you breathing round me in the gloom."

The volume "English Poems" provides the material for a more adequate estimate of Mr. le Gallienne's achievement than can be based on his preceding work. In it the imaginative range has widened, the body of thought and emotion has matured, and an added mastery of expression has brought substance and form into more vital union. Perhaps there may be a somewhat undue preponderance of one of the poet's favourite themes; and one can hardly resist the conviction that the volume would be more strong if it were less cloyingly sweet. Still, no one will deny that it is the richer for the inclusion of the poems "To My Wife, Mildred," "Parables," "The Wonder-Child," and "Juliet and her Romeo," with its charming conceit,—

"Is not Verona warm within thy gown,
And Mantua all the world save where thou art?"

Of the poet's power of imaginative pictorialism the verses on "Sunset in the City" are a fine example:—

"Above the town a monstrous wheel is turning
With glowing spokes of red,
Low in the west its fiery axle burning;
And, lost amid the spaces overhead,
A vague white moth the moon is fluttering.

Above the town an azure sea is flowing,
'Mid long peninsulas of shining sand,
From opal unto pearl the moon is growing
Dropped like a shell upon the changing strand.

Within the town the streets grow strange and haunted,
And dark against the western lakes of green,
The buildings change to temples, and unwonted
Shadows and sounds creep in where day has been.

Within the town the lamps of sin are flaring,
Poor foolish men that know not what ye are!
Tired traffic still upon his feet is faring—
Two lovers meet and kiss and watch a star."

Here, and still more noticeably in the powerful poems, "Death in a London Lodging" and "The Décadent to his Soul," Mr. le Gallienne deals adequately with themes of larger interest than that which belongs to any merely personal utterance. These verses give to the volume of "English Poems" a vigour and virility which it would have lacked had they been absent; and the sonnet on "Matthew Arnold," with its illuminating characterisation of

"That song which sang of sight, and yet was brave
To lay the ghosts of seeing,"

proves that Mr. le Gallienne can, on fit occasion, make his verse the vehicle, not only of sweetness, but of light.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

MY LADIES' SONNETS.

1887.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

I.—TO MY MOTHER.

SWEET Mother, I did long to sing for thee
A birthday song, but somehow from my throat,
When I essayed, died out the struggling note
O'erburdened with the weight of sympathy.
So easy has it ever seemed to me
To pen a sonnet to my lady's look,
Or write a verse in some confession-book,
That it seemed strange I had no song for thee;
And yet none such has come, although I strove
Long time for music: now I know at length
Why so this is, for as a mother's love
Is sacredest of all, so must the strength
To sing it be the strongest—thus in vain I long
Till that strength comes to sing "my mother's song."

II.—"QUELLE HEURE EST-IL?"

"QUELLE heure est-il?"
How sweet the sad words ring,
As though they spoke of some glad welcoming;
And yet no knife of subtly-poisoned steel
More cruel is than thy "Quelle heure est-il?"
"Quelle heure est-il?"
Why the dread answer seek?
Why force my lips th' unwilling words to speak?
When round our feet the sunny waters steal,
Why still the question ask, "Quelle heure est-il?"
"Quelle heure est-il?"
Time is it, O my love,
To leave the sea-lulled silence of this cove;

Time for sad kiss a long farewell to seal;
Thus must I answer thy "Quelle heure est-il?"

"Quelle heure est-il?"
And must those words again
Turn all our joy to solitary pain?
Ah! darling, yes! and how much harder still
The answer now to thy "Quelle heure est-il?"

"Quelle heure est-il?"
Time is it, O! my bliss,
To part for ever; one mad, maddening kiss,
Then ne'er again thy soft caress to feel;
O! God, why ask me then "Quelle heure est-il?"

"Quelle heure est-il?"
Again, though all alone,
I hear thy voice like some melodious moan;
But should I not, my love, from thee conceal
My last sad answer to "Quelle heure est-il?"

"Quelle heure est-il?"
Time is it, O! my God,
To sink to sleep within the restful sod.
Sweet love is dead, why therefore should I feel
Terror to answer thus, "Quelle heure est-il?"

"Quelle heure est-il?"
O! would that I could cry,
"Time dawns at last, my love, when you and I
May ever mingle in love's holy thrill"—
O! what blest answer to "Quelle heure est-il?"

"Quelle heure est-il?"
The hour is not yet come,
But sure it waits in some far spirit-home,
Then, as in joy of rapturous praise we kneel,
How sweet the question, love, "Quelle heure est-il?"

1892.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

I.—TO MY WIFE, MILDRED.

(October 22, 1891.)

DEAR wife, there is no word in all my songs
But unto thee belongs:
Though I indeed before our true day came
Mistook thy star in many a wandering flame,
Singing to thee in many a fair disguise,
Calling to thee in many another's name,
Before I knew thine everlasting eyes.

Faces that fled me like a hunted fawn
I followed singing, deeming it was Thou,
Seeking this face that on our pillow now
Glimmers behind thy golden hair like dawn,
And, like a setting moon, within my breast
Sinks down each night to rest.

Moon follows moon before the great moon flowers,
Moon of the wild, wild honey that is ours;
Long must the tree strive up in leaf and root,
Before it bear the golden-hearted fruit:
And shall great Love, at once perfected spring,
Nor grow by steps like any other thing?
The lawless love that would not be denied,
The love that waited, and in waiting died,
The love that met and mated, satisfied.

Ah, love, 'twas good to climb forbidden walls,
Who would not follow where his Juliet calls?
'Twas good to try and love the angel's way,
With starry souls untainted of the clay;
But best the love where earth and heaven meet
The god made flesh and dwelling in us, Sweet.

II.—WITH SOME OLD LOVE VERSES.

DEAR Heart, this is my book of boyish song,
The changing story of the wandering quest
That found at last its ending in thy breast—
The love it sought and sang astray so long
With wild young heart and happy eager tongue.
Much meant it all to me to seek and sing,
Ah, Love, but how much more to-day to bring
This 'rhyme that first of all he made when young.'

Take it and love it, 'tis the prophecy
For whose poor silver thou hast given me gold;
Yea! those old faces for an hour seemed fair
Only because some hints of Thee they were:
Judge then, if I so loved weak types of old,
How good, dear Heart, the perfect gift of Thee.

III.—THE WONDER-CHILD.

'OUR little babe,' each said, 'shall be
Like unto thee'—'Like unto *thee*!'
'Her mother's'—'Nay, his father's'—'eyes,'
'Dear curls like thine'—but each replies,
'As thine, all thine, and nought of me.'

What sweet solemnity to see
The little life upon thy knee,
And whisper as so soft it lies,—
'Our little babe!'

For whether it be he or she,
A David or a Dorothy,
'As mother fair,' or 'father wise,'
Both when it's 'good,' and when it cries,
One thing is certain,—it will be
Our little babe.

IV.—AD CIMMERIOS.

(WRITTEN FOR "SANTA LUCIA," A MAGAZINE FOR THE BLIND.)

WE, deeming daylight fair, and loving well
Its forms and dyes, and all the motley play
Of lives that win their colour from the day,
Are fain some wonder of it all to tell
To you that in that elder kingdom dwell
Of Ancient Night, and thus we make essay
Day to translate to Darkness, so to say,
To talk Cimmerian for a little spell.
Yet, as we write, may we not doubt lest ye
Should smile on us, as once our fathers smiled,
When we made vaunt of joys they knew no more;
Knowing great dreams young eyes can never see,
Dwelling in peace unguessed of any child—
Will ye smile thus upon our daylight lore?

V.—WHAT OF THE DARKNESS?

WHAT of the Darkness? Is it very fair?
Are there great calms, and find ye silence there?
Like soft-shut lilies all your faces glow
With some strange peace our faces never know,
With some great faith our faces never dare.
Dwells it in Darkness? Do ye find it there?

Is it a bosom where tired heads may lie?
Is it a mouth to kiss our weeping dry?
Is it a hand to still the pulse's leap?
Is it a voice that holds the runes of sleep?
Day shows us not such comfort anywhere.
Dwells it in Darkness? Do ye find it there?

Out of the Day's deceiving light we call,
Day that shows man so great and God so small,
That hides the stars and magnifies the grass;
Oh is the Darkness too a lying glass;

Or, undistracted, do ye find truth there?
What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?

VI.—JULIET AND HER ROMEO.

(WITH MR. DICKSEE'S PICTURE.)

TAKE 'this of Juliet and her Romeo,'
Dear Heart of mine, for though yon budding sky
Yearns o'er Verona, and so long ago
That kiss was kissed, yet surely Thou and I,
Surely it is, whom morning tears apart,
As ruthless men tear tendrilled ivy down:
Is not Verona warm within thy gown,
And Mantua all the world save where thou art?

O happy grace of lovers of old time,
Living to love like gods, and, dead, to live
Symbols and saints for us who follow them;
Even bitter Death must sweets to lovers give:
See how they wear their tears for diadem,
Throned on the star of an unshaken rhyme.

VII.—MATTHEW ARNOLD

(Died April 15, 1888.)

WITHIN that wood where thine own scholar strays,
O! Poet, thou art passed, and at its bound,
Hollow and sere, we cry, yet win no sound
But the dark muttering of the forest maze
We may not tread, nor pierce with any gaze;
And hardly love dare whisper thou hast found
That restful moonlit slope of pastoral ground
Set in dark dingles of the songful ways.

Gone! they have called our shepherd from the hill,
Passed is the sunny sadness of his song,
That song which sang of sight and yet was brave
To lay the ghosts of seeing, subtly strong
To wean from tears and from the troughs to save;
And who shall teach us now that he is still?

Rudyard Kipling.

1865.

FEW men came more rapidly to the front in the world of letters during the latter years of the 19th century than Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Born in Bombay towards the end of December, 1865, Mr. Kipling appears the end of December 1865, Mr. Kipling appears to have had exceptional opportunities of studying native life, as he certainly has exceptional powers for its vivid portrayal. His earliest writings found publicity in the columns of Indian local papers; his first volume of verse being "Departmental Ditties," published in 1886, which was followed by his first prose book, "Plain Tales from the Hills," issued in 1888. This year was one of much publishing, for the "Plain Tales" were followed by "Soldiers Three," "The Gadsbys," "In Black and White," "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom Rickshaw," and "Wee Willie Winkie," all short stories, but all touched with the magic of newness which always wins way. In 1889 he came to England, and since then has published numerous stories in serial and volume form, and, what is more to our purpose here, his "Barrack Room Ballads," and other verses, first published in book-form in America in 1891, and reprinted here in 1893. "The Departmental Ditties" have had enormous popularity, many editions having been called for and supplied. They are humorous and satirical sketches of Anglo-Indian life, two of which

we are able to quote, "The Story of Uriah" (p. 597), and "The Galley-Slave" (p. 598). The former deals with a subject often treated in these ditties, and the latter is an allegorical description of the Indian Civil Service. Much stronger from the poetic point of view is Mr. Kipling's second volume of verse, "Barrack Room Ballads," in which he adds to the magic of newness the witchery of numbers. The irresistible music of "Mandalay" shows a mastery of melody which may achieve almost anything in rhythmic movement.

"By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a settin' and I know she thinks o me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple bells they say:
Come you back, you British Soldier: come you back to Mandalay!
Come you back to Mandalay
Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay.

"'Er petticoat was yaller, an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Thee-baw's queen.
An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made o' mud,
What they called the Great Gawd Budd—
Plucky lot she cared for Idols when I kissed 'er where she stud:
On the road to Mandalay.

* * * * *

"Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like
the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can
raise a thirst;
For the temple bells are callin', an' it's there that I would
be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea;
On the road to Mandalay
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went
to Mandalay!
O the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
And the dawn comes up like thunder outer China
'crost the Bay."

The "Barrack Room Ballads" moreover display other qualities in fuller development than is shown by the "Departmental Ditties." "Fuzzy Wuzzy," given on p. 603, is an excellent example of Mr. Kipling's humour, or rather of his perception of the humorous side of things. The Soudanese warrior is not exactly a character to be laughed at, nor would the British soldier who has danced the dance of death with him think of treating him with levity; and yet, after reading the following lines, it is impossible to deny that there is a humorous side even to Fuzzy Wuzzy's ferocity.

"'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive;
An' before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ed;
'E's all 'ot sand and ginger when alive,
And 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead."

The other poems in the volume show the writer to be widening in his range, as well as strengthening in his form. One cannot help but think that such a ballad as "The Ballad of East and West" (p. 607) is a genuine addition to our ballad literature; and one

cannot but welcome the healthy manly spirit that breathes through it and that finds expression in such other ballads as "The English Flag":—

"Winds of the world give answer! They are whimpering to and fro—
And what should they know of England who only England know?—
The poor little street-bred people that vapour and fume and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English flag."

The "Ballad of the Bolivar" is another of Mr. Kipling's triumphs in musical measures, and as a sailor's retrospect may take a natural place by the side of "Mandalay," the soldier's reminiscences. "The Conundrum of the Workshops" (p. 605), and "Tomlinson," are examples of other varieties of subject matter treated with the same virility and skill. Later works are "The Seven Seas" (1896), "Recessional" (1898), "The Destroyers" (1898), "The White Man's Burden" (1899), "The Vampire" (1899), "The Five Nations" (1903).

The future of Mr. Kipling in connection with literature it would be foolish to attempt to forecast; but considering the work he has already done, and the measure of life that he may reasonably be supposed to have before him, we are justified in hoping great things of him, and in feeling that he has but to remain true to himself and the culture of his art, and to resist the syren songs that seek to woo him to wander among the beaten tracks of journalism, in order to take a permanent place in the literature of the century.

ALFRED H. MILES.

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES.

1886.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

I.—THE STORY OF URIAH.

"Now there were two men in one city; the one rich and the other poor."

JACK BARRETT went to Quetta,
  Because they told him to.
He left his wife at Simla
  On three-fourths his monthly screw:
Jack Barrett died at Quetta
  Ere the next month's pay he drew.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta,
  He didn't understand
The reason of his transfer
  From the pleasant mountain-land
The season was September,
  And it killed him out of hand.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta
  And there gave up the ghost,
Attempting two men's duty
  In that very healthy post;
And Mrs. Barrett mourned for him
  Five lively months at most.

Jack Barrett's bones at Quetta
  Enjoy profound repose;
But I shouldn't be astonished
  If *now* his spirit knows
The reason of his transfer
  From the Himalayan snows.

And, when the Last Great Bugle Call
  Adown the Hurnai throbs,
When the last grim joke is entered
  In the big black Books of Jobs,
And Quetta's graveyards give again
  Their victims to the air,
I shouldn't like to be the man
  Who sent Jack Barrett there.

II.—THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

OH gallant was our galley from her carven steering-wheel
  To her figurehead of silver and her beak of hammered steel;
The leg-bar chafed the ankle and we gasped for cooler air,
But no galley on the water with our galley could compare!

Our bulkheads bulged with cotton, and our masts were stepped in gold—
We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers in the hold;
The white foam spun behind us, and the black shark swam below,
As we gripped the kicking sweep-head and we made that galley go.

It was merry in the galley, for we revelled now and then—
If they wore us down like cattle, faith, we fought and loved like men!
As we snatched her through the water so we snatched a minute's bliss,
And the mutter of the dying never spoiled the lover's kiss.

Our women and our children toiled beside us in the dark—
They died, we filed their fetters, and we heaved them to the shark—

We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast the galley sped
We had only time to envy, for we could not mourn our dead.

Bear witness, once my comrades, what a hard-bit gang were we—
The servants of the sweep-head, but the masters of the sea!
By the hands that drove her forward as she plunged and yawed and sheered,
Woman, Man, or God or Devil, was there anything we feared?

Was it storm? Our fathers faced it, and a wilder never blew;
Earth that waited for the wreckage watched the galley struggle through.
Burning noon or choking midnight, Sickness, Sorrow, Parting, Death?
Nay, our very babes would mock you had they time for idle breath.

But to-day I leave the galley and another takes my place;
There's my name upon the deck-beam—let it stand a little space.
I am free—to watch my messmates beating out to open main
Free of all that Life can offer—save to handle sweep again.

By the brand upon my shoulder, by the gall of clinging steel,
By the welt the whips have left me, by the scars that never heal;
By eyes grown dim with staring through the sun-wash on the brine,
I am paid in full for service—would that service still were mine!

Yet they talk of times and seasons and of woe the years bring forth,
Of our galley swamped and shattered in the rollers of the North,
When the niggers break the hatches and the decks are gay with gore,
And a craven-hearted pilot crams her crashing on the shore.

She will need no half-mast signal, minute-gun, or rocket-flare,
When the cry for help goes seaward, she will find her servants there.
Battered chain-gangs of the orlop, grizzled drafts of years gone by,
To the bench that broke their manhood, they shall last themselves and die.

Hale and crippled, young and aged, paid, deserted, shipped away—
Palace, cot, and lazaretto shall make up the tale that day,
When the skies are black above them, and the decks ablaze beneath,
And the top-men clear the raffle with their clasp-knives in their teeth.

It may be that Fate will give me life and leave to row once more—
Set some strong man free for fighting as I take awhile his oar.
But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse her service then?
God be thanked—whate'er comes after, I have lived and toiled with Men.

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS AND OTHER VERSES.

1893.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

I.—TOMMY.

I WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, 'We serve no red-coats here.'
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:
O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy, go away';
But it's 'Thank you, Mister Atkins,' when the band begins to play,
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,
O it's 'Thank you, Mister Atkins,' when the band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy, wait outside';
But it's 'Special train for Atkins' when the trooper's on the tide,
The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's on the tide,
O it's 'Special train for Atkins' when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;
An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're going large a bit
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?'
But it's 'Thin red line of 'eroes' when the drums begin to roll,
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,
O it's 'Thin red line of 'eroes' when the drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduck isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy, fall be'ind,'
But it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when there's trouble in the wind,
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the wind,
O it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:
We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face
The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Chuck him out, the brute!'
But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the guns begin to shoot;
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an anything you please;
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees!

II.—'FUZZY-WUZZY.'

(SOUDAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.)

WE'VE fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Sua*kim*,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it signed
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're inclined

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,
An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:
But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.
Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis and the kid;
Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went an' did.
We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair;
But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, you broke the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:
When he's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which are no more,
If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you to deplore;
But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain fair,
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantree!
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke a British square!

III.—THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS.

WHEN the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched with a stick in the mould;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, 'It's pretty, but is it Art?'

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion his work anew—
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first, most dread review;
And he left his lore to the use of his sons—and that was a glorious gain
When the Devil chuckled 'Is it Art?' in the ear of the branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench
the stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: 'It's
striking, but is it Art?'
The stone was dropped at the quarry-side and the
idle derrick swung,
While each man talked of the aims of Art, and each
in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the North and the
South, they talked and they fought in the
West,
Till the waters rose on the pitiful land, and the
poor Red Clay had rest—
Had rest till the dank blank-canvas dawn when the
dove was preened to start,
And the Devil bubbled below the keel: 'It's
human, but is it Art?'

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree—and new as
the new-cut tooth—
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he is
master of Art and Truth;
And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the
beat of his dying heart,
The Devil drum on the darkened pane: 'You did
it, but was it Art?'

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the
shape of a surplice-peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the
yolk of an addled egg,
We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the
horse is drawn by the cart;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old: 'It's
clever, but is it Art?'

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the Club-room's green and gold,
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with their pens in the mould—
They scratch with their pens in the mould of their graves, and the ink and the anguish start,
For the Devil mutters behind the leaves: 'It's pretty, but is it Art?'

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the Four Great Rivers flow,
And the Wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she left it long ago,
And if we could come when the sentry slept and softly scurry through,
By the favour of God we might know as much—as our father Adam knew.

VI.—BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST.

OH, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Borderside,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
'Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?'
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar:
'If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.
At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair,
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen.'
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of the gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
'Ye shoot like a soldier,' Kamal said. 'Show now if ye can ride.'
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive,
'"Twas only by favour of mine,' quoth he, 'ye rode so long alive:
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee

If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row:
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly.'
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: 'Do good to bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!'
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
'No talk shall be of dogs,' said he, 'when wolf and grey wolf meet.
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?'

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: 'I hold by the blood of my clan:
Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has carried a man!'
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast;
'We be two strong men,' said Kamal then, 'but she loveth the younger best.
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise studded rein,
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain.'
The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,
'Ye have taken the one from a foe,' said he; 'will ye take the mate from a friend?'
'A gift for a gift,' said Kamal straight; 'a limb for the risk of a limb.
Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!'
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
'Now here is thy master,' Kamal said, 'who leads a troop of the Guides,
And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.
Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line

And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur.'

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt:
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
'Ha' done! ha' done!' said the Colonel's son. 'Put up the steel at your sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!'

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

William Butler Yeats.

1866.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, the eldest son of J. B. Yeats, artist, was born at Sandymount, Dublin, on the 13th of June, 1866, but spent most of his childhood in Sligo. He was educated at Godolphin School, Hammersmith, and Erasmus Smith School, Dublin. He was an art student for three years, but gave up art for literature on reaching the age of twenty-one. He published "The Wandering of Oasin" (1889); "John Sherman" (1891); "The Countess Kathleen" (1892); "The Celtic Twilight" (1893); "The Poems of William Blake" (1893); "The Works of William Blake" (with E. J. Ellis) (1893); "A Book of Irish Verse" (1895); "Poems" (1895); "The Secret Rose" (1897); "The Wind Among the Reeds" (1899); "The Shawdory Waters" (1900); "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" (1902); "Ideas of Good and Evil" (1903); "Where There is Nothing" (1903); "In the Seven Woods" (1903); "Hour Glass, and Other Plays"; "The King's Threshold" (1904). He also contributed articles and short stories on Irish folklore subjects to the *National Observer*, and other papers. Mr. Yeats is one who early awakened great expectations which he has not disappointed. His love for, and familiarity, not only with the legends of his native land, but with the hills and valleys that grow greener for their memory and the warm hearts that cherish them, qualify him

to give true expression to Irish feeling and to revive not only the spirit of the national muse, but the natural atmosphere of its environment. Mr. Yeats's verse is characteristically Irish both in choice of theme and manner of treatment. We find, on the one hand, the enshrinement of old legends in a simple, if not artless, form which is altogether free from the suspicion of newness; and, on the other, the celebration of the natural beauty of the greenest of the green isles of the sea as a background and framework for tender expressions of love-longing and natural pictures of rural felicity.

The following poems, some of which originally appeared in "The Second Book of the Rhymers' Club" (1894), are taken from "The Wind Among the Reeds" (1899), by the kind permission of Mr. Elkin Mathews. Of the poet's work in a favourite domain—the realm of faëry—"The Folk of the Air" is an illustration; of the working of a more mystical and parabolic vein, "The Cap and Bells" is an example.

ALFRED H. MILES.

THE WIND AMONG THE REEDS.

1899.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

I.—AEDH TELLS OF THE ROSE IN HIS HEART.

ALL things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old,
The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a lumbering cart,
The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the winter mould,
Are wronging your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart.

The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told;
I hunger to build them anew and sit on a green knoll apart,
With the earth and the sky and the water, remade, like a casket of gold
For my dreams of your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart.

II.—AEDH WISHES FOR THE CLOTHS OF HEAVEN.

HAD I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

III.—THE HOST OF THE AIR.

O'DRISCOLL drove with a song,
The wild duck and the drake,
From the tall and the tufted reeds
Of the drear Hart Lake.

And he saw how the reeds grew dark
At the coming of night tide,
And dreamed of the long dim hair
Of Bridget his bride.

He heard while he sang and dreamed
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls
Who danced on a level place
And Bridget his bride among them,
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him,
And many a sweet thing said,
And a young man brought him red wine
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve,
Away from the merry bands,
To old men playing at cards
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,
For these were the host of the air;
He sat and played in a dream
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men
And thought not of evil chance,
Until one bore Bridget his bride
Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,
The handsomest young man there,
And his neck and his breast and his arms
Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll scattered the cards
And out of the dream awoke:
Old men and young men and young girls
Were gone like a drifting smoke;

But he heard high up in the air
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

IV.—THE CAP AND BELLS.

A JESTER walked in the garden:
The garden had fallen still;
He bade his soul rise upward
And stand on her window-sill.

It rose in a straight blue garment,
When owls began to call:
It had grown wise-tongued by thinking
Of a quiet and light footfall;

But the young queen would not listen;
She rose in her pale night gown;
She drew in the heavy casement
And pushed the latches down.

He bade his heart go to her,
When the owls called out no more
In a red and quivering garment
It sang to her through the door.

It had grown sweet-tongued by dreaming,
Of a flutter of flower-like hair;
But she took up her fan from the table
And waved it off on the air.

"I have cap and bells," he pondered,
"I will send them to her and die;"
And when the morning whitened
He left them where she went by

She laid them upon her bosom,
Under a cloud of her hair,
And her red lips sang them a love song,
Till stars grew out of the air.

She opened her door and her window,
And the heart and the soul came through,
To her right hand came the red one,
To her left hand came the blue.

They set up a noise like crickets,
A chattering wise and sweet,
And her hair was a folded flower,
And the quiet of love in her feet.

V.—THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY.

WHEN I play on my fiddle in Dooney
Folk dance like a wave of the sea
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:
They read in their books of prayers;
ead in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first hrough the gate;

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle
And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"
And dance like a wave of the sea.

Laurence Binyon.

1869.

LAURENCE BINYON was born at Lancaster on the 10th of August, 1869, the second son of the Rev. F. Binyon, and Mary, daughter of R. B. Dockray. He was educated at St. Paul's school and at Trinity College, Oxford, where he won the Newdigate prize with a poem on "Persephone" (1890). After leaving Oxford he spent some time in Germany, and visited Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, the Mediterranean, Corfu, Montenegro, and other places. He has also visited Italy many times where he has sought and found inspiration.

In 1893 he entered the department of printed books at the British Museum, transferring his services to the department of prints and drawings in 1895. In 1890, he joined with three others, Stephen Phillips (his cousin), Manmohan Ghose, and Arthur S. Cripps, in publishing "Primavera," poems by four authors, contributing poems entitled "Youth," "Testamentum Amoris," and "Psyche." He has since published "Lyric Poems" (1894); "London Visions" (1896 and 1898); "The Praise of Life" (1896); "Porphyrion" (1898); "Odes" (1900); "The Death of Adam" (1903); "Dream-Come-True" (1905); "Penthesilea" (1905); and "Paris and Oenone" (1906).

Mr. Binyon's successive volumes have been looked for with expectant interest which has not been disappointed. Fortunately for the reader, I have been allowed to represent them so generously in the following pages that there is little need to criticise or appraise them here. In "London Visions" the poet deals with the scenes which to the casual eye are unattractive if,

indeed, they are not actually repulsive, but with an insight equal to the discovery and an imaginative gift equal to the revelation of the underlying wealth of poverty and the hidden virtues of the vicious. Hence, as has been well said, "scenes sordid and unlovely in themselves assume at his hands a meaning and a beauty beyond that seen by ordinary men." It was after four years' residence in the Cotswolds, and on his return to London where he had spent his boyhood, to take up his duties at the British Museum, that he determined to write poems on London sights, his method being to some extent inspired by the etchings of Rembrandt. who gives unity to the treatment of crowds by strongly focussed light. Thus in "The Fire" he makes the fire itself the protagonist giving unity to the emotions of the watching crowd. The desire, however, to treat life dramatically led Mr. Binyon to experiment in other forms and gave us "Porphyrion," a fine narrative poem in blank verse, of which he has firm and facile control, in which the story is told of a young hermit who is charmed from his desert solitude by a vision of loveliness which tempts him back into the world of life and action in pursuit of herself as a lost ideal. "The Feast" (p. 632), is an episode in the quest which in its treatment fulfils the Miltonic test as "simple, sensuous and passionate." The "Odes" (1901) are six in number and are all devoted to antique subjects. In these the poet experiments with various types and forms, and deals with the supreme climactory moments in great stories. A writer in the *Academy* singled out the "Dryad" for high praise for "classic beauty of diction and sweetness of fancy," but on the whole one inclines to a preference for "The Death of Tristram," the final scene of Part I. of which is given on p. 635.

If the greatest poets are those that deal with the

greatest themes in the greatest manner, Mr. Binyon's treatment of the subject of death entitles him to enter great lists. The subject is one recurrent in Mr. Binyon's poems, and one which he attacks with all the assurance of conscious strength and treats in a manner in which power, weight and dignity are felt throughout. Read in this connection "The Death of Tristram," the "Death of Adam," and the closing lines of "Penthesilea" (1905), which follow here:—

"So they all retired,
And on their side slowly the men of Troy
Drew homeward; but alone Achilles came
Back to the Amazon, propped on the knees
Of dead Harmothoe, and darkling stood
Over her, where she cast her eyes around
And knew the earth and heaven but saw them strange;
Saw the stilled armies and far towers, and light
Upon the great clouds drooping sanguine plumes
On Ida from the zenith over Troy,
Where wept Andromache; brief evening burned
One solemn colour o'er a world at pause;
Last she beheld Achilles: in their eyes
Meeting, the marvel of what might have been
Was with that moment married, as a touch
On thrilling strings wakes from the eternal void
Beauty unending, but the excluded heart
Heaves mutinous in pangs at the dear cost
And pity to be mortal: pangs more keen
Pierced now Achilles gazing, and in smart
He cried, "Thou smilest!" for her countenance changed,
Eased out of anguish under falling calm,
A lightening and release. Now not on him,
Her dying eyes looked, not on him who stood
Meshed in the wrath of his own fiery deeds,
Passionate, yet transfixed, as if the power
Of some Immortal had made vain his might
And helpless his victorious hands; her head
Sank, and her liberated spirit, where
He might not follow, was already flown."

Here, as in "The Death of Adam," the aim is more frankly epic, in which direction our hopes go with him for the future.

"The Death of Adam" (1903) is a blank verse poem; to quote the *Athenæum*, "stately in diction and full of spacious imagery, treating the subject from the human rather than the religious point of view, and so escaping comparison with Milton." The method adopted (to further quote) "is that of Keats in 'Hyperion,' a kind of poetic sculpture; Adam and Eve and their children being like carven groups and hewn statues." This criticism is just, and the result is a massiveness and awe-inspiring dignity not commonly found in the work of our younger poets, and yet, which for all its statuesqueness, is full of blood interest to human sympathy. The short selection given on p. 639 is a powerful picture of consciousness awakened to the realisation of the awful potentiality of the unforeseen, finely conceived and beautifully executed.

Mr. Binyon's outlook on life is strong and hopeful, "The Praise of Life" (1896) gives proof of this. There is a Browningesque ring about the poem beginning—

> "Would'st thou this monster that we name the world."—
> (p. 631).

Mr. Binyon has accomplished much, but if one judges rightly he has much more yet to say, and the world will not weary of his saying it.

ALFRED H. MILES.

1894.

LAURENCE BINYON.

I.—"*I HAVE TOO HAPPY BEEN.*"

I HAVE too happy been,
Some sad Fate envies me.
An arrow she, unseen,
Has fitted to her bow,
And smiling grim, I know,
Let the drawn shaft leap free.

Deep in my side it pierced:
With sudden pain I shook,
And gazed around, the accurst
Perfidious foe to espy.
Lo, only thou art nigh,
With sweet and troubled look!

II.—"*GO NOW, LOVE.*"

GO now, Love,
Since staying's joy no longer!
Leave me to prove
If time can make me stronger!
Nay, look not over thy shoulder so,
Pleading so sweetly to remain,
Where thou workest so much pain:
Look not behind thee, haste and go!

Ah, how shall I
Deal to thee such hard measure,
As force thee fly,
Who brought me heavenly pleasure?
Take pity, Love, and be kind
To him who could not refuse thee!
Is it not grief enough to lose thee?
Haste, O haste, nor look behind!

III.—PINE TREES.

DOWN through the heart of the dim woods
The laden, jolting waggons come.
Tall pines, chained together,
They carry, stems straight and bare;
Now no more in their own solitudes
With proud heads to rock and hum;
Now at the will of men to fare
Away from their brethren, their forest friends
In the still woods; through wild weather
Alone to endure to the world's ends:
Soon to feel the power of the North
Careering over dark waves' foam;
Soon to exchange for the steady earth,
Heaving decks; for the scents of home,
Honeyed wild thyme, gorse and heather,
The sting of the spray, the bitter air.

LONDON VISIONS.

1896.

LAURENCE BINYON.

I.—WHITECHAPEL HIGH ROAD.

LUSTY life her river pours
Along a road of shining shores.
The moon of August beams
Mild as upon her harvest slopes; but here
From man's full breath'd abounding earth
Exiled she walks, as one of alien birth,
The pale neglected foster-mother of dreams.
For windows with resplendent stores
Along the pavement dazzle and outstare
The booths that front them; there,
To the throng which loiters by in laughing streams
Babble the criers, and 'mid eager sounds
The flaming torches toss to the wind their hair,
And ruddy in trembling waves the light
Flushes cheeks of wondering boys
Assembled, their lips parted and eyes bright,
As the medicine-seller his magic herb expounds,
Or some old man displays his painted toys.
Deaf with the vacant stillness of the tomb,
At intervals a road deserted gapes,
Where Night shrinks back into her proper gloom,
Frighted by boisterous flare
Of the flame, that now through a cluster of green grapes
Shines wanly, or on striped apple and smooth pear
Flits blushing; now on rug or carpet spread
In view of the merry buyers, the rude dyes
Re-crimsons, or an antic shadow throws
Over the chestnut brazier's glowing eyes;
And now the sleeping head
Of a gipsy child in his dim corner shows,
Huddled against a canvas wall, his bed

An ancient sack: nor torch nor hundred cries
Awake him from his sweet profound repose.
But thou, divine moon, with thine equal beam
Dispensing patience, stealest unawares
The thoughts of many that pass sorrowful on
Else undiverted, amid the crowd alone:
Embroiderest with beauties the worn theme
Of trouble; to a fancied harbour calm
Steerest the widow's ship of heavy cares;
And on light spirits of lovers, radiant grown,
Droppest an unimaginable balm.
Yet me to-night thy peace rejoices less
Than this warm human scene, that of rude earth
Pleasantly savours, nor dissembles mirth,
Nor grief, nor passion: sweet to me this press
Of life unnumbered, where if hard distress
Be tyrant, hunger is not fed
Nor misery pensioned with the ill-tasting bread
Of pity; but such help as earth ordains
Betwixt her creatures, bound in common pains,
Brother from brother without prayer obtains.

II.—THE STATUES.

TARRY a moment, happy feet,
That to the sound of laughter glide!
O glad ones of the evening street,
Behold what forms are at your side!

You conquerors of the toilsome day
Pass by with laughter, labour done;
But these within their durance stay,
Their travail sleeps not with the sun.

They, like dim statues without end,
Their patient attitudes maintain;
Your triumphing bright course attend,
But from your eager ways abstain.

Now, if you chafe in secret thought,
A moment turn from light distress,
And see how Fate on these hath wrought,
Who yet so deeply acquiesce.

Behold them, stricken, silent, weak,
The maimed, the mute, the halt, the blind,
Condemned in hopeless hope to seek
The thing which they shall never find.

They haunt the shadows of your ways
In masks of perishable mould;
Their souls a changing flesh arrays,
But they are changeless from of old.

Their lips repeat an empty call,
But silence wraps their thought around.
On them like snow the ages fall,
Time muffles all this transient sound.

When Shalmaneser pitched his tent
By Tigris, and his flag unfurled,
And forth his summons proudly sent
Into the new unconquered world;

Or when with spears Cambyses rode
Through Memphis and her bending slaves,
Or first the Tyrian gazed abroad
Upon the bright vast outer waves;

When sages, star-instructed men,
To the young glory of Babylon
Foreknew no ending, even then
Innumerable years had flown,

Since first the chisel in her hand
Necessity, the sculptor took,
And in her spacious meaning planned
These forms, and that eternal look;

These foreheads, moulded from afar,
  These soft unfathomable eyes,
Gazing from darkness like a star,
  These lips whose grief is to be wise.

As from the mountain marble rude,
  The growing statue rises fair,
She from immortal patience hewed
  The limbs of ever-young despair.

There is no bliss so new and dear,
  It hath not them far off allured.
All things that we have yet to fear
  They have already long endured.

Nor is there any sorrow more
  Than hath ere now befallen these,
Whose gaze is as an opening door
  On wild interminable seas.

O youth, run fast upon thy feet,
  With full joy haste thee to be filled,
And out of moments brief and sweet
  Thus shall a power for ages build.

Does thy heart falter? Here, then, seek
  What strength is in thy kind! With pain
Immortal bowed, these mortals weak
  Gentle and unsubdued remain.

IN PRAISE OF LIFE.

1896.

LAURENCE BINYON.

WOULDST thou this monster that we name the world,
Who round the envied tree of blissful fruit
Lies like a dragon curled
In jealous watch, our venture to dispute;
Wouldst thou that she were smoothly negligent,
By any pleader bent;
A tender judge, to tears and pity prone,
She that on love defeated builds her throne,
The spoiler strong, sanguine with our despairs,
She that the traitor in us holds in fee,
Rich with our woes, with our fears cruel, she
Whose easy wisdom the sad heart ensnares?

Rather rejoice that the immortal foe
To truceless war our weapons challenges.
She hath her task to do,
Her maw to fill, her rages to appease;
Nor less because the noble rebel claims
Exemption from her shames,
Is of her native harshness justified.
Sharp be our swords, trebly our armour tried,
Our hearts enduring and relentless be,
To look her 'twixt the eyes as conquering men
And take her worst of wounds. For then, oh then,
If we can bear our freedom, we are free.

FORPHYRION AND OTHER POEMS.

1898.

LAURENCE BINYON.

SELECTION FROM BOOK III.—THE FEAST.

THUS wandering aimlessly he found
His feet upon a marble stair; in face
A porch rose; issuing was a festal sound,
That drew him onward out of the lone night.
Halting upon the threshold he gazed in.

Pillars in lovely parallel sustained
A roof of shadowed snow, enkindled warm
From torches pedestalled in order bright;
Amid whose brilliance at a banquet sat,
Crowned with sweet garlands, revellers, and cups
Lifted in laughing, boisterous pledge, or gazed
Earnest in joy on their proud paramours.
Pages, with noiseless tripping feet, had borne
The feast aside; and now the brimming wine
From frosted flagons blushed, and the spread board
Showed the soft cheek of apricot, or glory
Of orange burning from a dusk of leaves,
Cloven pomegranates brimmed with ruby cells,
Great melons purpling to the frosty core,
And mountain strawberries. Beyond, less bright,
Was hung mysterious magnificence
Of tapestry, where, with ever-moving feet,
A golden Triumph followed banners waved
O'er captive arms, and slender trumpets blew
To herald a calm hero charioted.

Just when a music, melted from above,
Over the feasters flowed, and softly fixed
The listening gaze, and stilled the idle hand,
Porphyrion entered; all those faces flushed,
Lights, flowers and laughter, and the trembling wine,
And hushing melody, and happy fume
Of the clear torches burning Indian balm,
Clouded his brain with sweetness, like a waft
Of perished youth returned; those wonders held
His eyes, yet were as things he might not touch,
And, if he stretched his hand out, they would fade.

Then he remembered whom he sought. A pang
Disturbed him; eager with bright eyes inspired
Through those that would have stayed his feet, he stole
Nearer to bliss. They all regarded him
Astonished: in their joyful throng he seemed
An apparition: darkly the long hair
Hung on his shoulders, and his form was frail.
Some cried, then all were silent; a strange want
Woke in their sated breasts, and wonder dread
Troubled them, whence had come and what required
This messenger unknown. But he passed on,
And in each woman's face with questioning gaze,
Dazzled by nearer splendour, looked and sought,
Doubtful.

Already one, whose arm was laid
Around the shoulder of her paramour,
Stayed him, so deep into his heart she looked,
Biting her pearly necklace; in her robe
Was moonlight shivering over purple seas.
Encountering, their spirits parleyed, then
Unwillingly he drew his eyes away.
Another, clothed as in the fiery bloom
Of cloud at evening changing o'er the sun,
Backward reclining, under lids half-closed

Gazed, and a moment held him at her feet;
Until at last one turned and dazzled him,
Of whose attire he knew not, so her face
With sun-like glory drew him: he approached,
And she, presiding beauteous and adored
Queen of that perfumed feast, beckoned him on.
Her bosom heaved, the music from her ears
Faded, and from her sated sense the glow
Of empty mirth; far lovelier were in him
Sorrow and youth, and wonder and desire.
Forward she leaned, and showed a vacant place
By her, and he came near and sat him down,
Charm-stricken also, whispering, "Art thou she?"
She said no word, but to his shining eyes
Answered, and of the red pomegranate fruit
Gave him to eat, and golden wine to drink,
And with pale honeyed roses crowned his hair.
All marvelled, and with murmur looked on him
As, high exalted over realms of joy,
He sat in glory, and sweet incense breathed
Of that dominion, riches in a cloud
Descending, and before his feet prepared
The world in bloom, and in his eyes the dream
Of destiny excelled, and rushing thoughts
Radiant, and beauty by his side enthroned.

ODES.

1901.

LAURENCE BINYON.

I.—THE DEATH OF TRISTRAM.

(CLOSING LINES.)

ISOULT is come! Victorious saints above,
Who suffered anguish ere to bliss you died,
Have pity on him whom Love so sore hath tried,
Who sinned, yet greatly suffered for his love.
That dear renouncéd love when now he sees,
Heavy with joy, he sinks upon his knees.
O, had she wings to lift her to his side!
But she is far below
Where the spray breaks upon the rusted rail
And rock-hewn steps, and there
Stands gazing up, and lo!
Tristram, how faint and pale!
A pity overcomes her like despair.
How shall her strength avail
To conquer that steep stair
Dark, terrible, and ignorant as Time,
Up which her feet must climb
To Tristram? His outstretching arms are fain
To help her, yet are helpless; and his pain
Is hers, and her pain Tristram's; with long sighs
She mounts, then halts again,
Till she have drawn strength from his love-dimmed
eyes;
But when that wasted face anew she sees,
Despair anew subdues her knees:
She fails, yet still she mounts by sad degrees,

With all her soul into her gaze upcast,
Until at last, at last . . .
What tears are like the wondering tears
Of that entranced embrace,
When out of desolate and divided years
Face meets belovèd face?
What cry most exquisite of grief or bliss
The too full heart shall tell,
When the new-recovered kiss
Is the kiss of last farewell?

II.—AUTUMN MOONRISE.

LAMP that risest lone
From thy secret place,
Like a sleeper's face,
Charged with thoughts unknown,

Strange thoughts, unexpressed
In thy brightening beam,
Strangeness more than dream
Upon earth e'er guessed!

Strange thou gleam'st as some
Eastern marble old,
Scrawled with runes that hold
Histories, yet are dumb.

But thy viewless hand
Out of whelming night
Waves the woods to light,
Summons up the land!

Sea that merged in sky,
To its far bound shines,
And thy touch defines
Our infinity.

Now the murmuring coast
Glistens; rocks are there,
And what most was bare
Thou enrichest most.

Far through granite caves
Diving glide thy beams,
Till the dark roof gleams
Laced with hovering waves.

O'er the white walls glide,
Through the lattice creep,
Where the lovers sleep,
Bridegroom by his bride.

Soft their wakened eyes
From a deep bliss gaze
On those marvellous rays
New from Paradise.

In the self-same hour,
Whitening Russian plains,
On sad exile trains
Thou hast also power.

No more kindly gloom
Veils from them despair;
Near and clear and bare
They behold their doom.

Bowed, they see their own
Shadows on the snow,
And the way they go
Endlessly alone.

Aching, chained, footsore,
Through the waste they wind,
All their joy behind,
Nought but grief before.

O thou sleeper's face,
Whence hast thou this gift
So much to uplift,
And so much to abase?

Lovers' happier dream,
Exiles' heavier pain,
Thou on each dost rain
Beam on radiant beam.

Changed in thy control,
Though no leaf hath stirred,
Though no breath was heard,
Lie both world and soul.

THE DEATH OF ADAM AND OTHER POEMS.

1904.

LAURENCE BINYON.

I.—SELECTION.—"BUT ADAM SHOOK HIS HEAD."

BUT Adam shook his head and answered not.
For he was like a shepherd who hath lit
A fire to warm him on the mountain side
In the first chill after the summer heats,
And drowsing by the embers wakes anon
With wonder-frighted eyes, to see the sparks
Blowing astray run kindling over grass
And withered heath and bushes of dry furze,
And ere his heavy senses, pricked with smoke,
Uncloud, the white fire rushes from his reach,
Leaps to embrace the tall pines, tossing up
A surge of trembling stars, and eagerly
Roars through their topmost branches, wide aflame,
While all around enormous shadows rock
And wrestle, as tumultuous light o'errides
The darkness as with charging spears and plumes,
Till the whole hillside reddens, and beyond
Far mountains waken flushed out of the night;
Then he who ignorantly had started up
This wild exulting glory from its sleep,
Forgets to stir his steps or wring his hands;
The swiftness and the radiance and the sound
Beget a kind of rapture in his dread;
Like that amazed shepherd Adam saw
His race, sprung out of darkness, fill the earth
Increasing swift and terrible like fire
That feeds on all it ruins, wave on wave
Streaming impetuous without rest or pause

Right onward to the boundaries of the world;
And he how helpless who had caused it all!
So stood his soul still in a gaze of awe,
Filled with a foretaste of calamity;
And his lips broke into a groaning cry,
"What is this thing that I have done, what doom
My children, have I wakened for you all?
O could I see the end, but end is none.
My thoughts are carried from me and they faint
As birds that come from out the farthest sky,
Voyaging to a home far, far beyond,
Sink in our valley on a drooping wing
Quite wearied out, yea, we have seen them sink;
So my thoughts faint within my bosom old:
The vision is too vast; I am afraid."

II.—TO THE SUMMER NIGHT.

A SULTRY perfume of voluptuous June
Enchants the air still breathing of warm day;
But now the impassioned Night draws over, soon
To fold me, in this high hollow, quite away
From oaken groves beneath and glimmering bay
And valley rock-bestrewn;
From all but shadowy leaves and scented ground
And this intense blue slowly deepening round,
From all but thoughts of beauty and delight,
And thee that stealest as with hair unbound
O'er the hushed earth, and lips sighing, enamoured Night.

Not the fair vestal of the Spring's cold sky,
But flushed from the ancestral East, thy home,
Drowsing the land, thou stirrest joy to a sigh,
Longing to passion and wild thoughts, that roam
As through those hungering Asian forests come

Panthers of ardent eye;
While over worlds wandering extravagant,
Like some divine and naked Corybant
Thou movest; dark woods tremble and suspire,
And mortal spirits for life's full fountain pant,
As in content awakes the genius of desire.

Richer than jewelled Indian realm is thine,
O stepper from the mountain tops! for whom
On viewless branches of the heavenly vine
The white stars cluster faint or thickly bloom
Through the sapphire abyss of glowing gloom.
Press out a magic wine
For me—I thirst—from that intensest height,
Where even our keen thought, outsoaring sight,
Faints and despairs, ay, from some virgin star
Brim me a cup of that untreasured light
Lone in a world unreached, abounding and afar!

Most far is now most dear. Blot out the near!
Lost is the earth beneath me, lost the day's
Removed ambition, all that fretful sphere
Drowned in the dark, and quenched its trivial praise.
I would behold beyond a mortal's gaze,
Behold ev'n now, ev'n here,
The beauty strange, the ecstacy extreme,
Of what should this divine gloom best beseem,
The bosom of a goddess or her hair,
Invisible and fragrant—gliding dream,
Yet near as my heart beating, of such charm aware.

Why have we toiled so patiently to bend
This bow of arduous life? Unto what mark?
For what have set to our desire no end,
Steered to the utmost stormy sea our bark,
Piercing with eagle thought the frozen dark,

Been bold and gay to spend
Our warm blood, hazarded wild odds, and let
The bright world perish? What far prize to get?
What thing is this no speech could ever frame,
Nor hundred creeds ever imprison yet?
We breathe for it, and die, yet never named its name.

Star-trembling night, mother of songs unsung
And leaves unborn beneath the barren rind,
Who findest for forbidden hope a tongue,
Who treasurest most the treasure undivined
And flowers that banquet but the careless wind;
To whom all joy is young;
Prophetess of the fire that one day leaping
Shall burn the world's corruption, of the sleeping
Swords that shall strike down tyrants from their thrones,
Mother of faith, our frail thought onward sweeping,
Breathe nearer, whisper close, spells of the dear unknown.

O of thy ated children number me!
Now while the alien day deep-sunken lies
And only the awakened soul may see,
Far from the lips that flatter or despise,
Foster my fond hope with thy certainties
From time's subjection free,
That I may woo from some bare branch a flower,
Yea, from this world a beauty and a power
She gives not of herself; sustain me still
Through the harsh day, through every taming hour,
To find thy promise truth, thy secret grace fulfil.

III.—A HYMN OF LOVE.

O HUSH, sweet birds, that linger in lonely song!
Hold in your evening fragrance, wet May bloom!
But drooping branches and leaves that greenly throng,
Darken and cover me over in tenderer gloom!
As a water-lily unclosing on some shy pool,
Filled with rain, upon tremulous water lying,
With joy afraid to speak, yet fain to be sighing
Its riches out, my heart is full, too full.

Votaries that have veiled their secret shrine
In veils of incense falteringly that rise,
And stealing in milky clouds of wavering line
Round soaring pillars hang like adoring sighs,
They watch the smoke ascending soft as thought,
Till wide in the fragrant dimness peace is shed,
And out of their perfect vision the world is fled,
Because the heart sees pure when the eye sees not.

I too will veil my joy that is too divine
For my heart to comprehend or tongue to speak.
The whole earth is my temple, and Love the shrine,
That all the hearts of the world worship and seek.
But the incense cloud I burn to veil my bliss
Is woven of air and water and living sun,
Colour and odour, and music and light, made one,
Come down, O Night, and take from me all but this.

I dreamed of wonders strange in a strange air;
But this my joy, my dream, my wonder, is near
As grass to the earth, that clings so close and fair,
Nourished by all it nourishes. O most dear,
I dreamed of beauty pacing enchanted ground;
But you with beauty over my waiting soul,

As the blood steals over the cheek at a heart-throb,
stole!
In the beating of my heart I have known you, I have
found.

Incredulous world be far, and tongues profane!
For now in my spirit there burns a steadfast faith.
No longer I fear you, earth's sad bondage vain,
Nor prison walls of Time, nor the gates of Death.
For the marvel that was most marvellous is most true;
To the music that moves the universe moves my heart,
And the song of the starry worlds I sing apart,
In the night and shadow and stillness, Love, for you.

AC ETIAM.

I.

THE literature of our time presents many examples of writers who, in a professional sense, unite the *rôle* of the critic with that of the poet, and for the purposes of comparative criticism it may be necessary to differentiate between those who may be said to be critics first, and poets afterwards, and *vice versâ*. Without attempting this here, it will be convenient, in dealing with a number of writers who, for a variety of reasons (though in some cases fully entitled in point of merit) have not been included in the foregoing pages, to group such as have a natural affinity; and first among such groups we shall deal with those who are critics first and poets afterwards, either by priority of publication, quality of workmanship, or proportion of performance. That many great poets have been critics in a greater or less degree is of course true, some like Coleridge and Matthew Arnold attaining to almost equal eminence in both departments of literature. On the other hand, even greater poets may be named who, like Tennyson, have been content to remain relatively poets pure and simple. How much poetry has suffered by the divided *rôle* of the former, or how much criticism may have lost by the singleness of devotion of the latter, is a speculative inquiry scarcely profitable to follow even if time and space availed for its discussion. Except in very rare

cases man cannot live by poetry alone; and while this is so, journalism and criticism will continue to offer suitable means for necessary provision, though it cannot be but that poetry must suffer both from the divided interests involved, and from the condition of things which makes it possible for A to publish a volume of poems to-day, and to write half a dozen anonymous reviews of B's poems to appear in as many papers to-morrow. Of poet-critics a number have been dealt with in their proper places, and it only remains for us to treat of several who, as already stated, for various reasons may be more conveniently dealt with here.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE (1844—1896)., long known as an able and conscientious critic, published in 1887 a small volume of poems under the modest title of "Verses of a Prose Writer." As might be expected from the title, the contents were simple, unaffected expressions of natural feeling, altogether free from ambition and exaggeration. Graceful fancy and sober reflectiveness rather than fiery imagination characterise Mr. Noble's verse, and his poems are rather the spontaneous outcome of the fragmentary leisure of a busy life than the result of set purpose and determined effort. "The Horizon" is one of these little snatches of song:—

THE HORIZON.

"Oh would, oh would that thou and I,
Now this brief day of love is past,
Could toward the sunset straightway fly
And fold our wearied wings at last
There, where the sea-line meets the sky.

"A sweet thing and a strange 'twould be
Thus, thus to break our prison bars,
And know that we at last were free
As voiceful waves and silent stars,—
There, where the sky-line meets the sea.

"But vain the longing! thou and I,
As we have been must ever be,
Yet thither, wind, oh waft my sigh,
There, where the sky-line meets the sea,—
There, where the sea-line meets the sky."

Some of Mr. Noble's verses, notably those entitled "Poems of the Inner Life," show a deeper motive and a more earnest purpose. Of his more imaginative work "Without a Mask" and "The Broken Goblet" may be cited, while his lighter touch is illustrated by such poems as "In Fairyland." The writer's yearning after the beautiful, whether real or ideal, finds expression in "Our Dream":—

OUR DREAM.

"Perchance to men it may not be given
To know things real from things that seem;
If, living on earth, we dream of heaven
Why, then, I hold it better to dream.

"Let us dream on 'mid the splendid shadows
That make existence a gladsome thing,
The dim deep woods and the flowery meadows
Where fairies frolic and skylarks sing;

"Where bright shapes linger, and angel faces
Glow in the gleam of a visioned day,
And o'er the uplands on grassy spaces
Fond lovers wander, fair children play.

"Let us dream still, then, nor strive to sever
Things that are real from things that seem,
Let us slumber on for ever and ever
And know no waking from life's glad dream."

Of his successful manipulations of freer lyrical measures we may quote "An Invitation," an appeal which one would think could hardly fail of an immediate response:—

AN INVITATION.

"Come when Spring touches with gentle finger
The snows that linger
Among the hills;
When to our homestead return the swallows,
And in the hollows
Bloom daffodils.

"Or, if thou tarry, come with the Summer,
That welcome comer,
Welcome as he;
When noon-tide sunshine beats on the meadow,
A seat in shadow
We'll keep for thee.

"Or, if it please thee, come to the reaping,
When to safe keeping
They bring the sheaves;
When Autumn decketh with coloured splendour
And pathos tender
The dying leaves.

"Or come and warm us when Winter freezes,
And northern breezes
Are keen and cold,
With loving glances, and close hand-pressings,
And fervent blessings
That grow not old.

"Nay! do not linger; for each to-morrow
Will break in sorrow
If thou delay:
Come to us quickly; our hearts are burning
With fervent yearning:
Come, come to-day."

Mr. Noble's essay on "The Sonnet in England," published with other essays (1893), may be regarded

as one of the most important contributions to sonnet literature, and his own sonnets have a charm and power which the following will evidence :—

I.

GEORGE ELIOT.

(CHRISTMAS EVE, 1880.)

"Thy prayer is granted : thou hast joined the Choir
Invisible ; the Choir whose music makes
Life's discords grow to harmonies, and takes
Us unawares with sounds that are as fire
And light and melody in one. We tire
Of weary noon and night, of dawn that breaks
Only to bring again the cares, the aches,
The meannesses that drag us to the mire :

"When lo ! amid life's din we catch thy clear
Large utterances from the lucid upper air,
Bidding us wipe away the miry stain,
And scale the stainless stars, and have no fear
Save the one dread of forfeiting our share
In the deep joy that follows noble pain."

II.

BARREN DAYS.

"What of these barren days which bring no flowers
To gladden with fair tints and odours sweet,—
No fruits that with their virgin bloom entreat
Violence from rose-red lips that in dim bowers
Pout with a thirsty longing ? Summer showers
Softly but vainly fall about my feet,
The air is languid with the summer heat
That warms in vain :—what of these barren hours ?

"I know not : I can wait nor haste to know ;
The daily vision serves the daily need ;
It may be some revealing hour shall show
That while my sad sick heart did inly bleed
Because no blossom came nor fruit did grow
An angel hand had sowed celestial seed."

Mr. Noble was born in Liverpool in the year 1844.

He has published "The Pelican Papers," "Morality in English Fiction," "The Sonnet in England, and other Essays," etc., etc., and has contributed to many of the critical journals of his time. He died on Good Friday, April 3, 1896.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK, younger son of Sir W. F. Pollock, was born in London in the year 1850. He received his education at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1871, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1874. He early turned his attention to literature, and delivered lectures with considerable success at the Royal Institution, London, and at various other places, on historical and literary themes. His published works comprise "Lectures on French Poets," a volume full of interesting criticism; "The Picture's Secret," a novel which somehow failed to make any conspicuous mark; "Songs and Rhymes, English and French"; "Verse of Two Tongues," and "The Poet and the Muse," a metrical translation, with an introduction from Alfred de Musset's "Nuits." After holding for some time the post of assistant-editor of the *Saturday Review*, Mr. Pollock in 1884 was entrusted with the sole editorial charge of that journal. The verse of Mr. Pollock is somewhat deficient in immediately arresting qualities. It has grace and fluency rather than strength, and we feel a lack of the impulse of strong passion or mastering imagination. No criticism, however, is more sterile than that which lays stress on mere negations and ignores positive charms, and that the latter are largely present in Mr. Pollock's poetical work will not be denied by any reader with quick feeling for the delicacies

of emotion and expression. There is no parade of scholarship, but the cultivated reticence, the precision of phrase, and the absence of all strain after the cheap effectiveness of eccentricity assure us that we are making acquaintance with the work of a scholar who holds fealty to the best traditions of literature, and who knows where to seek and how to study the models of supreme excellence. Horace and Heine, as well as Alfred de Musset, have probably influenced Mr. Pollock, and he has absorbed some of the Venusian's light graceful sentiment, some of the German's subtle irony. The poem entitled 'Heinrich Heine" is a fine characterisation, with something of the master's manner.

"This was a singer, a poet bold,
Compact of Fire and Rainbow Gold:
Compact of Rainbow Gold and of Fire,
Of sorrow and sin and of heart's desire—

Of good and of evil and things unknown,
A merciless poet who cut to the bone.
He sounded the depths of our grief and our gladness,
He laughed at our mirth and he wept at our madness;
He knew all the joy of the world, all the strife,
He knew, and he knew not, the meaning of life."

This is a good example of Mr. Pollock's work in his serious mood. His lighter touch is seen in "Father Francis."

"'I come your sin-rid souls to shrive—
Is this the way wherein ye live?'
We lightly think of virtue,
Enjoyment cannot hurt you.

'Ye love. Hear then of chivalry,
Of gallant truth and constancy.'
We find new loves the meetest,
And stolen kisses sweetest.

"'Voices ye have. Then should ye sing
In praise of heaven's mighty king.'
We deem it is our duty
To chant our darlings' beauty.

"'Strait are the gates of worldly pleasure;
The joy beyond no soul can measure.'
Alas! we are but mortal,
And much prefer the portal.

"'Nay, sons: then must I leave ye so;
But lost will be your souls, I trow.'
Nay, Father, make you merry;
Come, drawer, bring some sherry.

"'Me drink? Old birds are not unwary—
Still less—Ha—well—'tis fine canary.'
Mark how his old blood prances—
A stoup for Father Francis!

"'Your wine, my sons, is wondrous good,
And hath been long time in the wood.'
Mark how his old eye dances—
More wine for Father Francis!

"'A man, my sons—a man, I say,
Might well drink here till judgment day.
Now for soft words and glances—
But where is Father Francis?

"'Heed me, my sons, I pray, no more;
I always sleep upon the floor.'
Alas! for old wine's chances,
A shutter for Father Francis!"

HENRY BELLYSE BAILDON was born at Granton in 1849. At school, from whence he proceeded to Edinburgh University, he was a contemporary of Robert Louis Stevenson, with whom he worked upon a local magazine, contributing rival translations of the classics. His volumes of verse are "First Fruits and Shed Leaves" (1873); "Rosamund: a Tragic Drama" (1875); "Morning Clouds" (1877); and "The Spirit of Nature" (1880). Mr.

Baildon has also acted as honorary secretary of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institute, and of the University Extension Scheme in Edinburgh, in connection with which latter he has lectured on literature and modern poetry. Mr. Baildon's verse embraces many varieties of form, from the ballad to the ode and the drama. The Ballads are too long for reproduction here, and the Drama is not easily quotable within possible limits. "Calm at Ebb of Tide" may, however, serve as an illustration of Mr. Baildon's powers of observation and description of nature.

"Silent in the grey morning lies the sea,
Withdrawn from naked pier and desolate shore,
Where lie the wan pools in perplexity,
Lest the strong wave return to them no more.
Around the wet rock clings the clotted weed,
It hangs dank tresses from each blackened spar,
The grey-sailed ships that have forgot their speed
Against the mist-wall'd distance stand afar
And shoreward send their broken images,
For though no wave there is to shatter these,
Yet the long ripples slowly shoreward creep,
As though the sea breathed faint beneath her marbled sleep."

The verses "To Fame," which preface the "Morning Clouds" volume, may also be quoted.

TO FAME.

"O haughty mistress, by a shadowed door,
I wait and listen for thy feet within;
I hear the tread of clowns upon thy floor,
Brattle of warriors, talkers' wordy din:
These dine with these, and pass, and come no more.
Not like to one of these would I come in.

"I stand without, as patient-proud as thou,
Who may'st not hear my knocking for the din;—
And half I hope thou wilt not hear me now,
Or, hearing, wilt not pause to let me in;
Still am I bound, as by a knightly vow,
Once having wooed, to perish or to win.

"Nay; not as these would I to banquet come
To swagger it a season in thy hall,
Guest for a night at thy symposium,
To pass at cloaked Oblivion's silent call;—
Nay, mistress, for my soul is mettlesome,
I come thy lover, if I come at all.

"So shalt thou hide me in a curtained place,
And whisper of my name in gentle wise,
Making clear twilight with thy shadowed face,—
A chastened splendour from thy reverent eyes;
And thus, apart from clamour or disgrace,
Shall I abide in all men's memories.

"Thus would I have it, though I often doubt
It may not be. Though men have made thee Pope
To canonize or curse us, and thy shout
Hold for an oracle, thou dost but grope.
But I, I am content to be without,
For still I love the shadow and the hope.

"And sweet the alley here wherein I wait,
So dear that I forget whereto it goes,
And wander careless to thine outer gate,
And tread upon the deep-mossed graves of those
Who died without thy door disconsolate—
Perchance to share their reverent repose!

"Or, it may be, if thou relent at last,
And pity me upon thy doorway stones,
That, opening for me, thou shalt pause aghast
At my dead face, and make repentant moans,—
Bear me within thy mausoleum vast,
And make thy vain lament above my bones.'

H. T. MACKENZIE BELL, who has contributed numerous articles to this work, and whose sympathetic interest in its inception and preparation the Editor gratefully recalls, was born in Liverpool on the 2nd of March, 1856. He first published "Keeping the Vow and other Verses," in 1879, followed by "Verses of Varied Life" (1882), and "Old Year Leaves" (1883). In 1884 he published "A Forgotten Genius: Charles Whitehead," a sympathetic biography, and in the following years contributed critical articles to various journals and to this work. In 1893 appeared "Spring's Immortality, and other Poems," a volume which has run through several editions. "Pictures of Travel" followed in 1898, the year of issue of his biographical and critical study of Christina Rossetti, with whom he had enjoyed close personal friendship. "Taking the Flag and other Recitations" (1900); "Poetical Tributes to the Memory of Queen Victoria," with a foreword; and "Collected Poems" followed in 1901. Never physically robust, his literary career has been one of unflagging and strenuous industry. His critical prose has sympathy and discrimination; and if his verse lacks equality of excellence, it is at least simple and sincere.

Of his best work the following graceful sonnet, "Old Year Leaves," is a good example:—

OLD YEAR LEAVES.

"Tossed by the storms of Autumn, chill and drear,
The leaves fall auburn-tinted, and the trees
Stand reft and bare, yet on the silent leas
The leaves lie drifted still—while cold, austere,
Stern Winter waits—while early snowdrops cheer
The Woodland shadows—while the happy bees
Are wakened by the balmy western breeze,
And birds and boughs proclaim that Spring is here.

So lost hopes severed by the stress of life
Lie all unburied yet before our eyes,
Though none but we regard their mute decay;
And ever amid this stir and moil and strife
Fresh aims and growing purposes arise
Above the faded hopes of yesterday."

HORACE G. GROSER was born in London in 1863. He has published "Atlantis and Other Poems" (1889) and "Little Folks Land" (1895). He has a tender feeling for nature and for children, and a love of the heroic in life. The later quality he has shown in some spirited ballads and in a series of monographs of "Oliver Cromwell," "Lord Roberts," "Lord Kitchener," etc.; also in "Out with the Old Voyagers" (1895). Of Mr. Groser's quiet poetic work, "Acro-Corinth, April 26th, 1888," is a pleasing example. It was published in the *Universal Review*.

"With broad bright belt of sands the Isthmus lay
Parting the blue swell of converging seas;
The embattled mount, that once upon her knees
Cradled a mighty city, drew the day
In shining folds about her. Not with breath
Of boisterous winds and stir of orchard song
Came Summer here, but with a subtle, strong
Enchantment, a great silence that beneath
Was resonant of voices such as tease
The dull ears of a dreamer in his dreams.
No herd-boy's shout, no plash of woodland streams
Broke the wide calm, nor sway of whispering trees.

"Trampling through fragrant growths all day beset
With dusty bees in whose low utterance lives
The rapt soul of the South, that seldom strives
With hurrying Time, nor feels Life's fever-fret—

Down slender pathways stone-bestrewn, we came,
Athirst, and by the rock-ledge far below
Were pitchered maidens grouped about the flow
Of a clear fount whose many-memoried name
Shone like the leap of its own limpid rill.
Swiftly with sunburnt hands all courteously
They drew, nor yet had gleamed to sun and sky
That brimming draught cold from the hollow hill.

"So the great world to-day with eager lips
Stoops to the old springs, that from age to age
Have gushed to cheer man's strenuous pilgrimage
O'er the hill-paths where oft the footstep slips.
There, where the noon glares and no shadows lie,
And tired the will grows with the tiring feet,
No new loud streams can yield a draught so sweet
As welled for weary souls in years gone by.
Still may we climb, still toil, attempt, achieve,
But still for rest to these shall we return;
On unworn tracks for the old founts we yearn,
And pitchers new the old cool wave receive."

ARTHUR SYMONS, who has contributed articles on Swinburne, Christina Rossetti, and others to this work, and whose writings are familiar to the readers of the *Academy* and other critical journals, was born February 28th, 1865. He published "Days and Nights" (1889) and "Silhouettes" (1892), from which works space prevents us from quoting as largely as we could wish. The former volume contains some bold dramatic studies and spirited ballads, of which "The Knife-Thrower" (perhaps the best), "Red Bredbury's End," and "A Café Singer" may be mentioned. Of the sonnets we may quote "The Opium-Smoker."

THE OPIUM-SMOKER.

"I am engulfed, and drown deliciously.
Soft music like a perfume, and sweet light
Golden with audible odours exquisite,
Swathe me with cerements for eternity.

Time is no more. I pause and yet I flee.
A million ages wrap me round with night.
I drain a million ages of delight.
I hold the future in my memory.
Also I have this garret which I rent,
This bed of straw, and this that was a chair,
This worn-out body like a tattered tent,
This crust, of which the rats have eaten part,
This pipe of opium; rage, remorse, despair;
This soul at pawn and this delirious heart."

The "Silhouettes," as their title indicates, are much slighter, and therefore much more quotable compositions. The following may speak for themselves:—

AFTER SUNSET.

"The sea lies quieted beneath
The after-sunset flush
That leaves upon the heaped grey clouds
The grape's faint purple blush.

"Pale, from a little space in heaven
Of delicate ivory,
The sickle-moon and one gold star
Look down upon the sea."

IN BOHEMIA.

"Drawn blinds and flaring gas within,
And wine, and women, and cigars;
Without, the city's heedless din;
Above, the white unheeding stars.

"And we, alike from each remote,
The world that works, the heaven that waits,
Con our brief pleasures o'er by rote,
The favourite pastime of the Fates.

"We smoke, to fancy that we dream,
And drink, a moment's joy to prove,
And fain would love, and only seem
To love because we cannot love.

"Draw back the blinds, put out the light:
'Tis morning, let the daylight come.
God! how the women's cheeks are white,
And how the sunlight strikes us dumb!"

AFTER LOVE

"O to part now, and, parting now,
Never to meet again
To have done for ever, I and thou,
With joy, and so with pain.

"It is too hard, too hard to meet
As friends, and love no more;
Those other meetings were too sweet
That went before.

And I would have, now love is over,
An end to all, an end:
I cannot, having been your lover,
Stoop to become your friend!"

TO A PORTRAIT.

"A pensive photograph
Watches me from the shelf—
Ghost of old love, and half
Ghost of myself!

"How the dear waiting eyes
Watch me and love me yet—
Sad home of memories,
Her waiting eyes!

"Ghost of old love, wronged ghost,
Return, though all the pain
Of all once loved, long lost,
Come back again.

"Forget not, but forgive!
Alas, too late I cry.
We are two ghosts that had their chance to live,
And lost it, she and I."

II.

Another group of writers which it is convenient to deal with here includes the song-writers and balladists

who have appealed with more or less success to a wide public upon popular lines—Clement Scott, Alfred Perceval Graves, George R. Sims, Frederic E. Weatherly, and Frederick Langbridge. The popularity of many ballads of this class is doubtless largely due to their suitability for recitation and to the frequent elocutionary rendering of them; their humour and pathos being of that simple and obvious type which is attractive to audiences that would probably be repelled, certainly unmoved, by the subtler, more allusive, and more reticent rendering which appeals to the literary connoisseur. Though writers like Mr. Sims and Mr. Langbridge choose the vehicle of verse rather than of prose, they may be numbered among the later literary disciples of Charles Dickens. In their treatment of the details of lowly life they aim at just the effects which Dickens best loved, and they achieve them by the means which Dickens constantly employed. The defect of this class of composition is the gratuitously unlovely realism with which it is wont to render the coarsenesses of vulgar utterance. This is, however, a fault from which much of their best work is free.

CLEMENT WILLIAM SCOTT was born in 1841, and though devoting himself mainly to journalism and the drama, published besides several volumes of prose, "Lays of a Londoner" (1882), "Poems for Recitation" (1884), and "Lays and Lyrics" (1888). Of his songs "The Garden of Sleep," set to music by Isidore de Lara, has been one of the most popular. Of his poems for recitation "The Midnight Charge" is one of the best. He died in June, 1904.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES was born in Dublin in the year 1846, and began his literary career

in the *Dublin University Magazine* at seventeen years of age. He has published "Songs of Killarney" (1873), "Irish Songs and Ballads" (1882), besides a selection of fifty songs with music arranged by Dr. Villiers Stanford, and a selection entitled "Father O'Flynn, and Other Irish Lyrics." These volumes contain much characteristic Irish verse, of which "Father O'Flynn" and "O'Farrell the Fiddler" are good examples; the former set to an old Irish air by Dr. Villiers Stanford, having enjoyed a wide popularity. The writer has, however, stronger claims to be ranked as a poet than are afforded by these contributions to Irish humour, as witness many a sweet and tender lyric.

George Robert Sims (1847), dramatist and balladist, is one of the best known of London journalists. He has published several volumes of verse—"Ballads of Babylon" (1880), "Dagonet Ballads" (1881), "The Lifeboat and Other Poems" (1883), "Ballads and Poems" (1883), "The Land of Gold, and Other Poems" (1888), "Dagonet Ditties" (1891). Of these "The Lifeboat" has enjoyed a popularity as a recitation second to no piece of its time, unless it be "The Fireman's Wedding" of W. A. Eaton. Others of Mr. Sims' ballads, such as "Billy's Rose" and "The Road to Heaven," have also been very widely popular. Among his best pieces we should place "Keeping Christmas," which we should have quoted here had space permitted.

Frederic Edward Weatherly was born at Portishead in 1848, and was educated at Hereford Cathedral School and Brasenose College, Oxford. On leaving college he studied law, and was called

to the bar (1878). Few writers have written so large a number of songs which have become so widely popular as those of Mr. Weatherly, and few writers have been so much sought after by musical composers. He has also produced some delightful books for children, which have secured for him an enviable fame. He is, however, very much more than a writer of "words for music"; he is within his range a genuine poet; and if his aims are modest he is at any rate successful in realising them.

The Rev. Frederick Langbridge, Incumbent of St. John's Church, Limerick, was born in Birmingham on March 17th, 1849. He has published a number of volumes of original verse, of which perhaps the following are the more important, besides several volumes of selections for public reading or recitation—"Gushes and Grumbles" (1873), "Gaslight and Stars" (1880), "Songs in Sunshine" (1882), "Poor Folk's Lives, Ballads and Stories in Verse" (1887), "Sent Back by the Angels, and Other Ballads" (1888). Some of his original ballads must be placed among the very best of their class. "Exit Tommy" is a gem of rare purity and beauty. In some later booklets Mr. Langbridge has published some delightful epigrams, couplets, and quatrains, of which the following are examples. From "Little Tapers" (Religious Tract Society).

"God sends great Angels in our sore dismay,
But little ones go in and out all day."

"Tread all life's way with awed, expectant feet;
Men jostle Heaven in every common street."

"This heart hath walls that anger never shook
But love shall break and take it with a look.'

From "Clear Waters" (Cassell).

RAINBOWS RISE ON WEEPING SKIES.

"Doth a mist come o'er thine eyes
Where the spotted cowslips grow?—
Thou art near to Paradise;
It was ever watered so."

III.

A third group of poets whom it is convenient to deal with here, comprises those to whom it has been found impossible to give fuller representation in the body of the work. Some of these have never had recognition beyond a small circle of warm admirers; others may be said to have caught the eye of penetrating criticism, and found the audience fit, though few, which is the consolation prize of those who miss the laurel of popular applause. These include:—

ARTHUR JOSEPH MUNBY (1828), author of "Verses New and Old" (1865), "Dorothy" (1880), and several other volumes, is a writer whose healthy, hearty, breezy poems of country life bring with them a sense of refreshment as of the country itself, and awaken real interest in the loves and fates of heroes and heroines of rustic life. His fault is a want of taste, which sometimes mars, with vulgar details, pictures to which they are in no way necessary and with which they are not always consistent. That these blemishes are only occasional is of course true, and that they do not appear in the poet's best work is witnessed by such poems as "Doris," which may speak for itself.

DORIS.

A PASTORAL.

"I sat with Doris, the shepherd-maiden;
Her crook was laden with wreathed flowers;
I sat and woo'd her, through sunlight wheeling,
And shadows stealing, for hours and hours.

"And she, my Doris, whose lap encloses
Wild summer-roses of faint perfume,
The while I sued her, kept hush'd and harken'd
Till shades had darken'd from gloss to gloom.

"She touch'd my shoulder with fearful finger;
She said, 'We linger, we must not stay:
My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander;
Behold them yonder, how far they stray!'

"I answer'd bolder, 'Nay, let me hear you,
And still be near you, and still adore!
No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling—
Ah! stay, my dearling, a moment more!'

"She whisper'd, sighing, 'There will be sorrow
Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day;
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded—
I shall be scolded and sent away!'

"Said I, denying, 'If they do miss you,
They ought to kiss you when you get home;
And well rewarded by friend and neighbour
Should be the labour from which you come.'

"'They might remember,' she answer'd meekly,
'That lambs are weakly, and sheep are wild;
But if they love me, it's none so fervent—
I am a servant, and not a child.'

"Then each hot ember glow'd quick within me,
And love did win me to swift reply:
'Ah! do but prove me, and none shall bind you,
Nor fray nor find you, until I die!'

"She blush'd and started, and stood awaiting,
As if debating in dreams divine:
But I did brave them—I told her plainly
She doubted vainly, she must be mine.

"So we, twin-hearted, from all the valley
Did rouse and rally her nibbling ewes,
And homeward drave them, we two together,
Through blooming heather and gleaming dews.

"That simple duty fresh grace did lend her,
My Doris tender, my Doris true;
That I, her warder, did always bless her,
And often press her to take her due:

"And now in beauty she fills my dwelling
With love excelling, and undefiled;
And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent,
No more a servant, nor yet a child."

PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY (1831-1866), whose early death closed a career of exceptional beauty and promise, though known best by his admirable translations of the "Odyssey" (1861) and the "Iliad" (1865), published also "The Temple of Janus," a Newdigate prize poem in 1857, and a volume of "Poems and Translations" in 1863, of which a second and enlarged edition was issued posthumously in 1875. His original poems differ widely in merit, but those on classical subjects reach a very high level indeed. "Phaethon," the opening poem of the "Poems and Translations" volume, is an achievement, and but for its length would have been included in the body of this work, though it may be admitted that its length is in itself hardly sufficient excuse for its omission. It displays fine imagination, and a capacity for the large handling of a great theme. The Editor of this work hopes that a future edition of "The Poets and Poetry of the Century" may enable him to do greater justice to this poet's work. Philip Stanhope Worsley had a fine personality and an impressive presence, and a beauty of character which shone out with the light of transfiguration in a face of singularly expressive power, albeit worn by acute and long-continued physical

suffering. He was referred to in an obituary notice in the *Athenæum* as "the most perfect model of a Christian gentleman."

GEORGE FRANCIS (SAVAGE) ARMSTRONG was born in the year 1845. He has published "Poems" (1869); "Ugonê: a Tragedy" (1870); "The Tragedy of Israel (a trilogy): I. Saul" (1872), "II. David" (1874), "III. Solomon" (1876); "A Garland from Greece" (1882); "Stories of Wicklow" (1886); "Mephistopheles in Broadcloth" (1888); "One in the Infinite" (1891); and "Poems Lyrical and Dramatic," being a third edition of his first book with additions (1892). These volumes include many varieties of subject-matter and poetic form—lyrical, narrative, classical, legendary, satirical, philosophical, and dramatic. Some of his best work is to be found in "A Garland from Greece" and "Stories of Wicklow," which may be taken as his best representative volumes. Individual poems in these volumes are admirable, and passages in others leave little to be desired. Perhaps the best of the former are "The Brigand of Parnassus" and "The Chiote"; or, in another vein, "Time the Healer." Of the latter the best poems are "Luggatà," a version of the well-known Swan Legend, "The Wraith of De Reddlesford Castle," "The Glen of the Horse," and "The Fisherman." Mr. Armstrong has also published "Victoria regina et Imperatrix," a jubilee song from Ireland (1887); and an ode to the Tercentenary of "Trinity College" (1892), a poem in which perhaps he reaches to his highest point of poetic attainment; as well as "The Life and Letters of Edmund J. Armstrong" (his brother), besides editing

two volumes respectively of his brother's essays and poems. Edmund John Armstrong (1841—1865), elder brother of the foregoing, was a writer whose early death probably prevented the fulfilment of considerable promise.

EDMUND G. A. HOLMES (1850)—author of "Poems," first series (1876), second series (1879)—is a fluent writer of thoughtful and melodious verse. His delineations of natural scenery are faithful and picturesque, as witness his lines "On the Yorkshire Coast." In another vein his poem "To my Mistress" shows command of rhythm, play of fancy, and felicity of expression. "Waiting for the Dawn" is a domestic picture framed in sorrow, and showing real pathos, as does also "Childhood's Home." "Standing Still," "For England's Sake," and the "Heavy Brigade" bespeak the poet's patriotism, which is not a vain-glorious excitement, but a dignified enthusiasm; while the "Sonnets of the Atlantic" exhibit the versatility of his skill in craftsmanship. It is, perhaps, as a landscape poet that he is the most successful.

THEOPHILUS JULIUS HENRY MARZIALS, who is of French extraction, was born in the year 1850. He first printed for private circulation in 1872, "The Passionate Dowsabella," a pastoral poem, reprinting it in 1873 in a volume entitled "A Gallery of Pigeons and Other Poems." Since the publication of this volume Mr. Marzials has devoted himself to musical composition, and has written many popular songs. Of his music this is not the place to speak. To quote Mr. Stedman's "Victorian

Poets," "The later songs of Marzials, who is both composer and balladist, are far more enjoyable than his early rococo-verse," and "a poet is to be envied who can hear, wherever he goes, his own words and music."

REV. HENRY CHARLES BEECHING, Rector of Yattenden, Berks—joint author with Mr. J. W. Mackail and Mr. J. B. B. Nichols of two volumes of verse, "Love in Idleness" (1883) and "Love's Looking-Glass" (1891),—has also edited a number of Shakespeare's plays, and written upon the subject of Prosody. Space avails for but one short poem, which is given with regret that opportunity does not serve for larger representation. His "Lyra Sacra" (1895) is a fine collection of religious verse.

PRAYERS.

I.

"God who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

II.

"Jesus, King and Lord,
Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with Thy sword
Swift and sharp and bright.
Thee would I serve if I might
And conquer if I can,
From day-dawn till night,
Take the strength of a man.

III.

"Spirit of Love and Truth,
Breathing in grosser clay,
The light and flame of youth,
Delight of men in the fray,
Wisdom in strength's decay:
From pain, strife, wrong to be free
This best gift I pray
Take my spirit to Thee."

ALBERT EUBULE-EVANS is probably much more widely known as a writer of fiction than as a poet, though his verse entitles him to recognition in what, perhaps, we may call the inner literary circle. His poem "The Curse of Immortality" (1873) is a fine and original treatment of the legend of the Wandering Jew, and contains many passages of great beauty and power. An analysis of this poem is beyond the scope of our present opportunity; nor, indeed, is one needed after the fine treatment of it at the hands of Professor Moulton in *Poet-Lore*, June and July, 1891. Of "Through Dark to Light," of which the first edition was published anonymously, and a new edition in 1886, Professor Moulton says: "I know of nothing in poetry of equal rank that reconciles so much advanced thought with such accepted views of Christianity"; and this remark, taken together with the title of the work, will be a sufficient indication of its scope and aim. "The Christ Picture" is a noble poem.

DR. JOHN ARTHUR GOODCHILD, the author of "Somnia Medici," first, second, and third series, deserves more than passing mention. "The Organ-Builder: A Song of Degrees" is a parable poem of much beauty and power; "The Birkenhead: A Tale for Englishmen," a ballad which echoes somewhat of

the greatness of the heroism it celebrates. "During Her Majesty's Pleasure" is a powerful dramatic study. Of poems in a more colloquial form "A Delicate Point, by the Autocrat of the Business Train," is a good example. Dr. Goodchild's work shows at once boldness in design, skill in invention, and subtlety in thought. Parable is, perhaps, his *forte*, and the "Parable of the Spirit" and the "Parable of the Flesh" are among the best.

F. WYVILLE HOME, who is a descendant of the family that included John Home, the author of "Douglas," was born at Edinburgh on the 23rd of March, 1851. His volumes of verse are "Songs of a Wayfarer" (1878), "Lay Canticles and Other Poems" (1883), and "The Wrath of the Fay" (1887). Mr. Home had the good fortune to catch the ear of the critics on his first utterance, and his earliest volume was received with expressions of commendation such as seldom greet the appearance of an initial volume. Unfortunately, for the purposes of selection, Mr. Home's best work is to be found in his longer poems. "Salvestra and Girolama" and "On the Hither Side of Death" contain some of his best work. The *Athenæum* declared "The Fay" to be worthy to rank with the similar efforts of Drayton, Herrick, and Ben Jonson. Mr. Home has written a number of sonnets, of which the following, entitled "Dover Cliff," may serve as an example:—

"Last April, when the winds had lost their chill,
I lay down dreamily upon the verge
Of Shakespeare's Cliff, where sea and sea-wind scourge
The eternal barrier that withstands them still.

I heard the billows break beneath and fill
The wide air with the thunder of the surge;
And near my cheek, half fearful to emerge,
A violet grew upon the grassy hill.

There while I lay, Poet, I dreamed of thee.
Thy very voice, whose matchless music yet
O'ermasters all the world's, surrounded me,
Singing, and in the sound of it there met
With all the might and passion of the sea
The utter sweetness of the violet."

Of other lyric measures adopted by Mr. Home, and they are many, we may quote the following, entitled "The Dew-fall":—

"I heard the word of the Dew-fall
As it gathered itself to a pearl,
And lay on the leaf of a Lily
Like a tear on the cheek of a girl.
'Cold, cold, O Lily,'
The Dewdrop said to the leaf;—
'Thy leaf, O Lily, is cold and chilly
And pale as a wordless grief.'

"There arose a breeze at the nightfall,
And blew the rushes apart;
The Lily shook, and the Dewdrop
Slipt inward, and lay at her heart.
'Cold, cold, O Lily,'
Said the Dewdrop unto the flower;—
'Thy heart, O Lily, is cold and chilly
And dark as a wintry shower.'

"And the night went by with its starlight,
And the sun came up in his might;
And the Dewdrop arose from the Lily,
And melted to mist in his light.
'Cold, cold, was the Lily,'
Said the dew with a sigh of desire;
'At the daylight's close I will sleep with the Rose,
For the Rose has a heart of fire.'"

Artistic difficulties do not seem to daunt Mr. Home, and he displays no little skill in expressing himself in each and every form he tries. There are some rondeaus in his volumes, of which the one entitled "At Schubert's Grave" may be cited :—

"We had good hope to pleasure thee, though dead,
Though still thy child's-heart, low thy poet's-head,
O Schubert, when, remembering thy last cry
'Beethoven is not here!' we laid thee by
Thy well-belovëd, worshipped brother's bed.

"At least to comfort our own hearts that bled,
With knowledge that the same tree's leaves were shed,
Each year on those two graves, they sleep so nigh,
We had good hope.

"Yea, but to look past death without one dread,
To see thee such that in thee there is bred
Pleasure or pain in aught that we deny
Or grant to thy poor dust for place to lie—
I know not how we said it, if we said
We had good hope."

DOUGLAS BROOK WHEELTON SLADEN was born in London in the year 1856. Educated at Cheltenham and Oxford, he proceeded to Australia in 1879, and was appointed Professor of History at the University of Sydney. He has since travelled and resided upon the Continent of Europe, and in the United States, and also visited Japan, contributing descriptions of his travels to various journals, as well as publishing several books. In verse he has published "Frithjof and Ingebjorg" (1882); "A Poetry of Exiles" (1883); "A Summer Christmas" (1884); "In Cornwall and Across the

Sea" (1885); "Edward the Black Prince: an Epic Drama" (1886); "The Spanish Armada" (1888); besides "Australian Lyrics," first and second editions, and several anthologies. Mr. Sladen has followed various forms of verse—the lyric, the ballad, the epic, and the drama. Perhaps his most successful work is to be found in his ballads and lyrics. "The Squire's Brother" is a good example of the former, and "Under the Wattle" a fair specimen of the latter.

UNDER THE WATTLE.

"'Why should not Wattle do
For Mistletoe?'
Asked one—they were but two—
Where wattles grow.

"He was her lover, too,
Who urged her so—
'Why should not Wattle do
For Mistletoe?'

"A rose-cheek rosier grew;
Rose-lips breathed low—
'Since it is here—and You—
I hardly know
Why Wattle should not do.'"

ROBERT OFFLEY ASHBURTON MILNES (1858), the second Baron Houghton who in some measure has followed politics and poetry, published a volume of "Stray Verses, 1889 and 1890," in the year 1891, a second edition of which appeared in 1892. This volume contains a number of lyrics that we should have been glad to quote had space permitted, among which "Down the Stream," "The

Bird," and "In Autumn," may be mentioned. "Lord Houghton's poetic gift," says the *Athenæum* in reviewing this volume, "is for that light and delicate lyricism in which thought and feeling are suggested, rather than expressed, and in which any straining there may be is concealed by gracefulness." An easy command of the vehicle of verse associated with a reserve which is content to suggest rather than elaborate, is capable of a great deal, and we shall hope to see more of such lyrics as those we have already named.

CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS, whose first volume of verse, "Orion and Other Poems" (1880), was greeted by the *Epoch* of New York as "the first volume of notable English-Canadian song," was born at Douglas, near Fredericton, New Brunswick, on January 10th, 1860. He was educated at home and at the University of New Brunswick, and became for some months the Editor of Professor Goldwin Smith's paper *The Week* of Toronto, afterwards accepting the professorship of Modern Literature in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. In 1887, he published a second volume of verse entitled "In Divers Tones," besides which he has contributed both prose and verse to the periodical press. His poetry shows alike the patriot's love for the land of his birth, and the scholar's love for the source of classic inspiration. His "Canada" and his "Ode to the Canadian Confederacy," are fine appeals to the national spirit, while his "Orion," "Off Pelorus," and "The Pipes of Pan," are happy examples of his love for and power over classical themes. The former may well

be allowed to represent both the poet and the dominion, neither of which can be adequately dealt with within the limits of remaining space:—

CANADA.

"O Child of Nations, giant-limbed,
Who stand'st among the nations now
Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,
With unanointed brow,—

"How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone!

"How long the indolence, ere thou dare
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame—
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
A nation's franchise, nation's name?

"The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
These are thy manhood's heritage!
Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher
The place of race and age.

"I see to every wind unfurled
The flag that bears the Maple-Wreath;
Thy swift keels furrow round the world
Its blood-red folds beneath;

"Thy swift keels cleave the furthest seas;
Thy white sails swell with alien gales;
To stream on each remotest breeze
The black smoke of thy pipes exhales.

"O Falterer, let thy past convince
Thy future,—all the growth, the gain,
The fame since Cartier knew thee, since
Thy shores beheld Champlain!

"Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!
Quebec, thy storied citadel
Attest in burning song and psalm
How here thy heroes fell!

"O Thou that bor'st the battle's brunt
At Queenston, and at Lundy's Lane,—
On whose scant ranks but iron front
The battle broke in vain!—

"Whose was the danger, whose the day,
From whose triumphant throats the cheers,
At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateauguay,
Storming like clarion-bursts our ears?

"On soft Pacific slopes,—beside
Strange floods that northward rave and fall,—
Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide—
Thy sons await thy call.

"They wait; but some in exile, some
With strangers housed, in stranger lands;—
And some Canadian lips are dumb
Beneath Egyptian sands.

"O mystic Nile! Thy secret yields
Before us; thy most ancient dreams
Are mixed with far Canadian fields
And murmur of Canadian streams.

"But thou, my Country, dream not thou!
Wake, and behold how night is done,—
How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow,
Bursts the uprising sun!"

Of the poems on classical subjects "Off Pelorus" may serve as an example, illustrating as it does also the poet's love of colour and his powers of natural description:—

OFF PELORUS.

"Crimson swims the sunset over far Pelorus;
Burning crimson tops its frowning crest of pine.
Purple sleeps the shore and floats the wave before us,
Eachwhere from the oar-stroke eddying warm like wine.

"Soundless foams the creamy violet wake behind us;
We but *see* the creaking of the labored oar;
We have stopped our ears,—mad were we not to blind us
Lest our eyes behold our Ithaca no more.

"See the purple splendor o'er the island streaming,
O'er the prostrate sails and equal-sided ship!
Windless hangs the vine, and warm the sands lie gleaming;
Droop the great grape-clusters melting for the lip.

"Sweet the golden calm, the glowing light elysian.
Sweet were red-mouthed plenty mindless grown of pain.
Sweeter yet behold—a sore-bewildering vision!
Idly took we thought, and stopped our ears in vain.

"Idly took we thought, for still our eyes betray us.
Lo, the white-limbed maids, with love-soft eyes aglow,
Gleaming bosoms bare, loosed hair, sweet hands to slay us,
Warm lips wild with song, and softer throats than snow!

"See the King! he hearkens,—hears their song,—strains forward,—
As some mountain snake attends the shepherd's reed.
Now with urgent hand he bids us turn us shoreward,—
Bend the groaning oar now; give the king no heed!

"Mark the luring music by his eyes' wild yearning,
Eager lips, and mighty straining at the cords!
Well we guess the song, the subtle words and burning,
Sung to him, the subtle king of burning words.

"'Much-enduring Wanderer, wondrous-tongued, come nigher!
Sage of princes, bane of Ilion's lofty walls!
Whatsoe'er in all the populous earth befalls
We will teach thee, to thine uttermost desire.'

"So, we rise up twain, and make his bonds securer.
Seethes the startled sea now from the surging blade.
Leaps the dark ship forth, as we, with hearts grown surer,
Eyes averse, and war-worn faces made afraid,

"O'er the waste warm reaches drive our prow, sea-cleaving,
Past the luring death, into the folding night.
Home shall hold us yet, and cease our wives from grieving,—
Safe from storm, and toil, and flame, and clanging fight."

The same volume, "In Divers Tones," contains several love lyrics, one of which at least has been singled out for high praise :—

IN NOTRE DAME.

"When first did I perceive you, when take heed
Of what is now so deep in heart and brain
That tears shall not efface it, nor the greed
Of time or fate destroy, nor scorn, nor pain?

"Long summers back I trembled to the vision
Of your keen beauty,—a delirious sense
That he you loved might hold in like derision
Or Hell or Heaven, or sin or innocence.

"This in my heart of hearts, while outwardly
Nor speech nor guarded glance my dream betrayed;
Till one day, so past thought you maddened me,
My dream escaped my lips, glad and afraid.

"Afraid, where no fear was. For lo, the gift
(Worlds could not purchase it) was mine, was mine!
And oh, my Sweet, how swift we went adrift
On wild sweet waters, warmer-hued than wine!

"My very eyes are dizzy with delight
At your recalled caresses. Peace, my heart!
She whom you beat so wild for lies to-night
From you too many bitter leagues apart.

"Be calm, and I will talk to you of her;
And you shall listen, passionately still;
And as the pauses in my verse recur,
Think, heart, all this does fealty to your will!

"All this,—a lithe and perfect-moulded form,
Instinct with subtle gesture, soft, intense.
Head small and queenlike, dainty feet that warm
Even the dull world's ways into rapturous sense.

"Clear, broad, white forehead, crowned low down with hair
Darker than night, more soft than sleep or tears.
Nose neither small nor great, but straight, and fair.
Like naught but smooth sea-shells her delicate ears.

"But how to tell about her mouth and eyes!
Her strange, sweet, maddening eyes, her subtle mouth!
Mouth in whose closure all love's sweetness lives,—
Eyes with the warm gleam of the lustrous south!

"Fathomless dusk by night, the day lets in
Glimmer of emerald,—thus those eyes of hers!
Above the firm sweep of the moulded chin
The lips, than whose least kiss Heaven's gifts were worse.

"Her bosom,—ah that now my head were laid
Warm in that resting-place! But, heart, be still!
I will refrain, and break my dreams, afraid
To stir the yearning I can not fulfil.

"Love, in the northern night of Brittany
Hear you no voice divide the night like flame?
In these gray walls the inmost soul of me
Is swooning with the music of your name."

JAMES DRYDEN HOSKEN, the author of "Phaon and Sappho, a play with selection of poems" (Penzance, 1891), "Phaon and Sappho, and Nimrod" (London, 1892), was born at Helston in Cornwall. Practically self-educated, he came to London, and became an outdoor officer in the Customs, afterwards changing his vocation for that of a rural postman, and becoming in time a night-sorter in the General Post Office. Health failing he returned to his native place, where he found partial employment as an auxiliary postman. For one under such circumstances to produce classical dramas in Shakespearian form, with the measure of success which these plays attain, is surely

phenomenal. That they are marred by anachronisms and solecisms the author himself is aware; but with all their defects, they remain remarkable works, and have real merit apart from the consideration of the circumstances of their production.

HENRY JOHN, the third son of Mr. COVENTRY PATMORE, should be mentioned among those who in their time, inspired high hopes which time was not given them to fulfil. He was born on the 8th of May, 1860, apparently inheriting a delicate constitution from his mother, who died of consumption two years after his birth. Always physically delicate, he showed unusual mental activity, and easily distinguished himself at school, matriculating with honours at the London University in 1877. A disease which attacked one of his eyes and ultimately destroyed its sight prevented a continuation of his studies. A serious illness in 1881 further weakened him, and on February he 24th, 1883, he died. After his death a volume of marked promise was issued from the press of the Rev. Henry Daniel, of Oxford, for although there was much to recall the manner of the writer's father, there was also a marked originality of thought, and sometimes a terse finish of expression not unworthy of Landor.

WILFRED WILSON GIBSON, born at Hexham, October 2, 1878, Author of "Urlyn the Harper and Other Songs" (1902), "The Queen's Vigil and Other Songs" (1902), "The Golden Helm and Other Verses" (1903), "The Nets of Love" (1905), is a poet rather of the twentieth century than the nineteenth, and space does not permit of representation in this edition.

APPENDIX

TO THE POETS AND THE POETRY OF THE CENTURY.

BEYOND the minor poets represented in the body of this work there are a number who, for a variety of reasons, are entitled to mention. Of these some owe their right to the influence they exercised upon the greater writers with whom they were associated; others to the production of occasional poems of a high standard of excellence; and others to the authorship of songs and ballads which have had wide popularity, and poems in dialect which are still remembered in the localities to which they belong; besides whom there have been descriptive writers who, though eclipsed by the more brilliant and imaginative poets who have succeeded them, should at least be named in a retrospective review; and there are many novelists and other prose writers who with more or less success have at times thrown their thoughts into the form of verse.

Of the former WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES (1762-1850) is an example. Born at King's Sutton, and educated at Winchester, and Trinity College, Oxford, he first published "Fourteen Sonnets" (1789), and afterwards reprinted them with additions from time to time, until 1805, when he published a ninth edition. On leaving college he took Holy Orders, and held livings in various places, finally becoming canon residentiary at Salisbury, where he died, on the 7th of April, 1850, aged eighty-eight years. The

principal interest attaching to his work is that associated with his influence upon Coleridge, and his controversy with Byron, Campbell, Roscoe, Gilchrist, and the *Quarterly Review* on the merits of the School of Pope. The former it is difficult to understand. His sonnets are simple, graceful, but withal tame productions, about which no enthusiasm is possible now; and yet Coleridge could say of them that they had done his heart more good than all the other books he ever read, excepting his Bible. The following is an example :—

OSTEND.

ON HEARING THE BELLS AT SEA.

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!
As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
Breathes on the trembling sense of pale disease,
So piercing to my heart their force I feel!
And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall!
And now, along the white and level tide
They fling their melancholy music wide;
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer-days, and those delightful years
When from an ancient tower, in life's fair prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wondering childhood into tears!
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy once heard and heard no more.

The controversy was an unequal war, though it was claimed for Bowles that he proved his main points, which were "that Pope was only at the head of the second rank of poets," and "that the objects of artificial life are, *per se*, less fitted for the purposes of poetry than those of nature and than the passions of the human heart." Byron, who met him at the house of Samuel Rogers, spoke of him as a "pleasant, gentlemanly man—a good fellow for a parson"; and Moore refers with delight in his diary to his "mixture

of talent and simplicity." Some other sonneteers may be mentioned in this connection: SIR S. EGERTON BRYDGES (1762-1837), who, like Bowles, wrote sonnets which attracted the attention of greater poets, and whose sonnet "Echo and Silence," quoted in many anthologies, is generally regarded as his best; LORD THURLOW (1781-1829), whose sonnets were admired by Charles Lamb and other discerning critics of his time; THOMAS DOUBLEDAY (179c-1870), who published "Sixty-five Sonnets, with Prefatory Remarks on the Sonnet" (1818), and who edited the "Coquet Dale Fishing Songs" (1852), to which, with Robert Roxby (1770-1846), he contributed. SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON (1805-1865), for many years Astronomer Royal of Ireland, also deserves mention for sonnets which rise to a high level. Wordsworth, speaking to Aubrey de Vere, once said that he had known many men of high talent and several of real genius, but that Coleridge and Sir W. R. Hamilton were the only men he had met to whom he would apply the term *wonderful*. His sonnets are not numerous, but they display high thought and spiritual tone. LORD HANMER'S sonnets, published early in the Forties, also maintain a high standard; and those of the Hon. Julian Fane (1827-1870), addressed to his mother, show grace of form and tenderness of feeling. Examples of the sonnets of all the foregoing writers will be found in Mr. Sharp's "Sonnets of the Century," together with sonnets by the following writers, to whom no more extended reference can be given here: William Michael Rossetti (1829), editor and critic; John Charles Earle, author of "One Hundred Sonnets" and other volumes of verse; Edmund G. A. Holmes, author of "Poems" (first series, 1876; second series, 1879); E. H. Brodie, author of "Sonnets" (1885) and "Lyrics of the Sea" (1887); James Chapman Woods, author of "A Child of the People and other Poems"; and Mark André Raffalovich (1864), author of "Cyril and Lionel"

(1884), "Tuberose and Meadowsweet" (1885), "In Fancy Dress" (1886), etc., etc., etc.

Many of the finer occasional poems of the century have been produced by writers who occupy a place in the body of this work, and such poems are included in the selections already given. Besides these, however, there are others which almost rise to the height of great occasions, one at least of which demands admission here, and that the ode on "The Burial of Sir John Moore." The REV. CHARLES WOLFE, the author of this famous ode, was born at Dublin on the 14th of December, 1791. He was educated at Dublin University, and, taking Holy Orders, became Curate of Ballyclog, in Tyrone, and afterwards of Donoughmore, in Downshire. He died of decline at the Cove of Cork on the 21st of February, 1823. The ode was first printed in the *Newry Telegraph* in 1817, whence it was copied into other papers, and soon became widely popular. The critical verdict, no less than popular opinion, places it among the most successful of occasional poems. Shelley, to whom it was shown by Byron, who greatly admired it, said, "I should have taken the whole for a rough sketch of Campbell's," and the justness of the criticism is obvious.

ODE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our weary task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

This ode with some dozen other poems, of which the song commencing "If I had thought thou couldst have died" is perhaps the best known, form the sum-total of Wolfe's poetic work.

Of English song-writers and balladists who have sung of rustic lovers' hopes, fears, and jealousies, and chronicled local events in dialect verse, there have been as many perhaps as there are counties in the kingdom, though few indeed have any claims to wide recognition or perennial popularity. ROBERT ANDERSON (1770-1833), the Cumberland poet, whose works Southey edited, and some of whose "Cumberland Ballads" are still remembered in his own county if not often quoted beyond its borders, is an example. "Kitt Craffet" is a rustic character sketch of an interesting personality, and "The Impatient Lassie" a fair specimen

of dialect love song. Robert Roxby (1770-1846), author of "The Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel" (1809), also wrote "The Fisher's Garland," and others of the "Coquet Dale Fishing Songs" (1824-1846). These songs were collected and published in book form anonymously in 1852 by Thomas Doubleday (see p. III), together with many interesting particulars concerning the circumstances of their composition. They were full of charm for the fishers of Coquet Dale, and have an interest outside that circle for their breezy heartiness and the personality which, in conjunction with the notes in Doubleday's volume, they reveal. Among modern dialect poets EDWIN WAUGH (1818-1892), the Lancashire poet, has been the most popular. "Come whoam to thi childer an' me" has been a great favourite. He published "Poems and Lancashire Songs" (1859), "Lancashire Songs" (1863), "Rambles and Reveries" (1872), "Poems and Songs" (1889), besides many prose letters and sketches. Of successful ballad-writers we may name JEREMIAH HOLMES WIFFEN (1792-1836), the Quaker poet, who with his brother, Benjamin Barron Wiffen (1794-1867), author of "The Quaker Squire and other Poems," is fittingly memorialised in "The Brothers Wiffen: Memoirs and Miscellanies" (1880), by Samuel Rowles Pattison. As early as 1812 Jeremiah Wiffen united with James Baldwin Brown, then of the Inner Temple, and the Rev. Thomas Raffles of Liverpool, in the publication of a volume of poems entitled "Poems by Three Friends," and in 1820 he published a volume of poems which reached a second edition. In 1821 he was appointed librarian at Woburn Abbey by the Duke of Bedford, and subsequently he translated the works of Garcilasso de la Vega (1823) and Tasso (1825), and wrote "The Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell," his chief prose work (1833). Jeremiah Wiffen's ballad "The Luck of Edenhall" is a very good ballad, and would

have been included here but for its length. The rest of his poems, together with those of his brother, deserve much more than the mere passing mention alone possible here. "The Luck of Edenhall" first appeared in the "Literary Souvenir," edited by Alaric A. Watts, who married a sister of the brothers Wiffen, Priscilla Maden Wiffen (1799-1873), herself a contributor of verses to the pages of her husband's popular annuals.

The mention of "The Annuals" recalls a class of publications which has entirely passed away with the fashion of the times in which it flourished. This fashion was not confined to the form in which these annuals took shape, but characterised the spirit and style of much of the matter they contained. Descriptive writers who followed weakly in the wake of Sir Walter Scott, and sentimental versifiers who imitated Mrs. Hemans, found in the pages of some of these annuals opportunities that otherwise they might not have had. ALARIC A. WATTS (1797-1864), whose annuals were at least better than their imitations, was certainly very successful in securing contributions from the greater writers of his time, though it cannot be said that much that is worth preserving resulted therefrom. A few exceptions can of course be quoted which, like Sir Walter Scott's "Eve of St. John," written for the "Tales of Wonder" of Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775-1818), author of such melodramatic productions as "Alonzo the Brave," "The Maniac," "The Felon," etc., have survived the environment in which they were born, some of Coleridge's shorter pieces being among the number; but for the most part these annuals and occasional volumes were made up of the failures of great writers and the supreme efforts of small ones. Alaric Watts, who commenced the "Literary Souvenir" in 1824, published "Lyrics of the Heart" (1850). If he was not a distinguished poet, he was a practical editor, and as such left an editorial, if not a poetical,

mark on the generations that followed him. Some of his verses, notably "The Death of the Firstborn," have often been reprinted. He was the first to organise the plan of supplying sheets of general news printed in London to supplement the local news for country papers. He also originated the *United Service Gazette* and numerous other papers, some of which have long survived him. "Alaric Watts: a Narrative of His Life," by his son (1884), contains some interesting information about the minor verse-writers of his time.

Among writers once well known, but now almost forgotten, William Sotheby, Noel Thomas Carrington, and George Croly may be mentioned and described as writers of descriptive verse. WILLIAM SOTHEBY (1757-1833) was a retired officer of the 10th Dragoons. He translated the "Oberon" of Wieland, the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" of Homer, as well as the works of some of the minor Greek and Latin poets. He also wrote a long sacred poem in blank verse entitled "Saul" (1807); a metrical romance in the style of Scott's "Constance de Castile" (1810), and a volume of tragedies (1815). His success as a translator was greater than as an original poet. Wieland is said to have highly appreciated his translative powers. His dramas fail in construction, and his "original" poems lack originality. Byron said of him that he imitated everybody, and occasionally surpassed his models. His lines entitled "Staffa," written after an excursion to the spot, while on a visit to Sir Walter Scott, may represent him here.

STAFFA.

Staffa, I scaled thy summit hoar,
I passed beneath thy arch gigantic,
Whose pillared cavern swells the roar,
When thunders on thy rocky shore
The roll of the Atlantic.

That hour the wind forgot to rave,
The surge forgot its motion,
And every pillar in thy cave
Slept in its shadow on the wave,
Unrippled by the ocean.

Then the past age before me came,
When, 'mid the lightning's sweep,
Thy isle, with its basaltic frame,
And every column wreathed with flame,
Burst from the boiling deep.

When 'mid Iona's wrecks meanwhile
O'er sculptured graves I trod,
Where Time had strewn each mouldering aisle
O'er saints and kings that reared the pile,
I hailed the eternal God:
Yet, Staffa, more I felt His presence in thy cave
Than where Iona's cross rose o'er the western wave.

NOEL THOMAS CARRINGTON (1777-1830) was a Devonshire schoolmaster. He was born at Plymouth, was apprenticed in the dockyard, ran away to sea, was present at the defeat of the Spanish fleet by Sir John Jervis off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th of February, 1797, after which he returned to Plymouth and commenced schoolkeeping. He wrote a long poem entitled "Dartmoor" in competition for a prize, which was won by Mrs. Hemans, his own poem not being finished by the prescribed time. He celebrated nature in storm and calm in a quiet, unostentatious manner, in which his descriptive work is a contrast to that of William Sotheby, who loved pomp and circumstance, glitter, noise, and colour. GEORGE CROLY (1780-1860) was for many years Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London. He was born in Ireland, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He published several works in prose and verse: "Paris," a poem (1815), "The Angel of the World" (1820), "Catiline," a tragedy (1822), etc., etc. He was an eloquent speaker and writer, and some passages from

his poems have served the schoolmaster and the elocutionist well; but as a whole his poems lack interest.

Interesting reference might be made, if space permitted, to the literary partners of some successful poets: CHARLES LLOYD (1775-1839), who was associated with Coleridge and Charles Lamb in two separate publications; THOMAS BURBRIDGE (1816), the poetic partner in Arthur Hugh Clough's "Ambarvalia" (1849); and others. Lloyd published several volumes of verse, but his only interest for a later generation is his association with others whose names preserve his own, and for a remarkable personality which his poems to some extent reveal. Besides his contributions to "Ambarvalia" (1849), Burbridge published "Poems Longer and Shorter" (1838) and "Hours and Days" (1851). These volumes contain many quotable pieces and some of real merit. From the "Ambarvalia" volume we may name "Goodman Tobacco Farmer," "In the Boboli Gardens," "Aspiration," and "The Question"; and from "Hours and Days" "A Spray of Mignonette" and "The Wood-Doves." There are also several good sonnets. Another writer who may be mentioned in this connection is JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS (1796-1852), whose sister married Thomas Hood, and who united with Hood in the production of the "Odes and Addresses to Great People" (1825). He wrote for the *London Magazine* under the pseudonym of Edward Herbert, and published a volume of verse, "The Garden of Florence and other Poems" (1821), under the name of John Hamilton. His other poetical works are "Safie," an Eastern tale dedicated to Byron (1814), "The Eden of Imagination" (1814), and "The Naiad and other Poems" (1816). The following sonnet ought not to miss preservation in some sonnet anthology:—

> Sweet poets of the gentle antique line,
> That made the hue of beauty all eterne,

And gave earth's melodies a silver turn,—
Where did you steal your art so right divine?—
Sweetly ye memoried every golden twine
Of your ladies' tresses: teach me how to spurn
Death's lone decaying and oblivion stern
From the sweet forehead of a lady mine.

The golden clusters of enamouring hair
Glow'd in poetic pictures sweetly well;—
Why should not tresses dusk, that are so fair
On the live brow, have an eternal spell
In poesy?—dark eyes are dearer far
Than orbs that mock the hyacinthine-bell.

Of novelists and miscellaneous writers there are many who have occasionally written verse, and not a few who have ventured upon the publication of a volume. From Mrs. Radcliffe (1764-1823), whose poems were published after her death (1834), to Miss Braddon (1831), who commenced her career with the publication of "Garibaldi and other Poems" in 1861, there have been many who have had considerable vogue as novelists, but whose attentions to the Muses have not secured wide recognition. Of these we may name Amelia Opie (1769-1853), who published three volumes of verse, "Poems" (1802), "The Warrior's Return and other Poems" (1808), and "Songs for the Dead" (1834); Cyrus Redding (1785-1870), co-editor with Thomas Campbell of the *New Monthly Magazine*, who wrote fugitive verses which appeared in the magazines and annuals; Mary Russell Mitford (1786-1855), whose tragedies, notwithstanding the claims of superiority made on behalf of those of Joanna Baillie, are probably the best plays in verse written in the language up to that time by a woman; John Payne Collier (1789-1883), the Shakespearian editor, who published "The Poetical Decameron" (1820) and "The Poet's Pilgrimage, an Allegorical Poem" (1822); G. P. R. James (1801-1860), who published "The Rescued City" (1828); William Harrison Ainsworth (1805-1880), author of

"The Custom of Dunmore," who published "Ballads Romantic, Fantastical, and Humorous" (1855); and Mrs. Linnæus Banks (1821), who published "Ivy Leaves" (1843) and "Ripples and Breakers" (1878). Among later novelists who have written verse are R. D. Blackmore (1825), author of "Lorna Doone" (1869); William Black (1841), author of "Rhymes of a Deerstalker," published in "The Wise Women of Inverness," a tale, and other miscellanies (1885); R. E. Francillon (1841), whose charming verses unobtrusively adorn his novels; and Hall Caine (1853), who has written several sonnets, and at least one notable ballad.

Among minor writers we may mention WILLIAM SYDNEY WALKER (1795-1846), one of the group of Eton boys of whom Praed became the most famous. Like Macaulay, he had a marvellous memory, and on one occasion repeated two hundred lines of Homer, which had been given him for an imposition, without reference. On another occasion, in response to a challenge from Sir James Mackintosh, he translated a page of the *Court Guide* into Greek verse. His extreme nervousness, which seemed to increase as he grew older, and which resulted in irresolution and vacillation, and finally in monomania, prevented the fulfilment of his early promise. His "Poetical Remains" were published in 1852, with a memoir by his old schoolfellow, the Rev. John Moultrie of Rugby. His "Lines to a Girl in her Thirteenth Year" have been often quoted. Two other writers of this period who published several volumes of verse were John Abraham Heraud (1799-1887), author of "The Judgment of the Flood," etc., and Chauncy Hare Townsend (1800-1868), author of "The Three Gates and other Poems," etc.

Three writers, all identified with Lancashire, follow in the order of time: Charles Swain (1803-1874), known in his time as the "Manchester Poet," who published "Metrical Essays" (1827), "The Mind and

other Poems" (1831), "Dryburgh Abbey," a poem on the death of Sir Walter Scott (1832), which, but for its length, would have been included here, and several other volumes of verse; John Critchley Prince (1808-1881), who published "Hours with the Muses" (1841), and other volumes of verse, and whose principal poem is entitled "The Poet's Sabbath"; and George Linnæus Banks (1821-1881), miscellaneous writer, who published "Blossoms of Poesy" (1841), "Staves for the Human Ladder" (1850), "Peals from the Belfry" (1853), and "Daisies in the Grass" (in conjunction with his wife, 1865). Here we may make passing reference to Martin Farquhar Tupper (1810-1889), author of "Proverbial Philosophy" (1st series, 1838; 2nd series, 1842; 3rd series, 1867), a work which attained enormous popularity in its time, of "Three Hundred Sonnets" (1860), and numerous other works. William Charles Mark Kent (1823), the friend of Charles Dickens, to whom the novelist wrote his last letter, published several volumes of verse: "Aletheia" (1850), "Dreamland" (1862), and "Poems" (1870). Perhaps the best known of these poems is "The Dying Bridegroom," a poem full of tender human feeling. James Hain Friswell (1827-1878), author of "The Gentle Life," "The Better Self," "Other People's Windows," and other prose works, also published "Francis Spira and other Poems" (1865), from which "The Last Boat" has been occasionally reprinted. Another writer of this date, William Kingston Sawyer (1828-1882), author of "Ten Miles from Town" (1867) and "The Legend of Phyllis" (1872), deserves larger representation than can be given here. A journalist who lived and died in harness, the greater part of his work was of but ephemeral interest; but the two small volumes named above contain many sweet poems which are worth preserving.

Of labour poets, Bloomfield, the shoemaker poet; Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd; Clare, the Northamptonshire

farm labourer; Thom, the Aberdeen weaver; Skipsey, the Northumbrian pitman, and others have already been dealt with. Beyond these, however, the following may be mentioned: Thomas Ragg (1808-1872), the Notts mechanic, who became a clergyman, and who published "The Incarnation and other Poems" (1833), "The Deity," a poem in twelve books (1834), "The Martyr of Verulam" (1834), "Sketches from Life" and "Lyrics from the Pentateuch" (1837), "Heber," "Records of the Poor," and "Lays from the Prophets" (1840), and other works; Thomas Miller (1808-1874), the basket-maker poet, who published "Songs of the Sea Nymphs" (1832), "A Day in the Woods" (1836), "Poems" (1841), and numerous other works in prose and verse; the author of the prose work "The Bridge of History over the Gulf of Time" (1871), Thomas Cooper, the Chartist (1808-1892), who published "The Purgatory of Suicides," a prison rhyme (1845), "The Paradise of Martyrs," a faith rhyme (1873), and "Poetical Works" (1877); Edward Capern (1819), the Bideford postman, who published "Poems" (1856), "Ballads and Songs" 1858), "Wayside Warbles" (1865), and "Sungleams and Shadows" (1881); and later, James Dryden Hosken, the author of "Phaon and Sappho," a play in five acts in prose and verse (1891), and "Nimrod," a drama in five acts in prose and verse (1892).

Of the minor singers and balladists of the period under review Ireland has produced her share. Moore, Mangan, Sir Samuel Ferguson, the De Veres, Allingham, and others take their place elsewhere in this work; and for the rest the following are the more important: GERALD GRIFFIN (1803-1840), author of "The Collegians," a novel, and certainly one of Ireland's most successful novelists, whose tragedy "Gisippus" was successfully produced in London after his death, was also the writer of numerous songs and ballads still

cherished by his countrymen, of which "Orange and Green," "The Bridal of Malahide," "A place in thy memory, dearest," and "I love my love in the morning," will not soon be forgotten in Ireland. FRANCIS MAHONY (1805-1866), who wrote under the *nom de plume* of Father Prout, so well known to the readers of *Fraser* and *Bentley*, whose final Reliques were edited and published by Blanchard Jerrold in 1875, is also one of the singers Ireland will not readily forget, "The Bells of Shandon" being probably the best as well as the most popular of his songs. JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D. (1809), barrister, is the author of a number of songs, of which examples will be found in Lover's "Poems of Ireland" and other collections of Irish verse, of which a favourable specimen is the one entitled "Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love." THOMAS OSBORN DAVIS (1814-1845), worthy of a much longer notice than can be given here, was an Irish gentleman, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and called to the Irish bar. He wrote much for the *Nation*, and took an active part in the political agitations of his time. "The Sack of Baltimore," a ballad founded on an historical incident which occurred on the 20th of June, 1651, when the crews of two Algerine galleys, guided by a Dungarvan fisherman, landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, and bore off to slavery the best of its population, the last ballad written by its author, is one of his best. There are many other Irish names which may be mentioned here. Those of Andrew Cherry (1762-1812), the author of three widely popular songs, "Tom Moody," "The Shamrock," and "The Bay of Biscay O"; Edward Lysaght (1763-1810), his contemporary, who wrote "Our Island" and "The Sprig of Shillelah"; James Joseph Callanan (1795-1829), who wrote "Gougaune Barra" and other poems permeated with Irish sentiment and feeling; William Maginn (1796-1842), one of the most brilliant of Irishmen associated with *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, and *Bentley* in their palmiest

days; John Banim (1798-1842), who with his brother Michael was the author of the "Tales of the O'Hara Family," and who wrote "Soggarth Aroon," "Ailleen," "The Reconciliation," and other songs and ballads; Denis Florence McCarthy (1820), author of "A Dream of the Future" and "Waiting for the May"; Timothy Daniel Sullivan (1827), author of "God save Ireland," and editor and proprietor of the *Nation* newspaper; John Kells Ingram, LL.D., author of "The Memory of the Dead," sometimes called "Ninety-eight"; John Sheehan, "the Irish whiskey-drinker" of *Bentley's Miscellany*; and the other writers who hailed from the old-fashioned gabled cottage on the Finchley Road, known as "Tipperary Hall," and who enlivened the pages of *Bentley* with their contributions. In this connection, although otherwise out of place, we may give our only possible reference to Charles Hartley Langhorn (1818-1845), a native of Berwick-upon-Tweed, whose classical poems were not the least meritorious of the contributions to *Bentley*; also John Francis O'Donnell (1837-1874), who published the "Emerald Wreath," a Christmas annual in prose and verse (1865), and "Memoirs of the Irish Franciscans," a volume of verse (1871). His poems were published posthumously in 1891, with an introduction by Richard Dowling.

Scotland has been particularly prolific of minor and local poets. Burns set the whole country singing by his demonstration of plebeian possibilities, and the magic of a gift which inspired enthusiasm in natures as hearty it endowed with voices less musical than his own. The more successful of Scotland's song-singers—Hogg, Tannahill, Thom, Joanna Baillie, and Lady Nairne—are treated in the body of this work; but beyond these there are many whose names are cherished for the sake of one or more sweet song which Scotland will not willingly see die. One writer, who in one song at least

seems to have attained to more than ephemeral popularity, is Allan Cunningham (1784-1842). "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," if open to criticism nautically, has not been prevented thereby from being popular. Besides her song-writers Scotland has had a number of distinguished men of letters who have, with more or less success, directed some attention to verse, and who demand passing mention. Of these we may name John Wilson (1785-1854), Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh University, better known in his own time, if not remembered now, as Christopher North, of *Blackwood*, whose poetical works were published in two volumes in 1825: David Macbeth Moir (1798-1851), the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, who published several volumes of verse, and whose "Casa Wappy," a poem on the death of his infant son, had many admirers: John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854), the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, and the popular translator of the Spanish Ballads: Thomas Kibble Hervey (1799-1859), during its earlier years the editor of the *Athenæum*, who published "Australia" (1824) and "The Poetical Sketch-Book" (1829), and one of whose poems, "The Convict Ship," has been often quoted: Thomas Aird (1802-1876), a friend of Thomas Carlyle, and a contributor to *Blackwood*; author of "The Capture of Fez," a romance in five cantos (1830); "Othuriel," a poem on the fall of Jerusalem, in seven cantos, published with other poems in 1840; a descriptive poet of some power, one of whose best imaginative efforts is "The Devil's Dream": Henry Glassford Bell (1805-1874), author of "Summer and Winter Hours" (1831), "My Old Portfolio" (1832), "Romances and other Minor Poems" (1865); for many years sheriff substitute, and afterwards sheriff, of Lanarkshire; the "Tallboys" of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of his friend Christopher North, a versatile writer, some of whose ballads and dramatic

poems are well known—"Mary Queen of Scots," committed to memory by thousands of schoolboys and girls, "The Uncle," delivered with powerful effect from almost as many platforms by leading elocutionists: James Ballantine (1808), who first appeared in print in Whistlebankie (1832-1847), and whose first work, "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet," appeared in 1843; whose "Pattie the Packman" and "Our Braw Uncle Willie" are good examples of humour, and whose favourite song is "Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew." Other writers who may be named are William Nicholson (1782-1849), author of "The Brownie of Blednoch": Robert Nicholl (1814-1837), who published "Poems and Lyrics" in 1833, when only nineteen years old, and who died at the early age of twenty-three; who, though reared in poverty, showed a fine spirit, and gave promise which years were not permitted him to fulfil; among his most popular poems are "The Ha Bible," "We are Brothers a'," "The Puir Folk," and in a lighter vein, "A Maiden's Meditations": John Campbell Shairp (1819-1885), Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Author of "The Sacramental Sabbath": James Smith (1820), sometime Librarian of the Edinburgh Mechanics' Library, who wrote "Wee Jonkydaidles," a popular "bairn" poem, "The Lintwhite," "Burd Airlie," "The Waly Queen," and other beautiful lyrics: The Earl of Southesk (1827), who published "Jonas Fisher, a Poem in Brown and White" (1875), "Greenwood's Farewell and Other Poems" (1876), "The Meda Maiden and other Poems" (1877): Alexander Anderson (1845), the Glasgow surface-man, who published in 1873 his "Song of Labour and other Poems," and later "Songs of the Rail": and the Marquis of Lorne (1845), whose "Guido and Lita," founded upon an incident in one of the Saracen raids upon the Riviera in the tenth century, came as a surprise upon the reading world in 1875.

ALFRED H. MILES.

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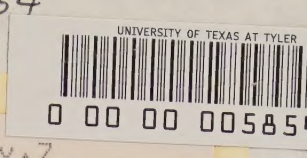

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